Aug. 7, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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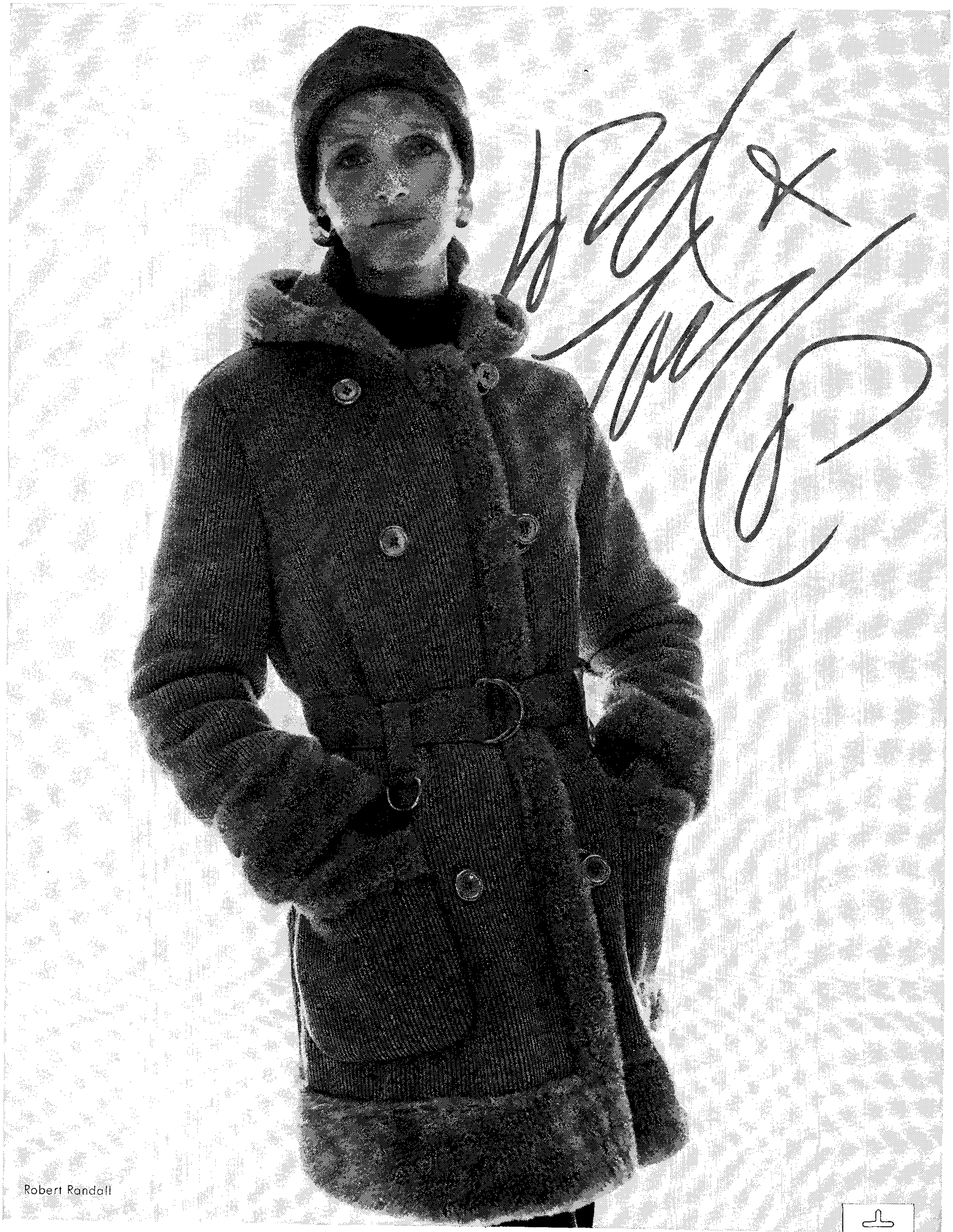

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Gloria Edwards, Arthur French, Minnie Gentry, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Festival of Black Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Aug. 6-8: Bed-Stuy Theatre, Inc. ... ¶ Monday, Aug. 9: Afro-American Singing Theatre.... ¶ Friday through Sunday, Aug. 13-15: Afro-American Total Theatre. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. Mondays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Mondays are free. For information about tickets, call 677-3939.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lenny—A brilliant production of a play about the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. The author is Julian Barry, the director Tom O'Horgan, the scenery designer Robin Wagner, and the designer of costumes Randy Barcelo; they are all nearly equal partners in the success of the play. Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as Lenny. Jane House and Joe Silver are also admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—John Beal, Carol Teitel, Donald Gantry, and Dan Hamilton are now the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Moves on Tuesday, Aug. 10, to the Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St., YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sleuth—A marvellous mystery by Anthony Shaffer, superlatively acted by Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Waiting for Godot—Tom Ewell in Beckett's comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99

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Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**Butterflies are free:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne and Pamella Bellwood in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St. W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **The dirtiest show in town:** An inflated claim. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Fridays at 2.)... **The effect of gamma rays on man-in-the-moon marigolds:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **Last of the red hot lovers:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extramarital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's comedy. With Dom DeLuise, Cathryn Damon, Carol Richards, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Follies—Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Moves on Tuesday, Aug. 10, to the Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St., 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—A very pretty, very romantic revival of an immortal work of the twenties, which can't have been that delightful, but who cares? With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six

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COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *William O'Brian, J. B. Handelsman, Alan Dunn, Joseph Mirachi, Charles Saxon, Barney Tobey, Lee Lorenz, Donald Reilly, William Hamilton, Robert Weber, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Frank Modell, William Steig, Edward Frascino*

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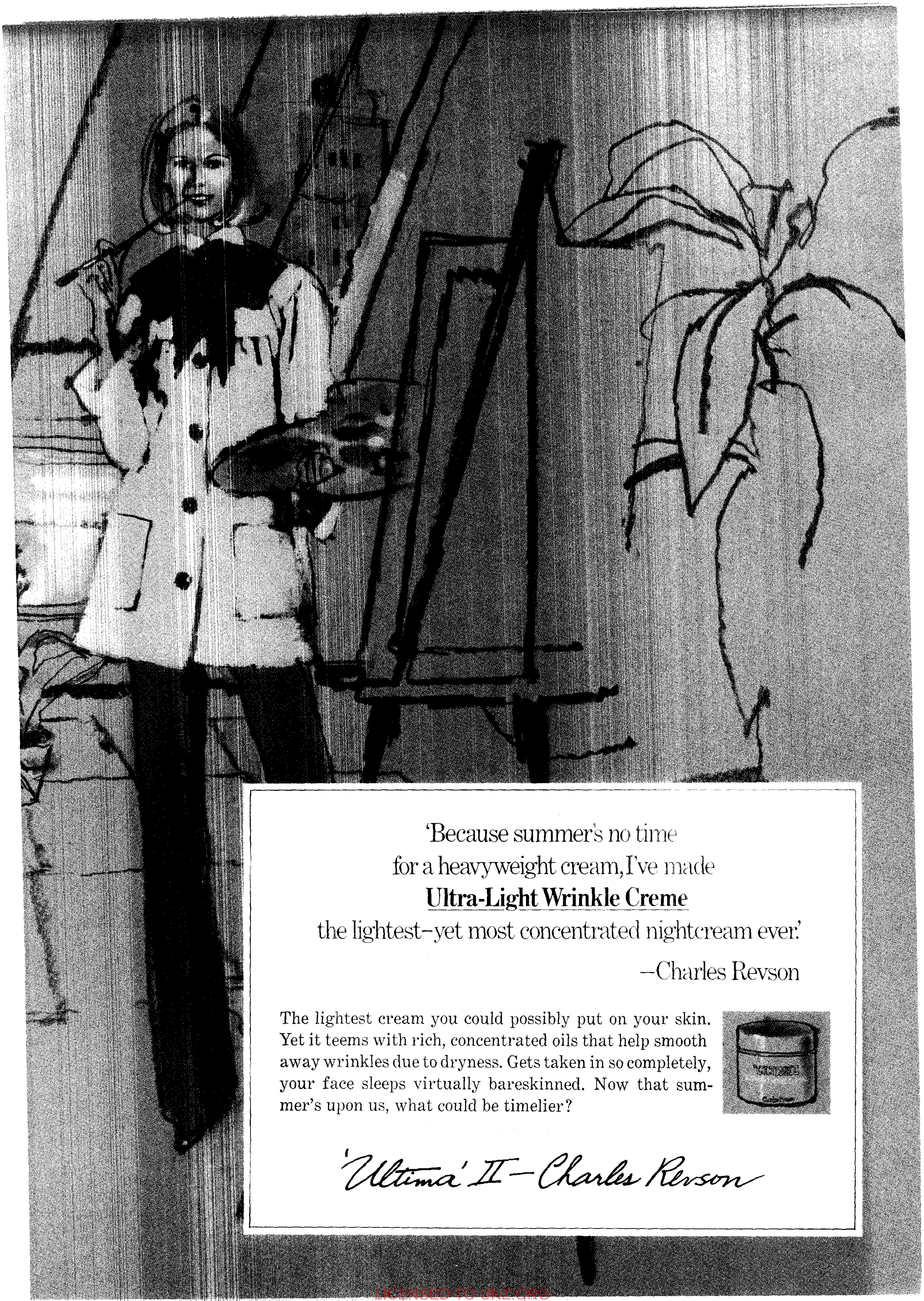


'Because summer's no time
for a heavyweight cream, I've made
Ultra-Light Wrinkle Creme
the lightest–yet most concentrated nightcream ever.'

–Charles Revson

The lightest cream you could possibly put on your skin. Yet it teems with rich, concentrated oils that help smooth away wrinkles due to dryness. Gets taken in so completely, your face sleeps virtually bareskinned. Now that summer's upon us, what could be timelier?

'Ultima' II—Charles Revson

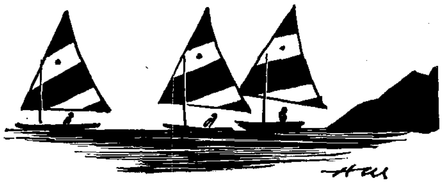
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TOUCH—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young; Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-five years old. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TWO BY TWO—Lifeless in book, music, and lyrics, this account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood is bound to give the Old Testament a bad name. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**APPLAUSE:** A descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Anne Baxter (who has replaced Lauren Bacall), Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **COMPANY:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Jane Russell, and Susan Browning. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** —Of course I'm a Britisher, Haines' voice said, and I feel as one. I don't want to see my country fall into the hands of German jews either. That's our national problem, I'm afraid, just now. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Two men stood at the verge of the cliff, watching: businessman, boatman. —She's making for Bullock harbour. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** The boatman nodded towards the north of the bay with some disdain. —There's five fathoms out there, he said. It'll be swept up that way when the tide comes in about one. It's nine days today. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** This was the principle on which Anne wanted her father to be proceeding, his friends to be urging him. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** She considered it as an act of indispensable duty to clear away the claims of creditors, with all the expedition which the most comprehensive retrenchments could secure, and saw no dignity in anything short of it. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Patti Jo and Cleavon Little. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Jay Garner as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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BALLET

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8:15: "Mendelssohn Symphony," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:15: "Petrouchka," "Pillar of Fire," "Paquita," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 8:15: "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 2:15 and 8:15: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 1:15: "Romeo and Juliet," "The River," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 7:15: "Romeo and Juliet," "The River," and "Etudes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—What it lacks physically it makes up for musically, usually. Singer Helen Reddy departs after Monday, Aug. 9. Wednesday, Aug. 11, marks the arrival of two men who have made changes: Dion, who has come far since the days when he recorded things like "A Teenager in Love," and Ian Matthews, a folk rockster who recently left his group, Matthews Southern Comfort, and struck out on his own. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. A variety of musicians, mostly of high calibre, come and go. Music nightly, except Mondays, from nine-thirty to three.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a quartet that builds long disquisitions on standard tunes. Drummer John Lewis leads a trio Sundays and Mondays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Marian McPartland, whose piano is polymath instead of monolith, and Jay Leonhart, her bassman, depart on Thursday, Aug. 5, and on Friday, Aug. 6, Sammy Price resumes his fond and firm musings on the best years of boogie-woogie. Sundays are the property of pianist Cyril Haynes. Dining.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—The recent opening, or reopening, of this coffeehouse that was once known as the Café au Go Go has been a cause for celebration in folk-blues-jazz-rock circles. The walls are brick, the benches wooden, and the entertainment policy enlightened. Through Monday, Aug. 9, the main attraction is War, which no longer enjoys the services of Eric Burdon. On Wednesday, Aug. 11, keyboard man Al Kooper arrives, together with Freeway. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

GASLIGHT II, 116 Macdougal St. (260-0380)—The reasons for Village coffeehouses being the most uncomfortable in the world will be explored in a future monograph. For now, it is enough to say that Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee are doing the blues—real, vital, stirring—and that if you miss them, well, you've missed them. They perform through Monday, Aug. 9. Blues-guitarist Mississippi Fred MacDowell comes in on Wednesday, Aug. 11. Tuesdays are given over to itinerant musicians.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to jazz on the five-stringed instrument. Through Sunday, Aug. 8, Bill Lawrence will work with a bassist. On Wednesday, Aug. 11, Chuck Wayne and Joe Williams will turn up to play twin guitars. Activity from nine-thirty to three or four. A Deep South kitchen.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Drummer Oliver Jackson is leading a quartet, with Dill Jones on piano, Budd Johnson on tenor sax, and Bill Pemberton on bass. Mondays, a seventeen-piece band led by Al Cohn and Willis Conover plays with enthusiasm, if not inspiration. Light Italian dishes are available.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Energetic and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Mondays through Thursdays. His aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Roy Eldridge, Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. Fridays through Sundays, the Quartet Noire performs. Soul-food dinners. (For experienced jazz buffs only.)

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Jazz and soul food, soul food and jazz, are thought to generate pizzazz. A trio plays Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More of the same—two banjos and a piano six nights a week from nine to three or four. Whoops and hollers are permitted, and fake straw hats and frilly garters are for sale, as are beer and peanuts. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Freddie Hubbard, in charge of a quintet, is also very much in charge of his trumpet, which he plays skillfully and at great length. On Tuesday, Aug. 10, Gary Burton, one of the luminaries of the vibraharp world, will bring in his quartet. Music from nine until three or four. Closed Mondays.

THIRD PHASE, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—The stalactites are synthetic in this collegiate cave, but the sound is real. A spirit-rock group called Amazing Grace is being directed (or maybe the word should be "propelled") by a cat who calls himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker. Music from nine to two Thursdays through Sundays. Italian food.

TRUDE HELLER'S, Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346)—Breaking its long tradition as a pop headquarters, this Village landmark has begun to acknowledge jazz and such. At the moment, two pianists—Ahmad Jamal and Reggie Moore—are leading trios, alternately. The draperies sparkle. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Quality is practically guaranteed these days with Ray Nance's quartet on the stand until Tuesday, Aug. 10, when Mel Lewis's foursome takes over. On Mondays, the above musicians rest, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Some up-and-coming types named the Chapins alternate with a singer named Harry (also a Chapin) through Sunday, Aug. 8. Mondays, the big room reverberates to Latin bands.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In the Village and often in the van. Thelonious Monk, the less-is-more pianist, leads his quartet until Tuesday, Aug. 10, when pianist Herbie Hancock, who prepped for several years with Miles Davis, brings in his sextet. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic ten-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over yonder—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, Aug. 8, trombonist Roswell Rudd will sit in. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: predictable.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide while others sit at tiny tables and watch them. Activity until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-0570)—East Forty-eighth Street has gone freaky, in several senses, but the show is mainly on the sidewalk. Inside are rattan chairs, striped wallpaper, potted plants, and other things. A French menu and dancing to records (from ten to three or four). Closed Sundays.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A little glitter, a little glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only roast beef is available. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago (on the Paramount lot in 1934, for example), some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by singer Jimmy Helms. Dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and the like) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—*Savoir faire, savoir danser*—this pulsating downstairs den is marked by civility and contemporaneity, but on fewer nights than in the past, for the doors are open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Large drinks and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth. Incomprehensible but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's entry for the Olympic decathlon, is again in town, as bland, as schmalzy, as amusing as ever in their calisthenics-*cum*-chorale charade. This castle keep is in session every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM,** a minute theatre in the round, there occurs (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. No Sundays here, either.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The last of the mighty every-night-of-the-year carrousels. Having given birth to Las Vegas, it is now retiring to a more moderate way of life: D'Aldo Romano, chanting away in high gear, and Joey Russell, whose humor goes back to the days of Nineveh & Tyre, songs, dancing, and funny sayings. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which—on the other hand—is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

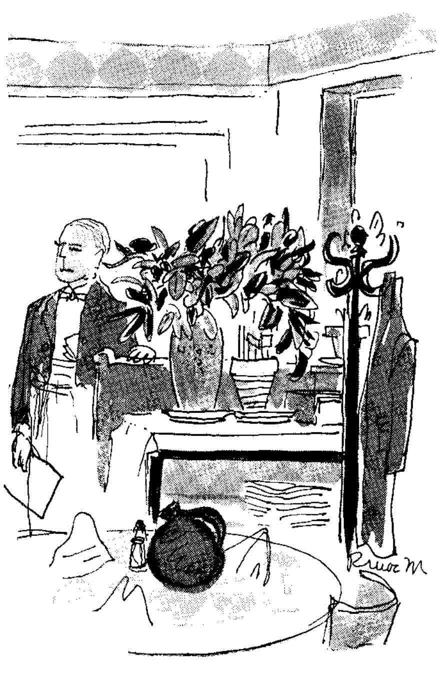
PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the height of summer, the Café carries on as though New York was still New York. The manner remains grand, and the music (especially Phil Wayne's threesome, which is on hand Sundays and Mondays) remains urban and urbane. Herb Winner's triad serves on all other nights.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The collected works of Edward Kennedy Ellington (Vols. I to XXXIX), as interpreted by a fine body of men, with the composer at the piano. From night to night, the mood and the sound depend on the great man himself, but his mood is almost always in the ascendant. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): Many hands make light the work load and the sound—a fact demonstrated by the four-handed guitar (George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli) that spruces up the already spruce St. Regis Room from nine-thirty on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, and Athenian glee. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East, almost Way Down Far East, in between Haifa and Jerusalem. The instrumentation is wild but not woolly, the song is native, the dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West, and the centerpiece (Avram Grobard) is an easygoing amuser. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and music (some of it by Emme Kemp, one of the more picturesque voice-and-piano girls) in the bar as far as nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE,** 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): No Peter, either Saint or Sinner, but there is plenty of to-do (to be expected in a theatre-district bar-and-grill), as well as Dan Ruskin on piano from five-thirty to midnight. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

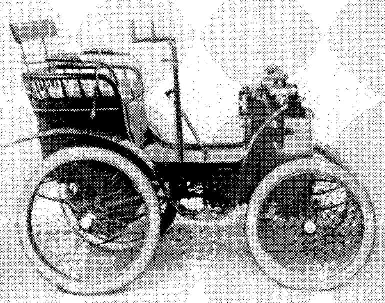


SMALL AND SERENE

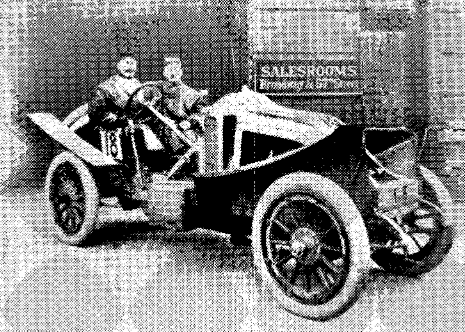
(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. George Cardini's fiddle is at work from Tuesdays through Saturdays; piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed. A guitar from the plains of Lusitania performs from seven to twelve Tuesdays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, a casual pianist (Norman Rollings) from eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Mary McCarty, fun-loving Rover Girl from the time when no-

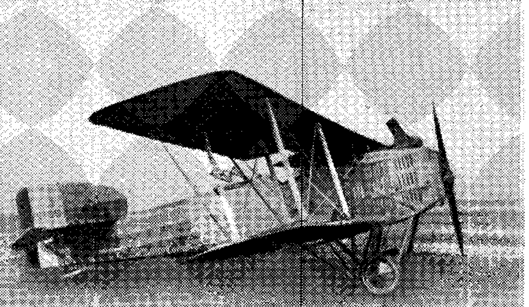
Introducing a company that's older than you expected.



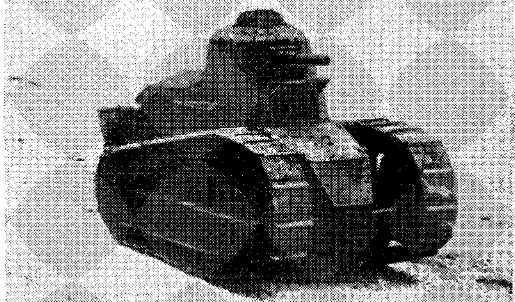
1898.
The Renault that started it all.
(Before the Model T
was a gleam in Henry's eye.)



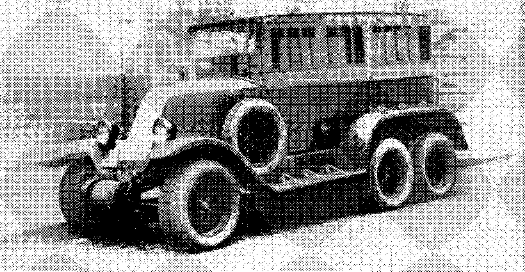
1909.
The Renault that won the New
York 24-hour race. We
get off to good start in America.



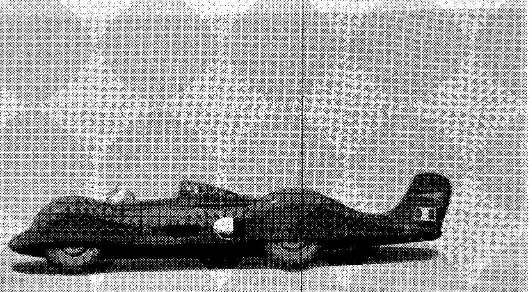
1916.
The Renault that worried the
Red Baron. (1930: we are world's
largest maker of aircraft engines.)



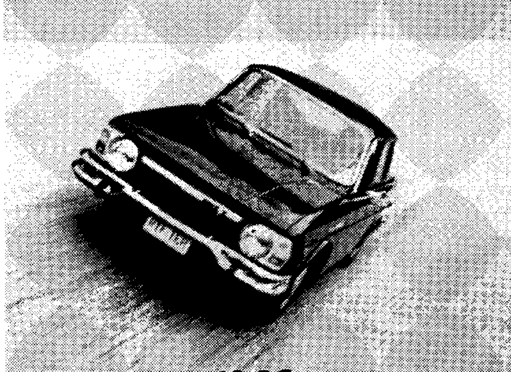
1918.
The Renault that turned the
tide in the trenches. Even
Renault workers got citations.



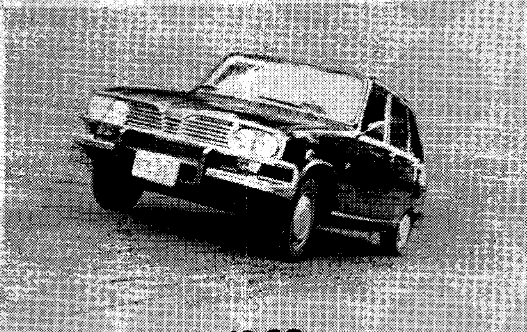
1924.
The Renault that made the
first motor
crossing of the Sahara.



1956.
The Renault that set a world's
speed record at
famous Salt Lake City flats.



1966.
The Renault 10 arrives in U.S.A.
It gets up to 35 mpg
and gains a very solid following.



1968.
The front-wheel drive Renault 16
arrives. But not before winning "Car of the Year" in Europe.

1971.
Renault Alpines take 1st, 2nd, 3rd
in Monte Carlo against
cars like Lancia and Porsche.

Introducing a car that's much more than you expect.

The front-wheel drive Renault 12.

1971-72. You can finally get a reliable piece of transportation that doesn't ask you to sacrifice good road holding, or trunk space, or people space, or your bank account. It gets up to 30 mpg and goes for $2195.*

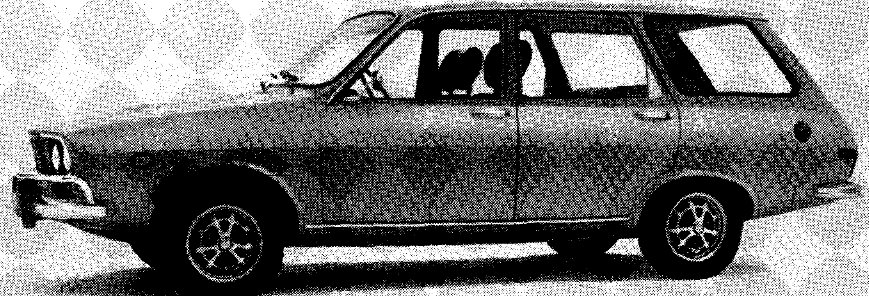
We can promise you uncanny road holding and better handling because the drive wheels are in front, and the engine is over them for better traction.

We produce more front-wheel drive cars than anybody in the world. Over a million a year. So it shouldn't be surprising that we know how to bring you the best that front-wheel drive has to offer.

It is 7" longer than the Pinto. So besides more leg room, it has almost as much trunk as Pinto and Vega combined, 12.8 cubic feet. If you need even more trunk, the Renault 12 station wagon has up to 58 cubic feet.

Its engine is essentially the same superb power plant that swept MonteCarlo. As is the ultra-precise rack-and-pinion steering.

With this car, we think we have a solid gold winner. And we know America likes a winner.
It is something we learned in 1909.



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*Suggested retail price P.O.E. for the Renault 12 sedan, taxes, freight, options (as illustrated—custom wheels, front bumper overrider bar, etc.) and dealer delivery charges additional.
For overseas delivery information see your nearest dealer or write Renault, Inc., 100 Sylvan Avenue, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632.

Wool jersey in pow purple or red-red, the top tucked, the skirt bouncy, the big buckle silvery, the whole thing a whiz for all hours. In 6 to 14 sizes, $75. Dress Collections.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

body went home until dawn, shows up (but *not until after her stint in "Follies")* on the upper level of her duplex to bring her good nature to bear on good songs, many of them from that memorable time. She stays home Sundays and Mondays. The eminent Billy Roy is her accompanist, and often she has a little help from her friends on the Broadway stage. Dance music, too. . . . **PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The head that wears a crown would not uneasy lie in the marbled halls of the Palm Court, where there is leisure-class piano from eight until one, though not on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A Lester Lanin duo takes its ease at cocktail time on the Barclay Terrace and at dinner in the Gold Room, and it's hard to fault a midsummer idea like that. Only Mondays through Thursdays, though.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

REGINALD MARSH (1898-1954)—Watercolors by this well-known painter of the American scene; through Friday, Aug. 13. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Avery, Dobbs, Feininger, Hassam, Gropper, Marin, and other American artists; through Aug. 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FEIGEN,** 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Mueller, Kaufman, and Castro-Cid, and sculptures by Wilke and Abrahams; through Aug. 31. . . . **FISCHBACH,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by gallery artists, who include Alex Katz, Robert Ryman, Ray Parker, Gene Davis, Doug Ohlson, and Robert Mangold; through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.). . . **KENNEDY.** 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings by Rattner, Shahn, and Kuhn (to name a few); through Aug. 20. . . . **PACE.** 32 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, among them Dubuffet, Krushenick, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, and Youngerman; through Friday, Aug. 13. . . . **VISUAL ARTS,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Works and "systems" by recent graduates; through Aug. 31. (Closes at 4.). . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **LA BOETIE,** 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **GRAHAM.** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St. . . . **HAMMER,** 51 E. 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN.** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **VAN DER STRAETEN,** 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closes at 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than a hundred and thirty paintings done in Florence, mostly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—including masterpieces by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, and *Bronzino; through Sept. 7. . . .* ¶ A summer show consisting largely of late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters and American paintings and sculptures of the past fifteen years, borrowed from private collections; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Over four hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, posters, prints, and photographs assembled from the Museum collection and centered on the theme of social protest, with subjects ranging from urban poverty at the turn of the century to wars and revolutions; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by the "second generation" Abstract Expressionists Joan Mitchell, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Helen Frankenthaler, Alfred Leslie, John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary, Raymond Parker, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Sept. 6. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological survey of twentieth-century art taken from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and thirty-two prints by John Sloan *(1871-1951) from* the Museum's collection; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Quilts with abstract designs, principally from nineteenth-century Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty paintings by twentieth-century Americans, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Sept. 12. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Twenty Chinese kites dating from the nineteenth century in various symbolic forms, such as a wine jug, a peach, and a beetle; through Sept. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of three hundred black-and-white photographs, tracing the history of the State of Israel; through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Drawings, costume and scenery designs, and caricatures (by Braque, Gris, Picasso, Tchelitchew, and the like), plus photographs and other memorabilia, from the private collection of Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's collaborator and friend; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER. 2 Columbus Circle—Over a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

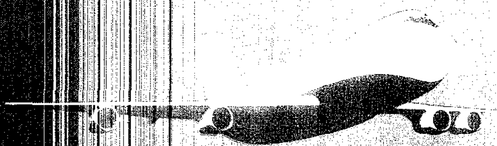
NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY. 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Eighty oils and watercolors painted in prisons by thirty-five inmates; through Sunday, Aug. 8. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

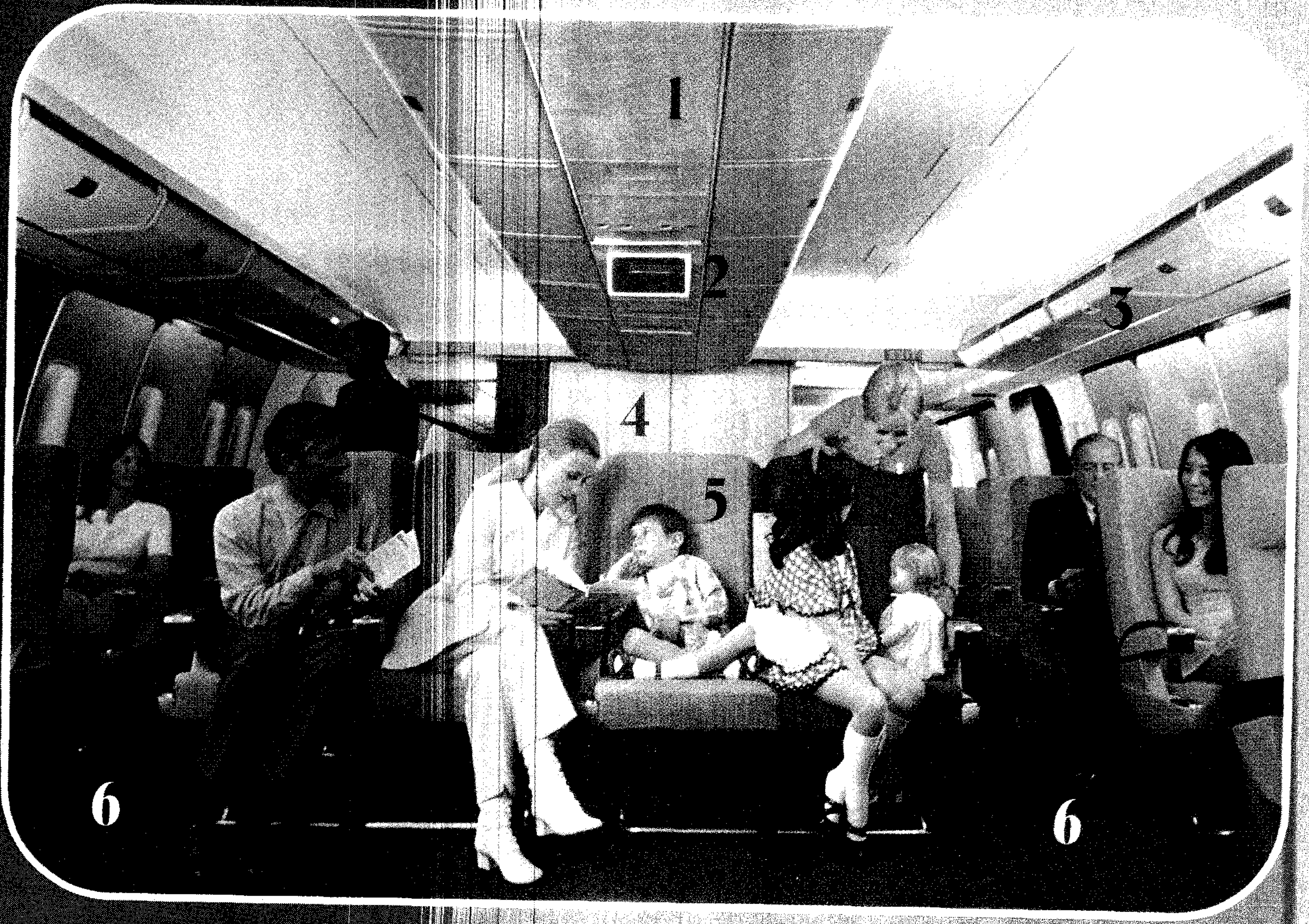
MUSIC

CENTER OPERA COMPANY OF MINNEAPOLIS—"Faust Counter Faust," by H. Wesley Balk and John Gessner. The last in a series of performances. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A four-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, Aug. 4: Sergiu Comis-



The 747 is [illegible] of nice little things.



1 [illegible] ceilings [illegible]

2 [illegible] with full [illegible] stereophonic [illegible] at your [illegible] select from [illegible] and other [illegible]

3 Conveniently located overhead luggage compartments to put your carry-on things up and out from underfoot. Gives you more room to stretch your legs.

4 [illegible] course meals from [illegible] modern galleys and [illegible] centers conveniently [illegible] between each passenger section.

5 Relax in extra-wide, extra-comfortable seats. Two, three, or four-abreast seating arrangements to meet your needs whether you're alone or with a whole family.

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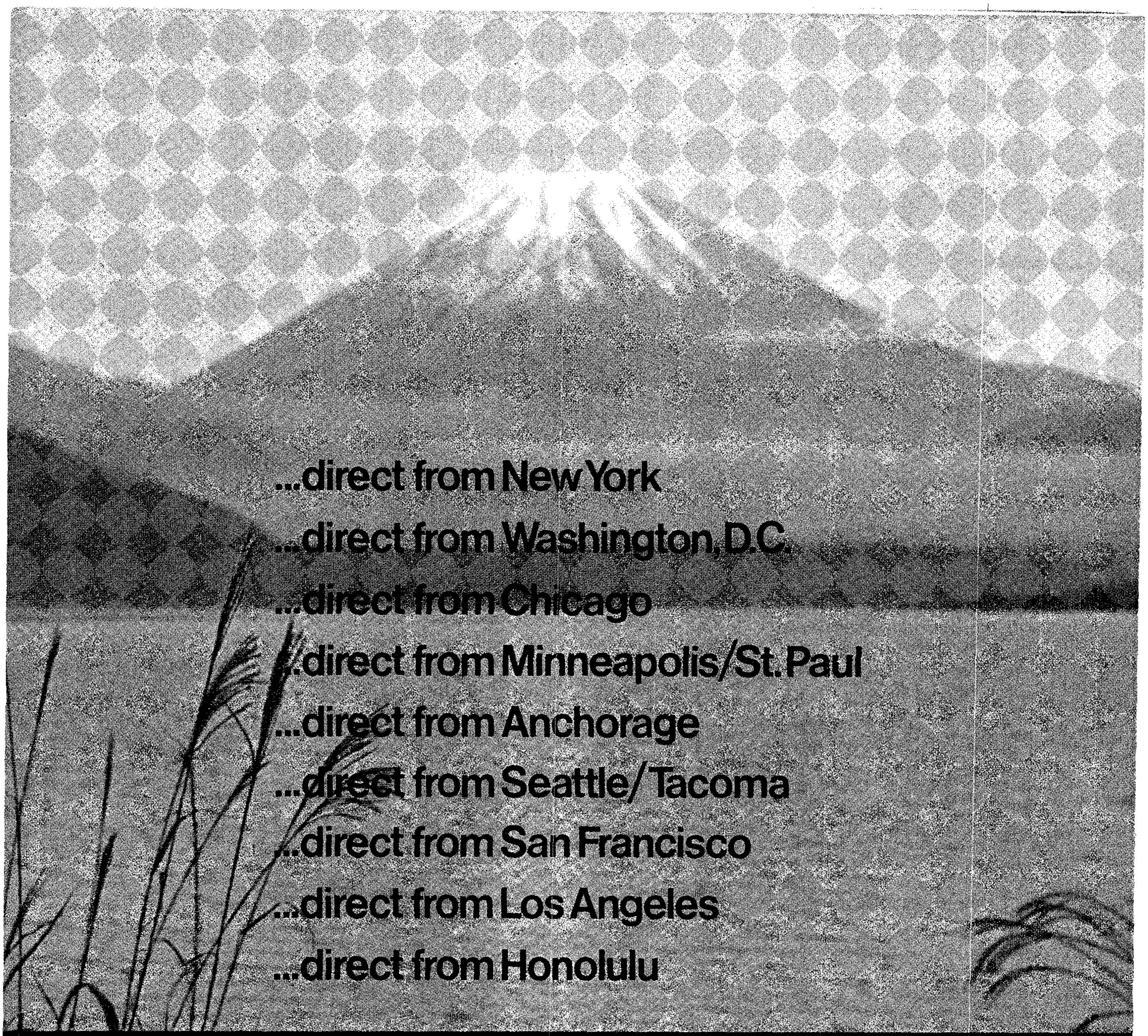
Now flying the 747: [illegible] Air-India, Alitalia, American, BOAC, Braniff, Condor, Continental, Delta, Eastern, El Al, Iberia, Irish-Aer Lingus, JAL, KLM, [illegible] Lufthansa, National, Northwest, Pan Am, Qantas, SAS, Sabena, South African, Swissair, TAP, TWA, United.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

siona conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Alfred Brendel, piano, and Benita Valente, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5: Eve Queler conducting the orchestra in a program of arias and ensembles from Mozart operas, with Nancy Shade, soprano; Marcia Baldwin, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7: Philippe Entremont conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist in a program of Mozart concertos. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 9, and Wednesday, Aug. 11: Jorge Mester conducting the orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano, and Theodore Weis, trumpet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 10: The Guarneri Quartet, with Richard Goode, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12: A piano recital by Mr. Entremont. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14: Michael Tilson Thomas directing the orchestra, with Veronica Tyler and Carole Bogard, sopranos; John Stewart, tenor; Simon Estes, bass; and the New York Mozart Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee—Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, Aug. 5, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Gerry Mulligan and the Wilder Winds—A program of music by Alec Wilder. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Aug. 7, at 7:30.)

Mongo Santamaria and Jam Factory—Museum of Modern Art Garden. Thursday, Aug. 12, at 7:30.

George Barnes, Bucky Pizzarelli, John McLaughlin, Tiny Grimes, Charlie Byrd, and Chuck Wayne—Town Hall. Saturday, Aug. 14, at 7:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, Aug. 6, at 7: A recital by Phyllis Curtin, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 9: Colin Davis conducting the Boston Symphony, with Zara Nelsova, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2:30: Colin Davis directing an all-Mozart program, with Stephen Bishop, piano; Benita Valente, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Robert Hale, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 7: A piano recital by Christoph Eschenbach. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 9: Colin Davis directing, with soloists and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Colin Davis conducting, with Judith Raskin, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Mr. Eschenbach. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the Philadelphia Orchestra of a four-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 28—Wednesday, Aug. 4: William Steinberg conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5: Daniel Barenboim conducting, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6: Mr. Barenboim conducting and acting as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting, with Nedda Casei, contralto. . . . [**Note:** Special concerts will be given by Doc Severinsen on Sunday, Aug. 8, and by The Carpenters and Mac Davis on Monday, Aug. 9.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 11: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos directing, with Nadja Witkowska, soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Sept. 25. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Lenox Arts Center—Friday, Aug. 6, at 7:30: The New York Bass Violin Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 7:30: Mary Travers and Kris Kristofferson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 7:30, and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 1:30: Joan Baez. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Sunday, Aug. 8: The Boston Ballet Company. Three programs: the first on Wednesday evening and Thursday matinée; the second on Friday through Sunday evenings; the third a matinée primarily for children on Saturday. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 10-14: Maria Alba Spanish Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sunday, Aug. 8, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Performances by the San Francisco Dancers' Workshop will close out the season. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 5-6, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 7, at 1; and Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8; Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 2; and Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Oakland, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 14, at 2.

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 7.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 4; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 5; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 7; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 9; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 14. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Aug. 9. The Monmouth, Saturday, Aug. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.). . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Tuesday, Aug. 10, through Monday, Oct. 18. (Buses to the track leave the Consolidated Bus Terminal, 201 W. 41st St., between 9:30 and 11:30, and from the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.). . . **LIBERTY BELL,** Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 21.

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Speedway, Thompson, Conn.: Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 14-15, at noon.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 9-15.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 14. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Love Me Tonight" (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Open City" (1946), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "To Live in Peace" (1947), in Italian, directed by Luigi Zampa, with Aldo Fabrizi. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 11:30: "Greed" (1924), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Gibson Gowland and ZaSu Pitts. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 3 and 5:30: "Paisan" (1946), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Carmela Sazio and Gar Moore. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 2 and 5:30 and Aug. 9 at 1: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De

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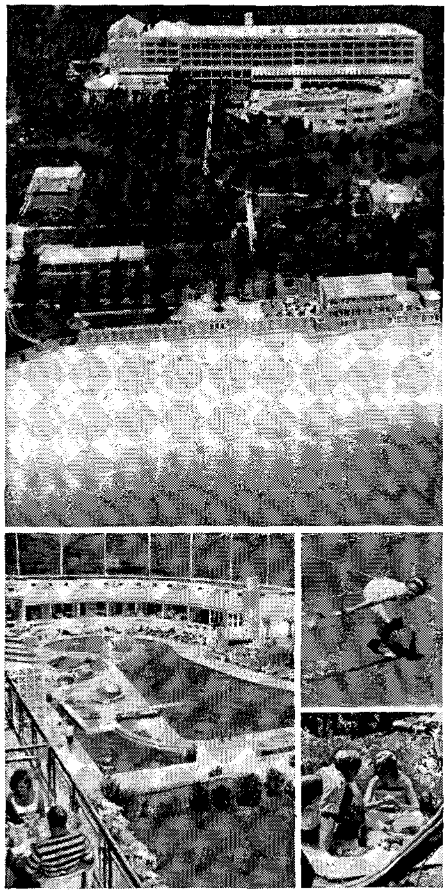

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sica. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 6: "Professor Mamlock" (1938), in Russian, directed by Adolf Minkin and Herbert Rappaport. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 2: "Ways of Love," a trilogy comprising "A Day in the Country" (1936), in French, directed by Jean Renoir; "The Miracle" (1948), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini; and "Jofroi" (1934), in French (no English subtitles), directed by Marcel Pagnol. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 5:30: "Professor Mamlock" (1938). . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Ways of Love." . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Aug. 5: "South Riding" (1938), directed by Victor Saville, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. . . . ¶ Aug. 6-8: "Fire Over England" (1937), directed by William K. Howard, with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 12: "The Green Man" (1957), directed by Robert Day, with Alastair Sim and Terry-Thomas. (Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,** with Jerry Stiller, Janelle Allen, Alix Elias, and Clifton Davis, will be given through Sunday, Aug. 8. . . . **CYMBELINE** will be the last in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Thursday, Aug. 12, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC,** with Constance Towers, John Michael King, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Istvan Kertesz (with Lorin Hollander, piano) is conducting the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: **CLOVE LAKES PARK,** Staten Island, Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8:30. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:30. . . . **CROCHERON PARK,** Bayside, Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Aldo Ceccato (with Gina Bachauer, piano) will conduct the second program: **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW,** Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8:30. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL,** Bronx, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:30.

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays at 8; through Aug. 12.)

WOLLMAN RINK—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 7 and 9:30: Delaney & Bonnie & Friends and John Hammond. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 7 and 9:30: Sha-Na-Na, the Voices of East Harlem, and Uncle Dirty. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 7 and 9:30: Dave Brubeck (with Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond) and Chico Hamilton's quartet. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 9, at 7 and 9:30: Kris Kristofferson, Janis Ian, and Chris Gantry. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 7 and 9:30: Seatrain and Paul Winter Consort. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 6:30 and 10: Tom Paxton, Bert Sommer, Tony Jo White, Bobby Gosh, and Carol Hall. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 7 and 9:30: Les McCann, Cannonball Adderley's quintet, and Esther Morrow. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8: Michael Bartos conducting an instrumental-chamber group. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8: John Gilbert directing the New York University Summer Chorus. (In the event of rain, the concerts will take place in Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St.)

BRYANT PARK—Thursday, Aug. 5, at 12:15: Sol Yaged's sextet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 12:15: Joe Riccardo's band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, at 12:15: Sal Pace's band.

GAELIC PARK—Ten Years After, Looking Glass, and Edgar Winter's White Trash. (Broadway and 240th St. Friday, Aug. 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

RIVERSIDE PARK—Frédérique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the first in a series of three concerts, this one with Warren Lash, cello. (Monday, Aug. 9, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

BOWLING GREEN PARK—Max Kaminsky's band. (Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 12:15.)

WALKING TOURS—"The World of Edith Wharton and George Templeton Strong," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, Aug. 8. Meets at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

PERSEID METEOR SHOWERS—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Thursday, Aug. 12, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Vs. Oakland, Aug. 15 (day). Kansas City, Aug. 17 (d) and Aug. 18 (night). Washington, Aug. 31 (n), Sept. 1 (d), and Sept. 2 (n). Detroit, Sept. 3 (n) and Sept. 4-5 (d). Boston, Sept. 6 (d), Sept. 7 (n), and Sept. 8 (d). . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Vs. San Diego, Aug. 20-21 (night) and Aug. 22 (day). San Francisco, Aug. 23-24 (n) and Aug. 25 (d). Los Angeles, Aug. 27 (n) and Aug. 28-29 (d). Yankees, Sept. 9 (benefit exhibition night game). Philadelphia, Sept. 10-11 (n) and Sept. 12 (d). Montreal, Sept. 13 (twi-night doubleheader) and Sept. 14 (d). Chicago, Sept. 15 (n).

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Croton Point Park, Harmon. Sept. 12.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Jets, in a benefit exhibition game. (Yale Bowl. Aug. 22.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Wilmington Country Club, Wilmington, Del. Sept. 1-4.)

HORSE SHOWS—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Sept. 4-6.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Sept. 8-12.)

HUNT RACING—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 11.)

RACING—At Belmont: Aug. 30-Oct. 16.

TENNIS—Pennsylvania Open Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Aug. 16-22.) . . . ¶ Longwood Men's Invitational. (Longwood Cricket Club, Brookline, Mass. Aug. 23-29.) . . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Aug. 23-29.) . . . ¶ United States Open Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Sept. 1-12.)

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 25-29.)

MUSIC—The fall season of the New York City Opera, at the New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727), will open on Sept. 2, with Janáček's "The Makropoulos Affair," and will run through Nov. 14.

BALLET—The New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Aug. 17-29.

OTHER DATES—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 3-19. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 6. . . . ¶ National Mexican Festival and Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 14-19. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Wednesday, Sept. 15.

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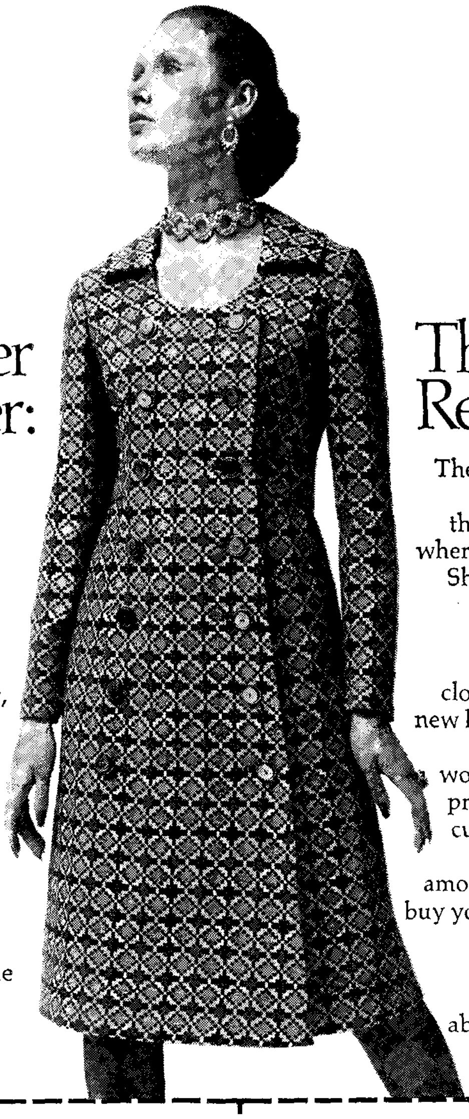

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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8	9	10	11	12		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 7: "A Night at the Opera" and "At the Circus."
Aug. 8-10: "A Day at the Races" and "The Big Store."
From Aug. 11: "A Night at the Opera" and "At the Circus."

Orpheum Repertory Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
Aug. 4: "The Dawn Patrol."
Aug. 5: "La Marseillaise."
Aug. 6: "Dracula."
Aug. 7: "All About Eve."
Aug. 8: "Duck Soup."
Aug. 9: "My Darling Clementine."
Aug. 10: "The Killers."
Aug. 11: "Thunderbolt."
Aug. 12: "Breathless."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 7: "Hoodlum Soldier" and "Naomi."
Aug. 8-10: "The Round Up" and "The Red and the White."
From Aug. 11: "Falstaff" and "Simon of the Desert."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 10: "Plaza Suite."
From Aug. 11: "The Andromeda Strain."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Dr. Phibes."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"On Any Sunday."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Bananas."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Devils."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Walkabout."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Touch."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Johnny Got His Gun."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Le Mans."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Aug. 10: "Anne of the Thousand Days."
From Aug. 11: "The Hired Hand."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Panic in Needle Park."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Shaft."

Eastside Movie Bazaar, 334 E. 74th. (861-2288; starting at 6 on weekdays, at 4 on weekends.)
Aug. 4: "The Wild Bunch."
Aug. 5: "Alice's Restaurant."
Aug. 6: "Cool Hand Luke."
Aug. 7: "Elmer Gantry."
Aug. 8: "Road to Morocco" and "Road to Utopia."
Aug. 9: "Bonnie and Clyde."
Aug. 10: "The Blob."
Aug. 11: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre."
Aug. 12: "Bedazzled."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Aug. 10: "Plaza Suite."
From Aug. 11: "Le Mans."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Bananas."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Summer of '42."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 10: "Klute."
From Aug. 11: To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Aug. 4: "The Anderson Tapes."
From Aug. 5: "The Love Machine."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Billy Jack."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Lawman."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Aug. 4: "Drive, He Said."
Aug. 5-11: "Cat Ballou" and "Monterey Pop."
From Aug. 12: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 10: "2001: A Space Odyssey" and "Yellow Submarine."
From Aug. 11: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Brewster McCloud" and "Blow-Up."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Nun."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 10: "Plaza Suite."
From Aug. 11: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Aug. 5: "Smiles of a Summer Night" and "The Magician."
Aug. 6-9: "Top Hat" and "Swing Time."
Aug. 10: "Fires on the Plain" and "Two Daughters."
Aug. 11-12: "The Virgin Spring" and "Through a Glass Darkly."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 10: "Willard."
From Aug. 11: "The Andromeda Strain."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Aug. 4: "Rebellion" and "Kill!"
From Aug. 5: "Freaks."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Fantasia."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Red Tent."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cleopatra."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Summer of '42."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Adrift."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Death in Venice."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Plaza Suite."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Clowns."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Aug. 9: "The Crook."
From Aug. 10: "Deep End."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Lawman."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 10: "Little Big Man."
From Aug. 11: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 10: "Ryan's Daughter."
From Aug. 11: "Claire's Knee" and "Summertree."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 4: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "The Blue Angel."
Aug. 5-11: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" and "Night of the Living Dead."
Aug. 12: "The Lady with the Dog" and "The Baker's Wife."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 10: "Romeo and Juliet" and "Rider on the Rain."
From Aug. 11: "The Andromeda Strain."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 4: "Zero for Conduct" and "L'Atalante."
Aug. 5: "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" and "Divorce—Italian Style."
Aug. 6: "La Strada" and "Last Year at Marienbad."
Aug. 7: "Rosemary's Baby" and "Monterey Pop."
Aug. 8: "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "Tom Jones."
Aug. 9: "La Prisonnière" and "The Wages of Fear."
Aug. 10: "Nights of Cabiria" and "Viridiana."
Aug. 11: "The Misfits" and "A View from the Bridge."
Aug. 12: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "The Eternal Mask."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Summer of '42."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adrift—Mannered film by Ján Kadár, a gifted Czech in exile from his gift. People look cosmically solemn, time goes in circles, and an unmistakably American girl with unmistakably silicone breasts rises from the waves to haunt an unmistakably Czech fisherman in unmistakably Czech circumstances. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 5.)

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the business, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter as her secretary is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessing of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm as his wife. The only person onto the craft afoot is played by Thelma Ritter—who else? (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 7.)

The Anderson Tapes—A coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is in charge; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad and unusually sloppy style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Orpheum; Aug. 4.)

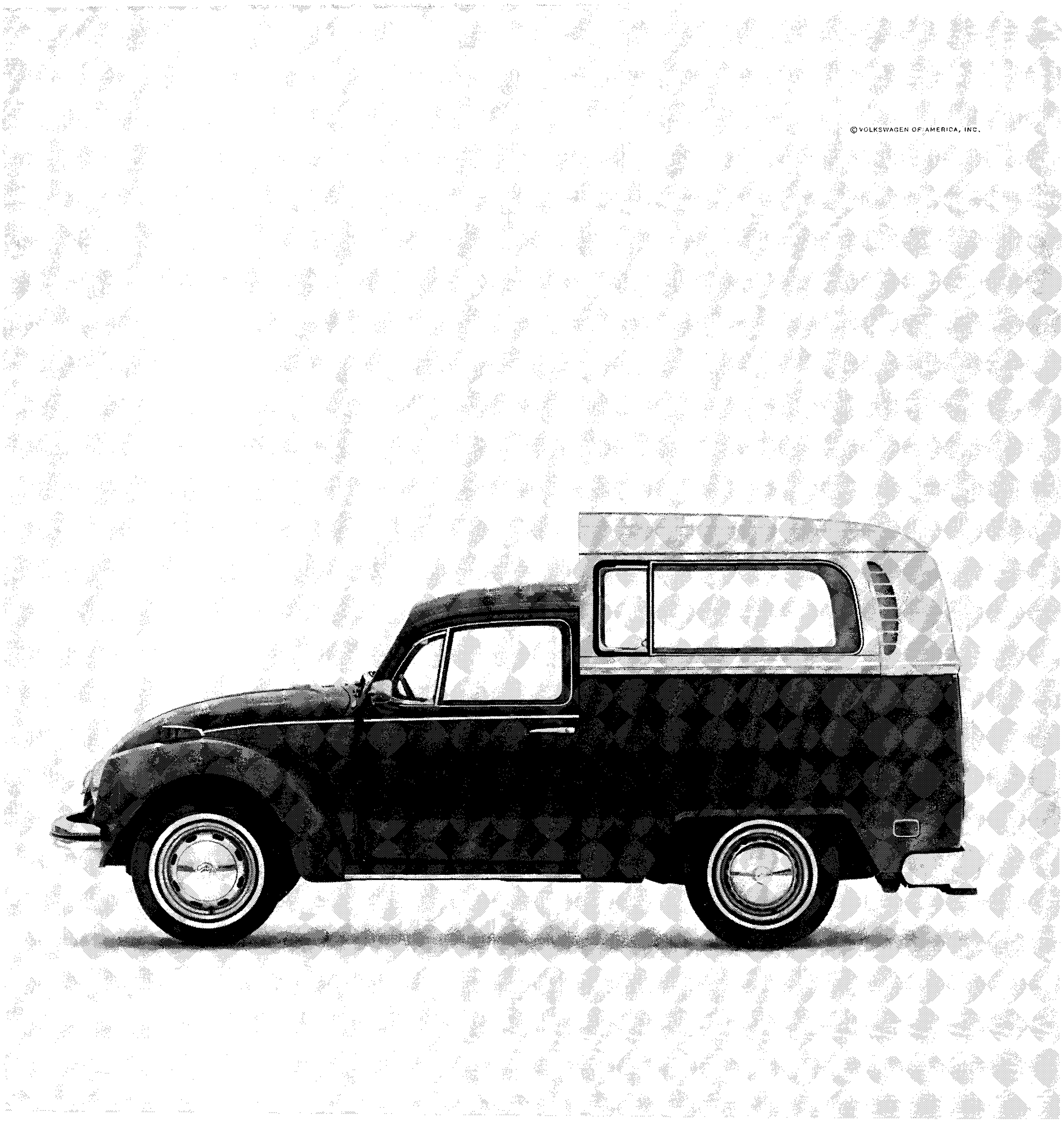
The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is like the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Gramercy, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Symphony; starting Aug. 11.)

Anne of the Thousand Days (1970)—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Geneviève Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Beekman; through Aug. 10.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 4.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Art; Aug. 4-7 and 11-12.)

The Baker's Wife (1938)—Orson Welles once cited this comedy as proof that a superb story and a superb actor could result in "a perfect movie" even if the direction and the editing were not "cinematic." Marcel Pagnol adapted Jean Giono's story about cuckoldry, which



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And it came out looking like a bug.

Twenty years ago, we had an idea for a giant station wagon.

And it came out looking like a box.

Then we had an idea for a sedan that combined all the economy of our bug with a lot of the capacity of our box.

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Wrong.

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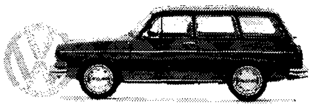
But by squaring off its back and adding a trunk in front, our little sedan can give you over twice as much carrying space as the biggest domestic sedan.

Years ago, we learned the important thing isn't the way a car looks on *the outside*, but how it works on the inside.

And so it's just as true today as it was then: You can't judge a Volkswagen by its cover.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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provided the great Raimu with a classic role. The result is that rarity—a perfect movie. In French. (New Yorker; Aug. 12.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (34th St. East and Juliet 2.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 12.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is on the dismal side. (Art; Aug. 8-10.)

Billy Jack—With Tom Laughlin and Delores Taylor, directed by T. C. Frank. (Loew's Ciné.)

The Blob (1958)—A sci-fi film about a blob from outer space, directed by Irvin S. Yeaworth, Jr. Notable mostly because Steve McQueen stars in it. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 10.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (New Yorker; Aug. 4.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 9.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 12.)

Brewster McCloud—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—This full-length lampoon of Western movies is cheerful and frequently funny, in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 5-11.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1968)—Tony Richardson's quasi-absurdist, theatre-of-cruelty epic—a view of the Crimean War with modern revue humor. At times, the satire of political platitudes is excruciatingly entertaining, but Richardson and his scenarist, Charles Wood, seem to shrink everything they touch. This epic has so little feeling for the courage that went with the idiocies of the past that it diminishes itself along with its targets. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Thalia; Aug. 8.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 11.)

Cleopatra (1963)—High life in Lower Egypt, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, and Roddy McDowall. (Ziegfeld.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between solitaries eccentrically made up in a world of truly dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar, tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Lincoln Art.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Parts are effective—in a hokey, symbol-ridden way. Stuart Rosenberg directed. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 6.)

The Crook—The hero of Claude Lelouch's new film, a thriller, is played by Jean-Louis Trintignant and called Simon the Swiss because he is invincibly methodical. Once a lawyer, he has turned criminal. The plot, romantically sadistic, is about the kidnapping of a child whose rabbit-faced parents are tricked into leaving him alone while they pick up a prize in a Simca-promoted television show. Skillful, well acted, impossible to leave, topped with a cruel piece of nursery morality at the end. In French. (Paris; through Aug. 9.)

The Dawn Patrol (1930)—Howard Hawks doing his usual job of Hollywood professionalism about a tale of chaps at war. With an unerring ear for the freshly minted cliché, he hits here on the idea that war devours a man's humanity. The mediocrity is deep-dyed. Air Force, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., et cetera. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 4.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers running a sanatorium. This is the one with Groucho as Dr. Hugo Z. Hackenbush, and it has some classic routines. With Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones. (Art; Aug. 8-10.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the beauty of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Little Carnegie.)

Deep End—With Jane Asher and John Moulder-Brown, directed by Jerzy Skolimowski. (Paris; starting Aug. 10.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Fine Arts.)

Divorce–Italian Style (1962)—A funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 5.)

Dr. Phibes—Vincent Price in the title role. (Kips Bay.)

Dracula (1931)—It begins well, wandering around the crypt of Dracula's castle in the Carpathian Mountains as the vampires get up from their coffins. But this version, directed by Tod Browning, was adapted from a play based on the Bram Stoker novel, and it becomes too stagy. It was a huge popular success, however, and started a cycle. With Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Drive, He Said—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. You can leave your head at home if you go to see this one. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 4.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 8.)

Elmer Gantry (1960)—Richard Brooks's interpretation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about revivalists. Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons are the most conspicuous Gospel shouters. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 7.)

The Eternal Mask (1937)—Swiss, serious-minded. A study in dementia. Fine for persistent clinic-loafers and people who like to keep a charge account at Bellevue. In German. (Thalia; Aug. 12.)

Falstaff (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (Cinema Village; starting Aug. 11.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Guild.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written, acted in, and disowned by Roman

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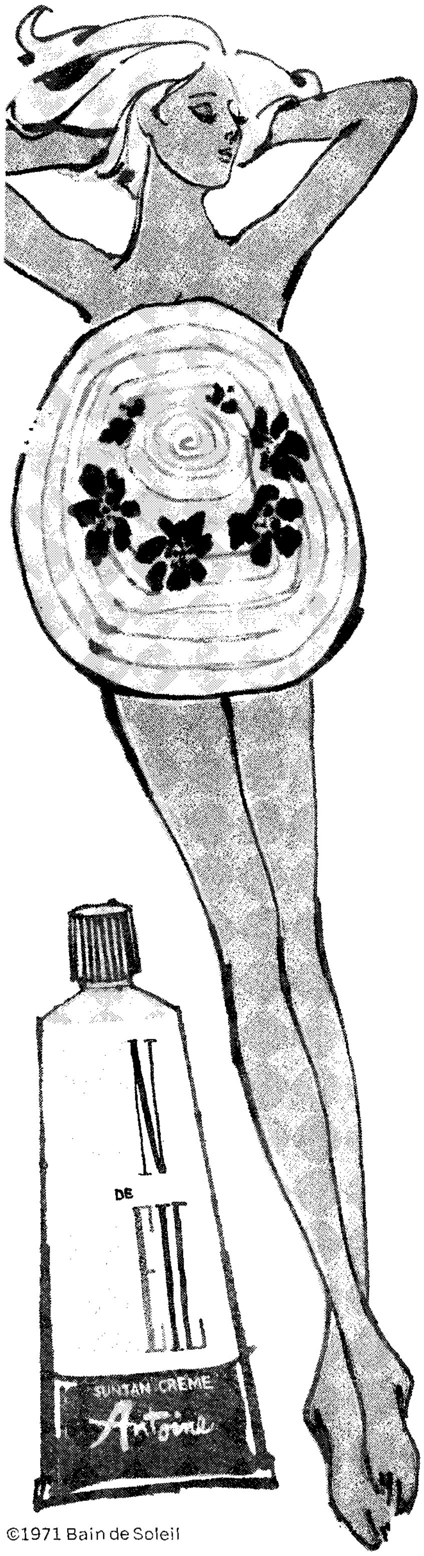

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Polanski, in an imaginative exile's comprehensible convulsion to find his feet again. The film flails, but you can see the talent somewhere. (New Yorker; Aug. 5-11.)

Fires on the Plain (1959)—A very beautiful, furious picture by the great Japanese director Kon Ichikawa—perhaps too beautiful in the context of the story, which is a brutal meditation on the brutalizing effects of war. Set in the Philippines in 1945. In Japanese. (Elgin; Aug. 10.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Bijou Cinema; starting Aug. 5.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the twinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclectic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 12.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

The Hired Hand—With Peter Fonda, Warren Oates, and Verna Bloom, directed by Fonda. (Beekman; starting Aug. 11.)

Hoodlum Soldier—Directed by Yasuzo Masumura. In Japanese. (Cinema Village; through Aug. 7.)

Johnny Got His Gun—Dalton Trumbo's own picture of his 1938 anti-war novel. The young hero has lost legs, arms, and face. The effort of the film is admirable, but the result makes you reel—from the mawkishness as much as from the medical details. Jason Robards is the father in the pastoral flashbacks. Intellect is so missing that the work comes out as more of an anti-amputation film than an anti-war film. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Kill! (1968)—A rousing samurai film, directed by Kihachi Okamoto in a modern style influenced by Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Aug. 4.)

The Killers (1964)—With Lee Marvin and Angie Dickinson, directed by Don Siegel. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 10.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (U. A. East; through Aug. 10.)

The Lady with the Dog (1960)—Ten stars. A marvellous Soviet picture by Josef Heifitz that perfectly transcribes Chekhov's story about a lingering, impossible affair between a middle-aged bank official and a shy young woman with a dog. They meet in Yalta. Both have unhappy marriages elsewhere. Over the years, they go on meeting. The gestures toward action are small and very moving. In Russian. (New Yorker; Aug. 12.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais

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directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 6.)

Lawman—With Burt Lancaster and Robert Ryan, directed by Michael Winner. (86th St. East and Cinema Studio.)

Le Mans—With Steve McQueen, directed by Lee H. Katzin. A rip-roarer, and that's it. (Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ Juliet 1; starting Aug. 11.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Regency; through Aug. 10.)

The Love Machine—From Jacqueline Susann's novel, with Dyan Cannon, Robert Ryan, Jackie Cooper, and John Phillip Law, directed by Jack Haley, Jr. (Orpheum; starting Aug. 5.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . ." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Aug. 5.)

La Marseillaise (1938)—Renoir, no political fool, shows Louis XVI coming back from a hard day's pleasure at the hunt and asking about the taking of the Bastille. "Is it a revolt?" he asks. "No. Sire, it is a revolution," says a courtier with a less limp grasp of the moment. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 5.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Coronet.)

The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal in the wrong way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. With Marilyn Monroe as a lonely young divorcée, Clark Gable as an aging cowhand, and Montgomery Clift as an accident-prone cowhand. Written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Thalia; Aug. 11.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 5-11. . . . ¶ Thalia; Aug. 7.)

My Darling Clementine (1946)—John Ford at his very best, in a poetic Western with Henry Fonda as Wyatt Earp, Walter Brennan as hateful Old Man Clanton, and Victor Mature coaxed into a surprisingly good performance as a mutinous doctor. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 9.)

Naomi—Directed by Yasuzo Masumura. In Japanese. (Cinema Village; through Aug. 7.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Art; Aug. 4-7 and 11-12.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—With Judith O'Dea, directed by George A. Romero. (New Yorker; Aug. 5-11.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 10.)

The Nun—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow, stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

On Any Sunday—A breezy documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (Murray Hill.)

The Panic in Needle Park—With Al Pacino and Kitty Winn, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Tower East.)

Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter—For children, but even more for us. The Royal Ballet's halcyon transposition of Miss Potter's stories into dance. We are in Cumberland. Greenest grass, stone walls, lakes like glass that support flotillas of squirrels on homemade rafts; a world of picnics where Mr. Jeremy Fisher, a frog dressed in galoshes and the most beautiful brocade waistcoat, does amazing leaps while mice trample joyfully in the jam tarts and two pigs in love have a pas de deux. The film looks like Miss Potter's watercolor drawings. Sir Frederick Ashton did the choreography. A day off, prodigal. (Trans-Lux East.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Carnegie Hall Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Juliet 1, and Greenwich; through Aug. 10.)

La Prisonnière (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot, of "The Wages of Fear," wrote and directed this story about sadomasochism, set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. A very brilliant, erotic film that takes the risk that some might laugh at it; it stares you out. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 9.)

Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed swordfight. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Aug. 4.)

The Red and the White (1968)—Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War of 1918, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossacks. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material, they make something austere and concerned with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (Cinema Village; Aug. 8-10.)

The Red Tent—With Sean Connery, Claudia Cardinale, Hardy Krüger, and Peter Finch, directed by Mickail K. Kalatozov. (Music Hall.)

Rider on the Rain (1970)—René Clément's thriller has a beautiful heroine called Mélancolie. The picture is as much about that state of mind as about the plot, in which she murders a rapist and dares not tell her husband. Some of the details are gentle and ironic, but there are too many mechanical thriller ploys. In French. (Symphony; through Aug. 10.)

Road to Morocco (1942)—Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour. Sarongs, some nostalgia. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 8.)

Road to Utopia (1946)—More Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 8.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Symphony; through Aug. 10.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller-twinges. The exiled Polanski expends a lot of seriousness on transcribing a book that is a piece of daredevil local trivia. (Thalia; Aug. 7.)

The Round Up (1965)—The Hungarian film director Miklós Jancsó made this beautiful study of men under pressure. It is about Kossuth's followers—twenty years after Kossuth's 1848 rising against the Austrian rulers—penned into a corral in the middle of the great Hungarian plain together with apolitical peasants who are in equal danger from a canny highborn lackey of the Hapsburgs. In black and white and in Hungarian. (Cinema Village; Aug. 8-10.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 10.)

Shaft—Gordon Parks directs a detective picture about a black waging a glamourized war against the Mafia. M-G-M-black-hip: a new school. Mild fun, with rather an uncomfortable eye gazing over your shoulder into the drawer of the cashbox outside. The dialogue is Sam Spade gone unctuous. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (Cinema Village; starting Aug. 11.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Aug. 5.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 6.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (New Yorker; Aug. 4.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Festival, and Midtown.)

Summertree—With Michael Douglas and Jack Warden, directed by Anthony Newley. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 11.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Elgin; Aug. 6-9.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Elgin; Aug. 11-12.)

Thunderbolt (1929)—With George Bancroft and Fay Wray, directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 11.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Thalia; Aug. 8.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day—to Be Caught in the Rain?" and "Cheek to Cheek;" and it's a lovely movie. (Elgin; Aug. 6-9.)

The Touch—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Baronet.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 11.)

Two Daughters (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Elgin; Aug. 10.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Waverly; through Aug. 10.)

A View from the Bridge (1962)—A complicatedly wrong-headed attempt to make a neo-realist Greek tragedy about a longshoreman in Brooklyn. Sidney Lumet directed, from Arthur Miller's play; acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, Carol Lawrence, and Jean Sorel. (Thalia; Aug. 11.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin; Aug. 11-12.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Thalia; Aug. 10.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—The most exciting French melodrama of the fifties. Henri-Georges Clouzot's Existential thriller about the responses of four men to a situation in which character no longer determines fate: they are driving trucks loaded with nitroglycerine over rough roads. With Yves Montand. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 9.)

Walkabout—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicatingly changeable English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Plaza.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Sutton.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 4.)

Willard—Elsa Lanchester is the Freudian mum of a scared young man in love with a rat called Queenie. The picture is supposed to be a horror film about a rat plague. Rats. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Aug. 10.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Waverly; through Aug. 10.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 5.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Thalia; Aug. 4.)

WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

AUGUST

Have you noticed that New York is a gayer place this summer? People smile, birds sing and the sky is a little bit bluer. Have you wondered why? The answer is that the families who've seen (or who already have their tickets for) the brand-new edition of "Disney on Parade" at Madison Square Garden (opens Aug. 3) are generating enough joy and delight to spread over all five boroughs—and a goodly portion of the suburban area to boot.

We hope you're one of the lucky ones. But if not, there's still time if you hurry. This all-new, all-live, all-delightful extravaganza will continue to enchant New Yorkers and their visiting relatives right through (29) with performances each and every evening from Tuesday through Saturday at a nice early 7:30, plus 2 P.M. matinees each Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday—not to mention Saturday shows at 10:30 in the morning and 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

And what wonders will be yours to enjoy! Lovely Snow White and all seven of the dwarfs in a glorious re-enactment of their adventures... Goofy, more hilarious than ever as he tangles with the Love Bug... Pinocchio finding new worlds of excitement in a colorful carnival... eye-dazzling ballet with alligators, ostriches and hippopotami from the magic realm of Fantasia... And Mickey! And Goofy! And Donald! And—and—and—

It's all almost beyond belief—and to small folks it will be—but to the mommies, daddies and even grandmas and grandpas who peruse this column may we say in all restrained fervor that of all the entertainments that may offer their enticements to you this summer there's none with so much all-family enjoyment to offer as "Disney on Parade." Please don't miss it.

And if you're looking ahead for another wonderful family treat, tickets go on sale soon for the Madison Square Garden engagement (Sept. 21 thru Oct. 3) of "Holiday On Ice" which this year features not only fabulous Peggy Fleming but also the one and only Snoopy—in person! Watch for newspaper announcements.

M.S.G.

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FOR TICKET INFORMATION CALL (212) 564-4400

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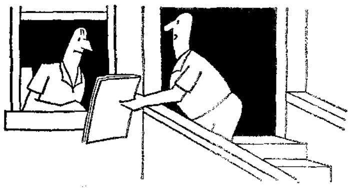
JACK COWLEY

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

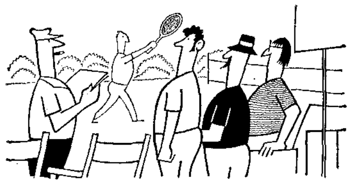
Notes and Comment

WE have heard from a man who lives in upper Manhattan. He writes, "I have been observing a strange, calculated urban thuggery. It has to do with windows. I live in a street of nineteenth-century brownstone tenements, and windows have a tough time of it here. Windows in this neighborhood are sometimes shattered by people outside in acts of random hostility, and they are often shuttered up and gated over by people inside as a result of a long, slow fear. Still, while they are often violated, windows are also *appreciated* here, and they are used in a way they are not used in neighborhoods where there is more money and more air-conditioning. Right now I am looking at a man in a blue shirt who is standing on the stoop of the building opposite mine and is showing an article in the *Daily News* to a man in a yellow shirt who is sitting just inside the window of a first-floor apartment. The point is that about five feet above the man in the yellow shirt is a small metal sign that reads 'Tenant Relocation by RMA,' and about five feet above the sign there is a row of five windows that have been completely blocked off with galvanized steel—Stelcoat, as it's called. There is no real physical reason these windows should be blocked off. The Stelcoat serves only to announce that an apartment has been vacated. There is a rather severe shortage of cheap apartments in the city, you see, and it's difficult to get people to move from an apartment they can afford once they have found an apartment they can afford, so 'relocation' has become an exact, vicious science. Windows in the façade represent the life of a building, and blocking them over with Stelcoat announces death. The Stelcoat window count provides an easy, visible measure of how things are going in the game between the 'relocation' experts and the tenants, and serves to convince reluctant tenants of the futility of staying on. People who will fight back when their hot water is turned off will flee from a building that is Stelcoated and dead. 'Relocation' people are stupidly and dangerously using what they know about the process by which a neighborhood dies to achieve some small marketplace ends. Ultimately, the whole block opposite me will be Stelcoated. So far, the 'relocation' experts have announced the death of about twenty apartments, as well as the Alma Boricua Civic and Social Club, a grocery store, and the Castle Bar, a funny place of yellow stucco with a phony cottagelike roof. I do want to describe the windows in the building opposite mine. They are arched windows. On the lower floors, the arches are of heavy carved chunks of brownstone. On the upper floors, a triple course of brick forms the arch. These windows have their integrity."

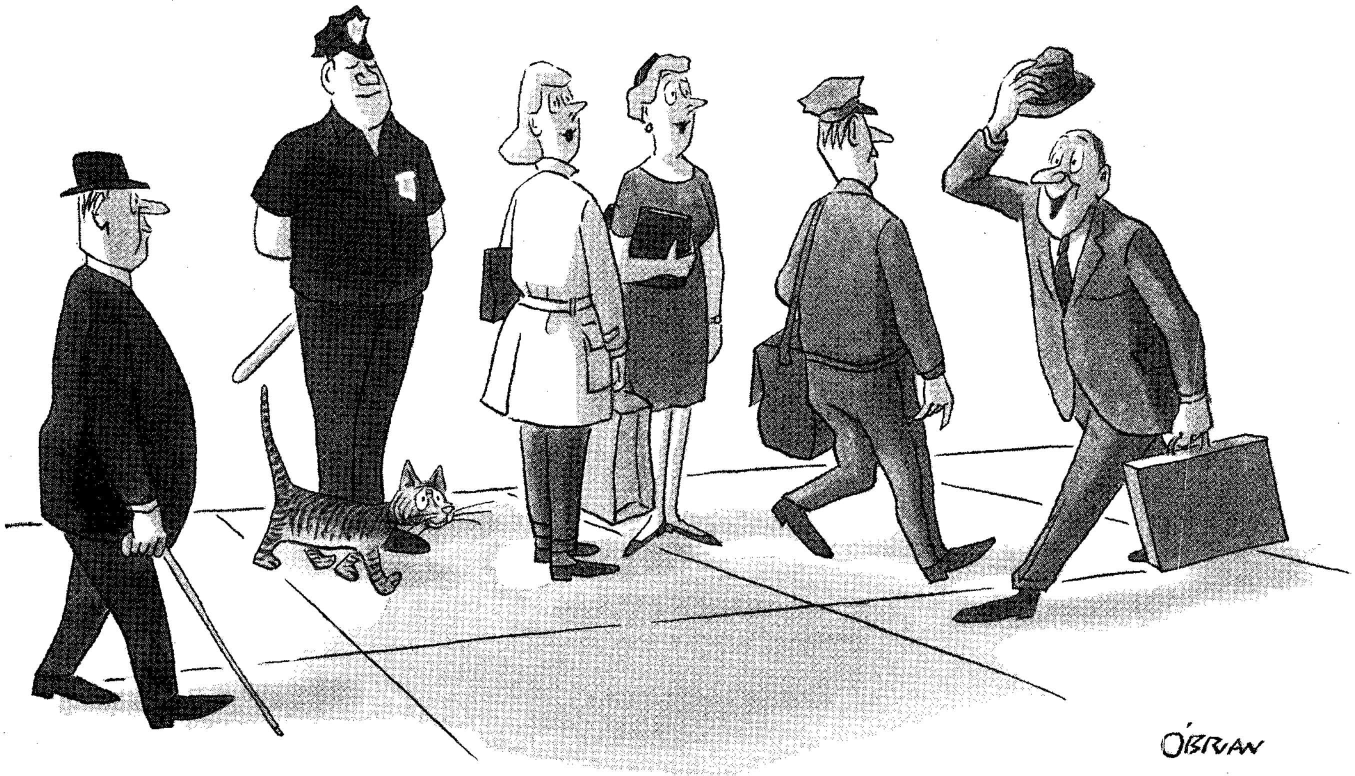


The Commercial

IN Central Park last week, at West Ninety-third Street, on Court No. 26 of the tennis courts, we came across Don Budge practicing his serve for the benefit of a television commercial. On Court No. 13, Pat Fenton, the Park's tall, blond, attractive tennis pro, was concentrating on a lesson with a grandmotherly beginner. On the other courts, the players were minding their own games. Focussed on Budge was a Mitchell R-35 camera on a spider dolly. Also zeroing in on him were the following personnel: a producer; a director; an assistant director; a cameraman; an assistant cameraman; two grips (they move equipment); two gaffers (they handle lights and reflectors); two prop men; a script girl; a soundman; a makeup man; a wardrobe woman; a man and a woman representing the client, McGregor Sportswear; three men representing Martin Landey, Arlow, the advertising agency representing McGregor; a couple of teamsters in charge of a baby-blue truck belonging to Televideo Productions, maker of the commercial; a driver of an air-conditioned camper available to Budge and some other V.I.P.s; and a chauffeur of a station wagon. On Court No. 26, in addition to people, were a hand-held Aeroflex camera, several directors' chairs with white wooden frames and bright-blue canvas seats, a couple of reflectors, a ladder, a lot of lens boxes, a wooden stand supporting a large sheet of glass, and other objects. The makeup man, who resembled Count Leo Tolstoy, beard and all, wore a Tolstoy hat and walked around the equipment looking grim. The producer, a sleek, darkly tanned, black-haired woman named Sally Safir, was conferring with the director, Marty Goldman, a deeply tanned young man with a Tolstoy beard that was trimmer than the makeup man's. Goldman had on black stretch Levi's and a white T-shirt. Miss Safir, who had on long, curling, black eyelashes and bright lipstick, wore beige brushed-velour jeans, a yellow turtleneck shirt, a beige crocheted string vest, and oversized sunglasses. She also had on a silver-and-green enamelled Gucci wristwatch with a matching bracelet band. Arnold Arlow, one of the heads of the advertising agency, wore real swinging-type sideburns, a blue-and-brown striped shirt, bluejeans, and Adidas tennis shoes. He circled the producer and the director watchfully.



"I should be wrapped by four



"Good morning, Mr. Postman. Good morning, ladies. Good morning, Officer. Good morning, pussycat. Good morning, Your Eminence."

o'clock," Goldman said, speaking very softly and confidentially, and everybody around him looked relieved.

"What do we do tomorrow if it rains?" one of the assistants asked.

"Bob Rosengarten, Dick Cavett's orchestra leader, in the studio," Miss Safir answered. "Bob wears a McGregor sports jacket and drums in it," she said to us.

Goldman gave us a charming smile and rubbed the side of his beard with the flat of one hand. "I'm going to do something very exciting now, a very exciting shot," he told us. "It's a trick shot. Shooting through glass from underneath Don Budge. He bounces the tennis balls, and you see them coming right at you." He picked up the Aeroflex and lay down on the ground, under the glass part of the wooden stand.

"Very exciting," said Miss Safir.

We noticed that she was wearing eight rings on a middle finger and a wide silver lacework ring on a forefinger. We asked her about the rings.

"They're mostly old Tiffany rings," she said. "They're for each location trip we make. The pearl ring I got in Munich, where we shot the commercial for Ideal Toys. The amethyst I got in Rome, where we made the one for Hasbro Toys—all those G.I. Joe things. The turquoise is from Fort Lauderdale, where we went to do the commercial for Binaca mouth spray."

"We shoot all the kid things in Europe," one of the assistants said. "That way, we don't have to pay the kids residuals."

Goldman finished filming the trick shot and got up from the ground as Budge stepped down from the stand.

"It looked great, Don," said Goldman.

"It could be a very staggering shot, Marty," said Budge.

"We break for lunch now," said Miss Safir.

"A picnic?" we asked.

"This is film food," Miss Safir said, showing us a spread set out on long tables, with white tablecloths. "This is by Directors' Catering Service. Chicken. Pot roast. Macaroni. Cold cuts. This is real food."

"Four different kinds of pie," Arlow said. "Lemon, apple, cherry, and chocolate."

"We get milk, coffee, root beer, and water," one of the assistants said. "We are denied nothing in this business."

Budge went into the air-conditioned camper as Goldman stopped near us and gave us another charming smile.

"Do you like working for Televideo Productions?" we asked him.

"Televideo is one of the four or five largest makers of commercials," he said. "I make a lot of money, and I get a lot of practice. And there are advantages this has over features, because this is constantly changing. I don't want to sound pretentious, but this is the modern art form. After television commercials, there's *nothing* you don't know about filming."

Miss Safir reminded her director about lunch.

"Right," he said, turning back to us, and went on, "The only thing is you're restricted to selling a commodity instead of making a statement. This September, we're going to make our first feature film. After all, you have to make a statement. And I want to make a statement."

"Do you want to hear the name of the film?" Miss Safir asked us, exchanging meaningful looks with her director.

"I work only with Sally, and Sally works only with me," Goldman said. "We're going to make our first feature film together. Wait till you hear the title."

"Shoot," we said.

" 'The Legend of' "—Goldman paused and pinched the side of his beard a little and give us another smile—" 'Nigger Charley.' "

" 'The Legend of Nigger Charley,' " Miss Safir repeated, a bit more quickly.

"The first time *that's* been done in the title of a film," Goldman said.

"To be produced by Spangler Films, and it will be a full-length feature," said Miss Safir.

"What is it about?" we asked.

"A Western, but a *black* Western," said Goldman. "We're going to make a very beautiful and very exciting black Western."

We went into the camper and sat down across a table from Budge. He looked very much the way we remembered him from his Forest Hills tournament days—tall, freckled, with fair skin tinted pink by the sun, and the lightest of light-blue eyes. His McGregor tennis shirt looked a bit tight. It had the figure of a dragon on the front of it—a trademark.

"The reason it's a dragon has a little history behind it," Budge told us. "When I was world's champion, the kids who drew me in tournaments to play with would always say, 'I'm being fed to the fire dragon.' " He gave a modest little laugh.

"What's your connection with McGregor?" we asked.

"They pay me for the use of my name," he said. "For their tennis shirts, shorts, and windbreakers."

"Where do you live now?" we asked.

"In the Poconos, three months of the year, where my wife and I have a house. At our summer tennis camp, just outside Baltimore, for three months. And six months in Acapulco, where I'm the tennis director at the very beautiful Tres Vidas en la Playa Club. It's on a very beautiful five-mile stretch of beach near the airport. We're building a house of our own down there now."

On Court No. 13, Pat Fenton had finished the lesson with the beginner and was swinging busily with an exercise-fiend-type woman with a powerful forehand. The other players were still minding their own tennis business.

"Do these courts look sort of seedy to you?" we asked. "After Tres Vidas en la Playa?"

"Yeah," said Budge. "On the other hand, this is healthy, and we all started playing in the public parks."

"Do you find making this commercial boring?" we asked. "All these different shots, all day long, of you wearing the shirt and bouncing the ball and pretending to serve?"

"Yeah," he said. "On the other hand, as they say in this business, you've got to give someone something to reject."

We left the camper, and outside we ran into Goldman.

"About your feature film—"we said.

" 'Nigger Charley'?" he said, giving us another big smile.

"Would you want to say what the statement is you hope to make?" we asked.

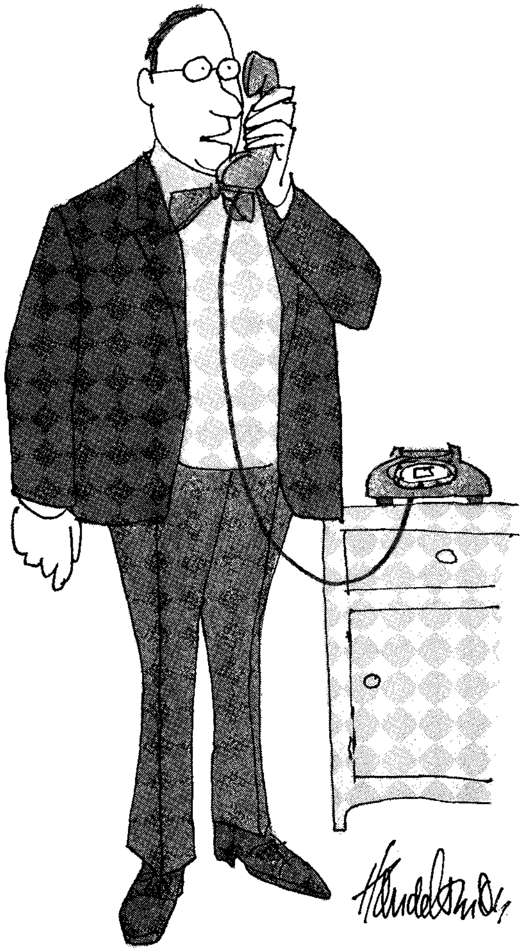
A small furrow appeared on his brow. "I guess the only statement is when a white person or a black person sees the film, they'll walk away with the same excitement they would have about a Western featuring a white cowboy star," he said. "It's a black adventure story, and I really dig it."

In Bloom

SOME people strive to conquer Everest because, in the famous phrase, "it is there," and other people strive to make similarly difficult conquests for the opposite reason—not because something is there but because it isn't and could be. This is a story about summertime and Fire Island and a garden that has been made to flourish in scorching sand and stinging sea air, in total defiance of Old Mother Nature, who on Fire Island is anything but motherly. With a brevity that amounts almost to a show of ill-feeling, the Encyclopædia Britannica describes Fire Island as "an elongated sandspit," so it is not surprising that little except bayberry, beach plum, poison ivy, and eelgrass will grow readily among its continuously shifting dunes. To be sure, there are exceptions. In the great swale of the Sunken Forest, near Point o' Woods, trees thrive until they reach a height—say, about fifty feet—where their tops are swept by the fierce, salt-laden Atlantic gales and their ambition falters. There are also plenty of cherry trees in Cherry Grove, but they lie low and cower together for protection, more like frightened bushes than trees. Few people would dream of planting an old-fashioned flower garden on Fire Island, but we know a man who has done so, and he has triumphed at it. The garden is his Everest, and, small and trim as it may look to a casual passerby, to him it is a vast and treacherous terrain, where every precious leaf and blossom stands in jeopardy.

The man's name is John Newfield, and he is an executive of Columbia Pictures, on Fifth Avenue. Every weekend for seven months of the year, he takes the Sayville ferry out to Fire Island, where he owns a large, many-windowed house in what one might call the "estate" section of Cherry Grove, which is to say that there are quite a few feet of unbuilt-upon sand between him and his nearest neighbors. (In Cherry Grove, which is one of the oldest and, with its elevated boardwalks rambling through a jungle of dense, pungent greenery, one of the prettiest of the settlements on the Island, the distance between houses can often be measured in inches. If the cherry trees cower together, the little houses in the older section pitch headlong toward each other, like bonneted old biddies gossiping over a back fence.) Having invited us, on a recent bright day, to come out and inspect his kingdom and have a swim in the adjacent Atlantic, Mr. Newfield met us on the Cherry Grove dock, dressed in the exiguous bleached tatters that mark the fashion-plate Islander. Beside him was a classic specimen of the indispensable battered and squeaky express wagon by which so much of the transportation of the Island is carried out. Mr. Newfield stowed our swimming gear next to some paper bags of groceries, and we set off along the boardwalk.

Over the ear-splitting dissonance of the wagon—how could four small wheels make such a fearful racket?—Mr. Newfield told us that his bent for horticulture sprang from memories of his moth-



"I'm afraid I'm not the Jerry Rubin you want. However, lots of luck, power to the pigs, and so on."

er's garden in Birmingham, Alabama, where he was born. "Mother seemed to be able to grow *any*thing in her garden, and when I came out to the Island I felt challenged to see whether I couldn't introduce some of her favorites into this very harsh environment," he said. "To begin with, I had to face the simple fact of there being no soil. I started lugging fifty-pound bags of soil, bought on the mainland, onto my property by express wagon. I estimate that I've carried just under five tons of soil into my garden with my bare hands. I now have some seventy varieties of flowers growing here, of which about thirty are in bloom."

We entered his house, passed through the living room, and stood on a broad wooden deck overlooking the garden, which was perhaps sixty feet long and thirty feet wide. The sun blazed down on a tiny pool at its center, filled with pond lilies. Small blocks of paving ran hither and thither at random in the sand, and individual beds of flowers were set off by borders of some reddish material, which Mr. Newfield identified as tiles that a neighbor had discarded in the course of repairing his roof. "The tiles hold the soil in place against the constant winds," Mr. Newfield said. "I tend to think of my flowers in alphabetical order—there's ageratum over there, for example, and anemones here, and artemisia. Near the pool are columbines, and along the wall are clematis and coreopsis. Also Canterbury bells and cosmos. Foxgloves. Morning glories, marigolds, marguerites. Petunias and phlox and portulaca. Snapdragons. Verbena. Wisteria. Zinnias. The whole garden has to be tightly fenced to keep out rabbits. It also has to be watered practically night and day. This is a folly, after all—the equivalent of an English country garden in the heart of the Sahara. Let's go for a swim before lunch. Afterward, there's some serious gardening to be done." He gave the garden a close scrutiny. We were at sea level, in the heat of summer, but we could just as well have been in a snowfield in the Himalayas, for it was a George Mallory talking. "I think you're in for a treat," he said. "By the time we get back from the beach, one of my Golden Splendor lilies may be open."

Vibes

We spent an interesting, if bewildering, morning recently observing some fringe manifestations of what is still occasionally referred to as the counterculture. All but a few of the two hundred members of the Brotherhood of the Spirit commune, of Warwick, Massachusetts, were gathered in Washington Square Park, milling around in a friendly way and smiling. Eleven of them, it came as no surprise to learn, have formed a rock group, and their fellow-communards had taken a day off from fresh air and rich black soil to promote the fortunes of the group's first record. The group is called Spirit in Flesh, and so is the record. The Brotherhood of the Spirit is the only commune we know of that has a press kit—we were handed one as soon as we arrived. It contained an eight-by-ten glossy photograph of the rock group, a brief history of the commune and the group in verse and prose, and a promotional piece entitled "More . . . About Spirit in Flesh," which concluded, "When you listen to Spirit in Flesh remember: the universe speaks to you."

The universe was holding its peace for the moment, but we *were* being spoken to by an open-faced, sturdy young man in a blue plaid shirt and corduroys. He told us that his name was Ronnie Sellers, and that he had joined the Brotherhood a year ago, after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania. "I certainly wasn't thinking in terms of a commune," he said. "I was travelling, and some friends of mine at Amherst asked me if I wanted to go up to this place with them. When I got there, I just got my mind blown. There was a peace and a quiet there, and a vibration of togetherness, and yet the people were doing a lot of material work. When I left, after the first day, I knew this was my place. I went back to Philadelphia to get my wife. She kind of blew up when she found out it was a commune, but we decided to go through with it as a family—my wife, my daughter, and I. We took a camping trailer along and set it up on the land. Because we were so middle-class and so straight, the people had to go out of their way to make us feel at home, and they did. We've got a really relaxed thing going: no greed, no hatred, no sexual perversions, no drugs, no alcohol, no occultism—just a place where people are really finding out what they're all about."

ANTIQUES
QUINN

Ronnie told us that the commune was started three years ago by Michael Metelica, who is the lead singer of the rock group, and he offered to introduce us. He led us toward half a dozen young men, and it was apparent which of them was the leader. We recognized the face, wreathed in reddish hair and beard, that had been looking out from posters on hoardings in and around the Village for several weeks. In addition, Mr. Metelica was more spectacularly dressed than the members of his entourage, most of whom wore the youth uniform of blue denim and tie-dyed cotton. He had on a pair of black leather pants with a brightly colored kerchief tied around the left thigh, an equally brightly colored shirt, and a black leather vest. On the back of the vest a slogan was painted:

SPIRITUAL LAW
NOT
MAN'S LAW

Mr. Metelica, who is twenty, told us that he had begun by building a tree house on a hill, and that people had simply gathered around him. "It got to six people and I said, 'That's it,' " he explained. "Then a girl came who was doing speed, and it became a question of whether to exclude her out or not. That was the turning point. In a sense, she was my guru."

Mr. Metelica and his aides left for an interview with a talent coördinator for the "David Frost Show," and everyone else picked up a placard and began to walk up Fifth Avenue, spreading the glad news about the record. All the placards said, "Save the World with Spirit in Flesh." We followed the placards, and at the corner of Tenth Street we came across two of the Brotherhood arguing with a slight, pretty girl in a crisp gingham maxiskirt who had a headful of blond curls. The two stalked off, and the girl turned her attention to us.

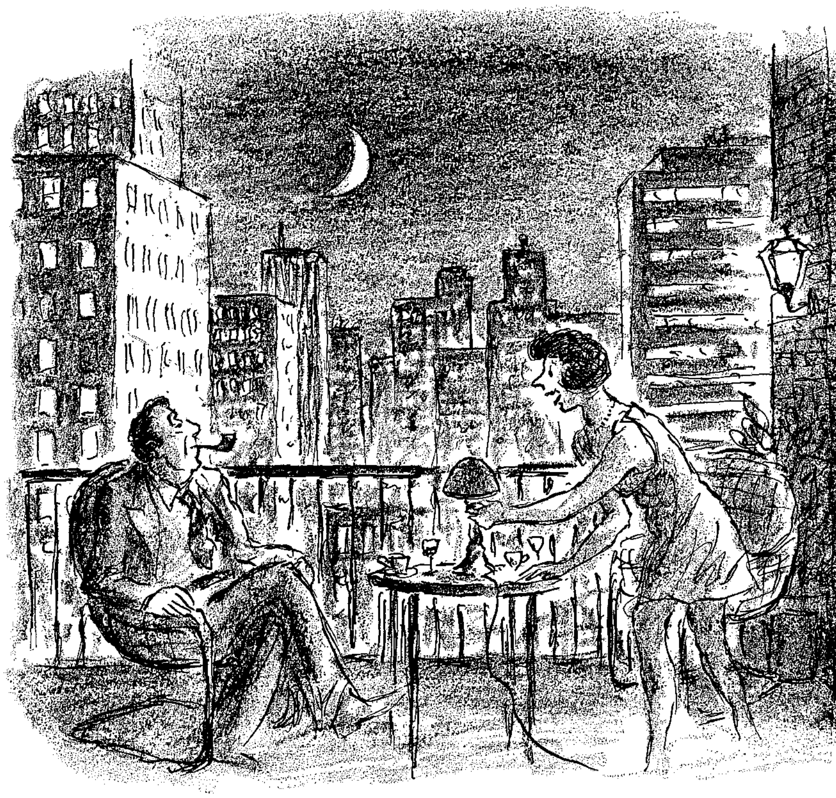
"Are you a reporter?" she asked.

"Yes," we said.

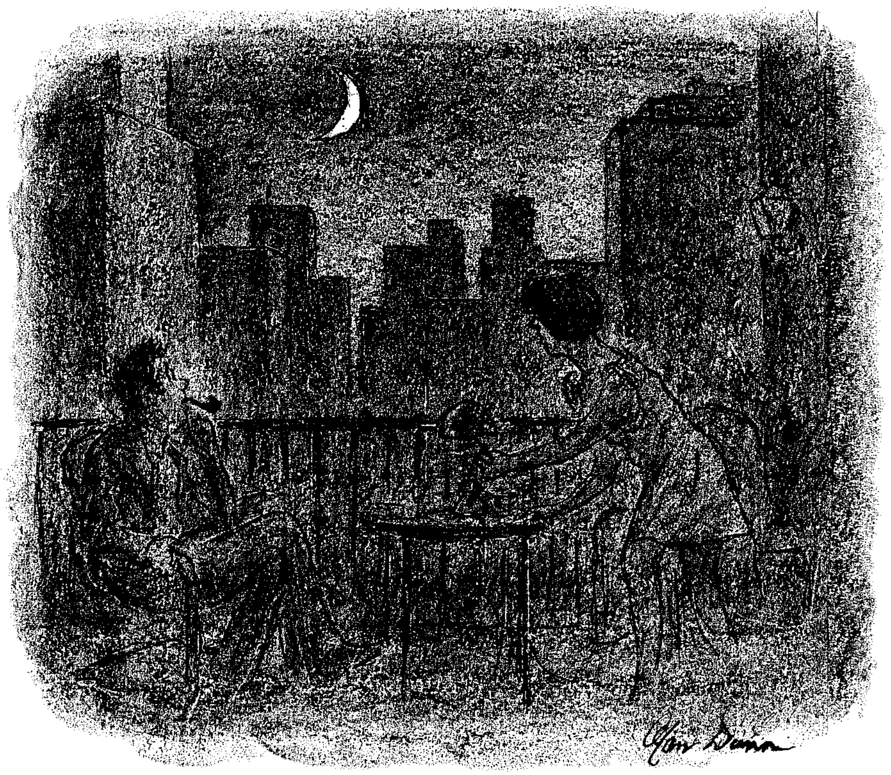
"Well, follow me. I have a story for you."

We shrugged and followed her to a brownstone on West Fifteenth Street, where she sat us down in the living room, gave us a glass of iced tea, and began to tell us about the house. With its comfortable furnishings and thick carpets, it did not look like a commune, but that, it turned out, is what it is—the New York branch of the Fort Hill Community, a moderately well-known commune centered in a group of houses around the High Fort Monument, in Roxbury, Massachusetts. The leader of the Fort Hill Community is a folk singer named Mel Lyman. Mr. Lyman's photograph, ascetic-looking and faintly cadaverous, was on one wall, and a framed copy of his latest manifesto, "A Plea for Courage," was on another. To help us get oriented, the girl handed us a copy of a slick magazine, the *American Avatar*, published by the commune. The magazine contained seven pictures of Mel Lyman, two poems by Mel Lyman, two poems about Mel Lyman, four articles by Mel Lyman, three articles about Mel Lyman, and one article supporting Edward Kennedy for President. One of the articles about Mel Lyman, signed "John Wayne the Baptist," concluded as follows:

> If a soft vowel followed by a sharply enunciated consonant rolling off my lip breathes poetry, then Mel Lyman's voice is the swelling music of the spheres. And if my eyes, my eyes, glow with the heat of a thousand hydrogen furnaces, then Mel Lyman's eyes are the sun itself creating life amidst the moistness of the earth. And if you think me exquisitely eloquent in placing in your hearts these pictures of this perfectly united god and man, then your hearts would weep and your tongues melt into universes to tell of what passed when Mel Lyman spoke simply of himself.



"Now, surely, the mighty Con Ed isn't going to topple if I turn on one little itsy-bitsy lamp."



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Time was getting on, and we asked, "What about the story?"

"The story is 'Fort Hill Community Declares War on Spirit in Flesh,'" the girl said.

"War?" we asked.

"Well, I'm not saying it *will* happen, but it might," she said. "When I first heard about them, I was impressed, and I'm not easily impressed. We've been waiting for the time to come when we would encounter them, and that time was today. I went as a kind of ambassador. That's why I dressed and made myself look pretty." She gestured at her maxiskirt. "Now, if they're going to go around talking about spirit in flesh, that's a *promise*, and we take promises very, very seriously. I didn't see any spirit in flesh there today. I saw a bunch of dirty hippies having a love-in. Of course, it takes a certain courage to hold a love-in at all anymore, but there was nothing. The only one who had anything in his eyes was Mike Metelica. I gave him a copy of Mel's latest statement. We'll wait to hear from him. But if the response is not satisfactory . . ."

"Do you anticipate full mobilization?" we asked.

"I doubt it," she said. "A detachment should be sufficient to rout them."

On our way out, we asked her name, and she told us that she was Eve Lyman, Mel Lyman's wife, and that she was twenty years old.

We walked thoughtfully to the Sixth Avenue subway. We boarded a car that contained two winos, a cop, and a dozen indeterminately disgruntled others, but we didn't mind. We just sat there and soaked up the good vibes.

HAILING THE ELUSORY MOUNTAIN LION

THE swan song sounded by the wilderness grows fainter, ever more constricted, until only sharp ears can catch it at all. It fades to a nearly inaudible level, and yet there never is going to be any one time when we can say right *now* it is gone. Wolves meet their maker in wholesale lots, but coyotes infiltrate eastward, northward, southeastward. Woodland caribou and bighorn sheep are vanishing fast, but moose have expanded their range in some areas.

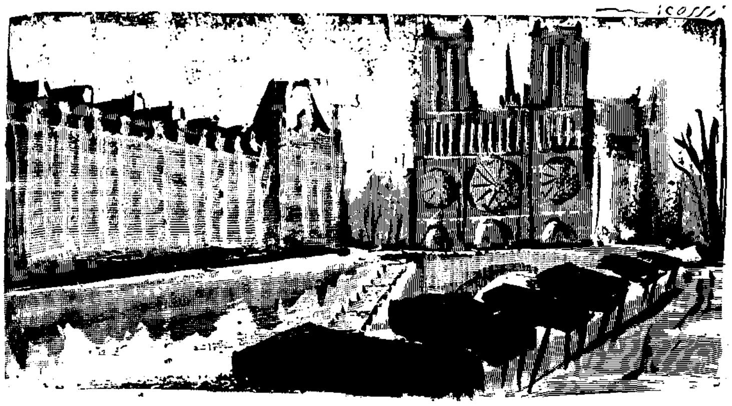
Mountain lions used to have practically the run of the Western Hemisphere, and they still do occur from Cape Horn to the Big Muddy River at the boundary of the Yukon and on the coasts of both oceans, so that they are the most versatile land mammal in the New World, probably taking in more latitudes than any other four-footed wild creature anywhere. There are perhaps only four to six thousand left in the United States, though there is no place that they didn't use to go, eating deer, elk, pikas, porcupines, grasshoppers, and dead fish on the beach. They were called mountain lions in the Rockies, pumas (originally an Incan word) in the Southwestern states, cougars (a naturalist's corruption of an Amazonian Indian word) in the Northwest, panthers in the traditionalist East—"painters" in dialect-proud New England—or catamounts. The Dutchmen of New Netherland called them tigers, red tigers, deer tigers, and the Spaniards *leones* or *leopardos*. They liked to eat horses—wolves preferred beef and black bears favored pork—but as adversaries of mankind they were overshadowed at first because bears appeared more formidable and wolves in their howling packs were more flamboyant and more damaging financially. Yet this panoply of names is itself quite a tribute, and somehow the legends about "panthers" have lingered longer than bear or wolf tales, helped by the animal's own limber, far-travelling stealth and as a carryover from the immense mythic force of the great cats of the Old World. Though only Florida among the Eastern states is known for certain to have any left, no wild knot of mountains or swamp is without rumors of panthers; nowadays people delight in these, keeping their eyes peeled. It's wishful, and the wandering, secretive nature of the beast ensures that even Eastern panthers will not soon be certifiably extinct. An informal census among experts in 1963 indicated that an island of twenty-five or more may have survived in the New Brunswick-Maine-Quebec region, and Louisiana may still have a handful, and perhaps eight live isolated in the Black Hills of South Dakota, and the Oklahoma panhandle may have a small colony—all outside the established range in Florida, Texas, and the Far West. As with the blue whale, who will be able to say when they have been eliminated?

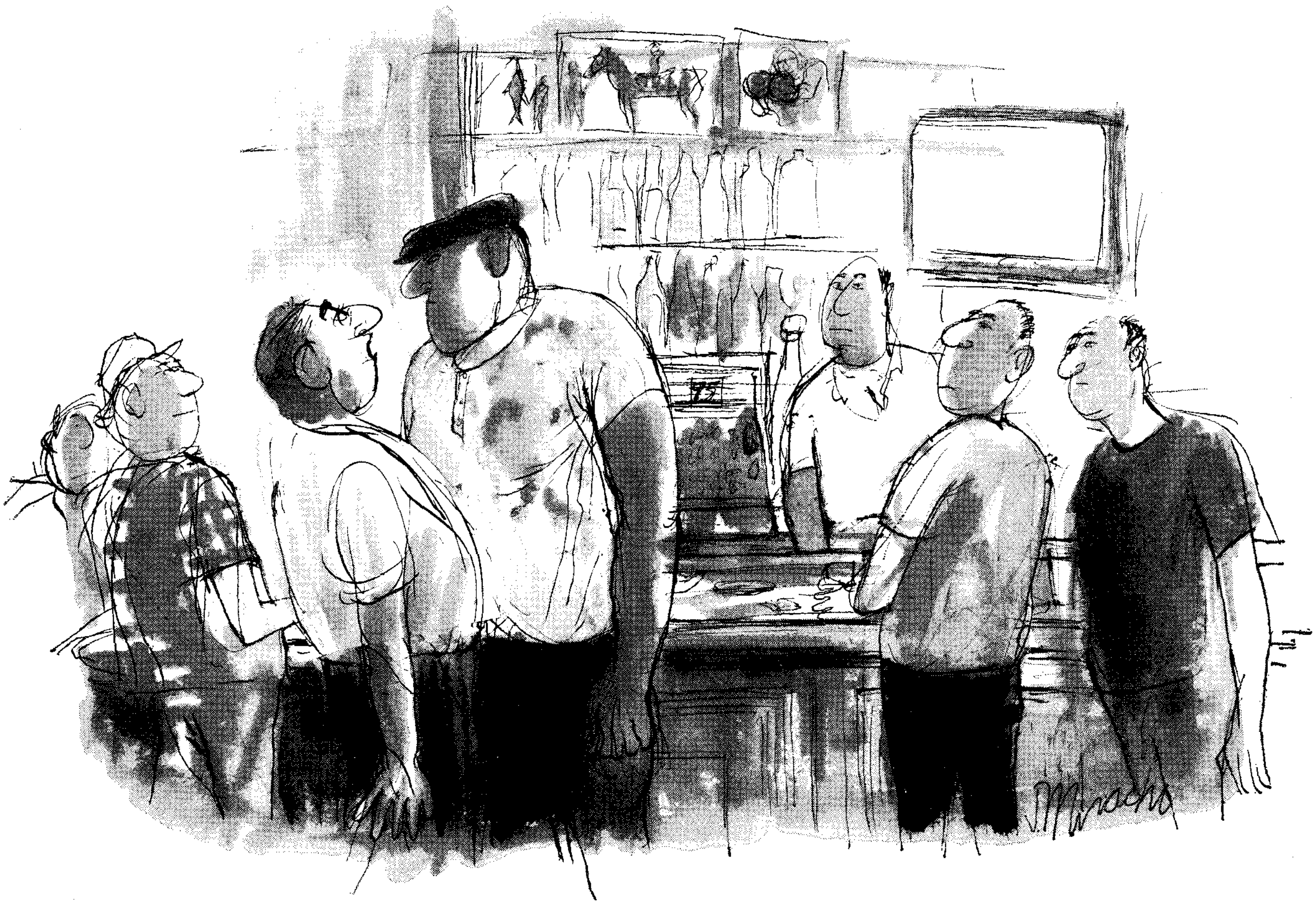
"Mexican lion" is another name for mountain lions in the border states—a name that might imply there a meagre second-best rating yet ties to the majestic African beasts. Lions are at least twice as big as mountain lions, measuring by weight, though they are more nearly the same in length because of the mountain lion's superb long tail. Both animals sometimes pair up affectionately with mates and hunt in tandem, but mountain lions go winding through life in ones or twos, whereas the lion is a harem-keeper, harem-dweller, the males eventually becoming stay-at-homes, heavy figureheads. Lions enjoy the grassy flatlands, forested along the streams, and they stay put, engrossed in communal events, roaring, grunting, growling with a racket like the noise of gears being stripped, unless the game moves on. They sun themselves, preside over the numerous kibbutz young, sneeze from the dust, and bask in dreams, occasionally waking up to issue reverberating, guttural pronouncements which serve notice that they are now awake.

Mountain lions spirit themselves away in saw-toothed canyons and on escarpments instead, and when conversing with their mates they coo like pigeons, sob like women, emit a flat slight shriek, a popping bubbling growl, or mew, or yowl. They growl and suddenly caterwaul into falsetto—the famous scarifying, metallic scream functioning as a kind of hunting cry close up, to terrorize and start the game. They ramble as much as twenty-five miles in a night, maintaining a large loop of territory which they cover every week or two. It's a solitary, busy life, involving a survey of several valleys, many deer herds. Like tigers and leopards, mountain lions are not sociably inclined and don't converse at length with the whole waiting world, but they are less noisy; they seem to speak most eloquently with their feet. Where a tiger would roar, a mountain lion screams like a castrato. Where a mountain lion hisses, a leopard would snarl like a truck stuck in snow.

Leopards are the best counterpart to mountain lions in physique and in the tenor of their lives. Supple, fierce creatures, skilled at concealment but with great self-assurance and drive, leopards are bolder when facing human beings than the American cats and are basically hot-land beasts and not such remarkable travellers individually, though as a race they once inhabited the broad Eurasian landmass all the way from Great Britain to Malaysia as well as Africa. As late as the nineteen-sixties, a few were said to be still holding out on the shore of the Mediterranean at Mount Mycale, Turkey. (During a forest fire a yearling swam the narrow straits to the Greek island Samos, and holed up in a cave, where he was duly killed—perhaps the last leopard ever to set foot in Europe on his own.) Leopards are thicker and shorter than adult mountain lions and seem to lead an athlete's indolent, incurious life much of the time, testing their perfected bodies by clawing tree trunks, chewing on old skulls, executing acrobatic leaps, and then rousing themselves to the semiweekly antelope kill. Built with supreme hardness and economy, they make little allowance for man—they don't see him as different. They relish the flesh of his dogs, and they run up a tree when hunted and then sometimes spring down, as heavy as a chunk of iron wrapped in a flag. With stunning, gorgeous coats, their tight, dervish faces carved in a snarl, they head for the hereafter as if it were just one more extra-emphatic leap—as impersonal in death as the crack of the rifle was.

The American leopard, the jaguar, is a powerfully built, serious fellow, who, before white men arrived, wan-



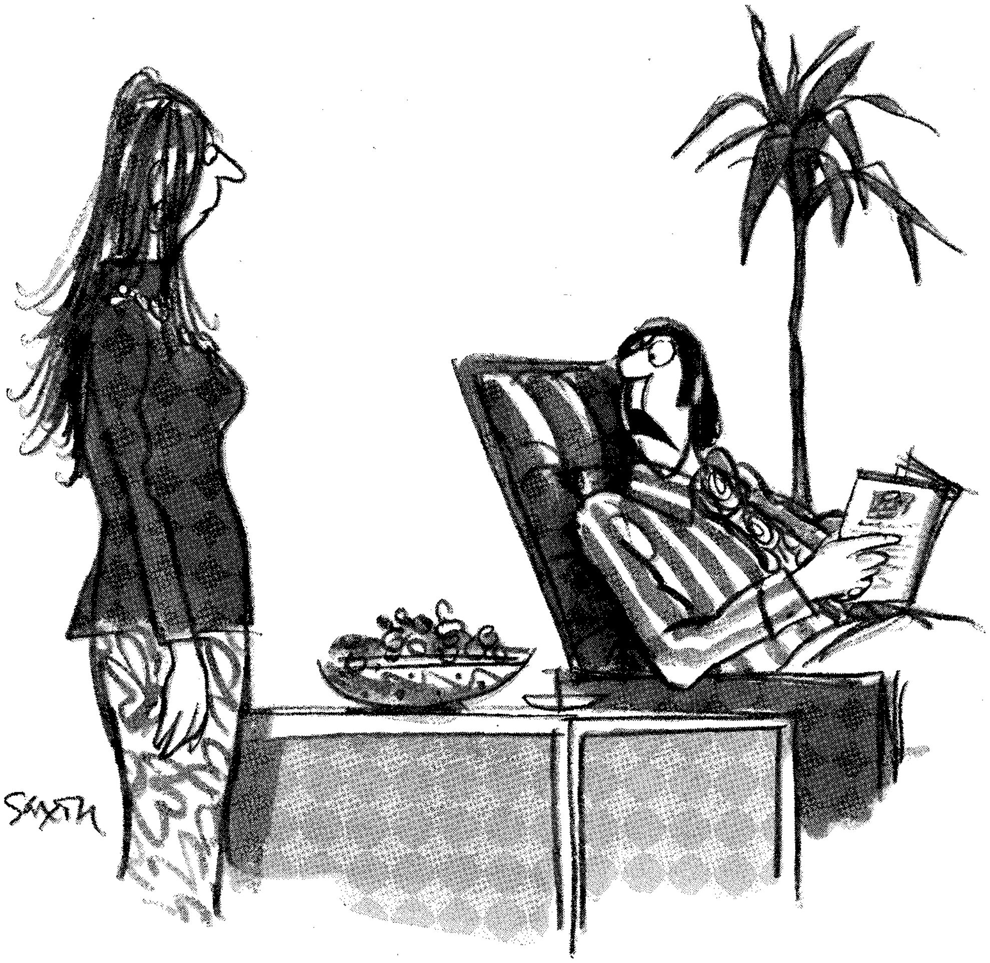


"Look, friend, in a democracy a man has the right to claim he can lick any man in the house but then to change his mind when confronted with overwhelming evidence that he can't lick any man in the house."

• •

dered as far north as the Carolinas, but his best home is the humid basin of the Amazon. Pumas penetrate these ultimate jungles, too, but rather thinly, thriving better in the cooler, drier climate of the untenanted pampas and on the mountain slopes. They are blessed with a pleasant but undazzling coat, tan except for a white belly, mouth, and throat, and some black behind the ears, on the tip of the tail, and at the sides of the nose, and they are hunted as symbols, not for their fur. The cubs are spotted, leopardlike, much as lion cubs are. If all of the big cats developed from a common ancestry, the mountain lions' specialization has been unpresumptuous—away from bulk and savagery to travelling light. Toward deer, their prey, they may be as ferocious as leopards, but not toward chance acquaintances such as man. They sometimes break their necks, their jaws, their teeth, springing against the necks of quarry they have crept close to—a fate in part resulting from the circumstance that they can't ferret out the weaker individuals in a herd by the device of a long chase, the way wolves do; they have to take the luck of the draw. None of the cats possess enough lung capacity for gruelling runs. They depend upon shock tactics, bursts of speed, sledgehammer leaps, strong collarbones for hitting power, and shearing dentition, whereas wolves employ all the advantages of time in killing their quarry, the numbers and the gaiety of the pack, biting the beast's nose and rump—the technique of a thousand cuts—lapping the bloody snow, and wolves may even have a cheering section of flapping ravens accompanying them, eager to scavenge after the brawl.

It's a risky business for the mountain lion, staking the strength and impact of his neck against the strength of the prey animal's neck. Necessarily, he is concentrated and fierce. And yet legends exist that mountain lions have irritably defended men and women lost in the wilderness against marauding jaguars, who are no friends of theirs, and (with a good deal more supporting evidence) that they are susceptible to an odd kind of fascination with human beings. Sometimes they will tentatively seek an association, hanging about a campground or following a hiker out of curiosity, perhaps, circling around and bounding up on a ledge above to watch him pass. This mild modesty has helped preserve them from extinction. If they have been unable to make any adjustments to the advent of man, they haven't suicidally opposed him, either, as the buffalo wolves and grizzlies did. In fact, at close quarters they seem bewildered. When treed, they don't breathe a hundred-proof ferocity but puzzle over what to do. They're too light-bodied to bear down on the hunter and kill him easily, even if they should attack—a course they seem to have no inclination for. In this century in the United States only one person, a child of thirteen, has been killed by a mountain lion; that was in 1924. And they're informal animals. Lolling in an informal sprawl on a high limb, they can't seem to summon any Enobarbus-like front of resistance for long. Daring men occasionally climb up and toss lassos about a cat and haul him down, strangling him by pulling from two directions, while the lion, mortified, appalled, never does muster his fighting aplomb. Although he could fight off a pack of wolves, he hasn't worked out a posture to assume toward man and his dogs. Impotently, he stiffens, as the dino-



"Are you going to believe me or some encyclopedia you picked up in a supermarket?"

• •

saurs must have when the atmosphere grew cold.

Hunting big game may come to be regarded as a form of vandalism, and the remaining big creatures of the wilderness will skulk through restricted reserves wearing radio transmitters and numbered collars, or bearing stripes of dye, as many elephants already do, to aid the busy biologists who track them from the air. Like a vanishing race of trolls, more report and memory than a reality, they will inhabit children's books and nostalgic articles, a special glamour attaching to those like mountain lions that are geographically incalculable and that may still be sighted away from the preserves. Already we've become enthusiasts. We want game round about—at least at a summer house; it's part of privileged living. There is a precious privacy about seeing wildlife, too. Like meeting a fantastically dressed mute on the road, the fact that no words are exchanged and *he's* not going to give an account makes the experience lighthearted; it's wholly ours. Besides, if anything out of the ordinary happened, we know we can't expect to be believed, and since it's rather fun to be disbelieved—fishermen know this—the privacy is even more complete. Deer, otter, foxes are messengers from another condition of life, another mentality, and bring us tidings of places where we don't go.

TEN years ago at Vavenby, a sawmill town on the North Thompson River in British Columbia, a frolicsome mountain lion used to appear at dusk every ten days or so in a bluegrass field alongside the river. Deer congregated there, the river was silky and swift, cooling the summer air, and all in all it was a festive spot for a lion to be. She was thought to be a female, and reputedly left tracks around an enormous territory to the north and west—Raft Mountain, Battle Mountain, the Trophy Range, the Murtle River, and Mahood Lake—territory on an upended, pelagic scale, much of it scarcely accessible to a man by trail, where the tiger lilies grew four feet tall. She would materialize in this field among the deer five minutes before dark, as if tagging up again, a habit that may have resulted in her death eventually, though for the present the farmer was keeping his mouth shut about it. This was pioneer country; there were people alive who could remember the time when poisoning the carcass of a cow would net a man a pile of dead predators—a family of mountain lions to bounty, maybe half a dozen wolves, and both black bears and grizzlies. The Indians considered lion meat a delicacy, but they had clans which drew their origins at the Creation from ancestral mountain lions, or wolves, or bears, so these massacres amazed them. They thought the outright bounty hunters were crazy men.

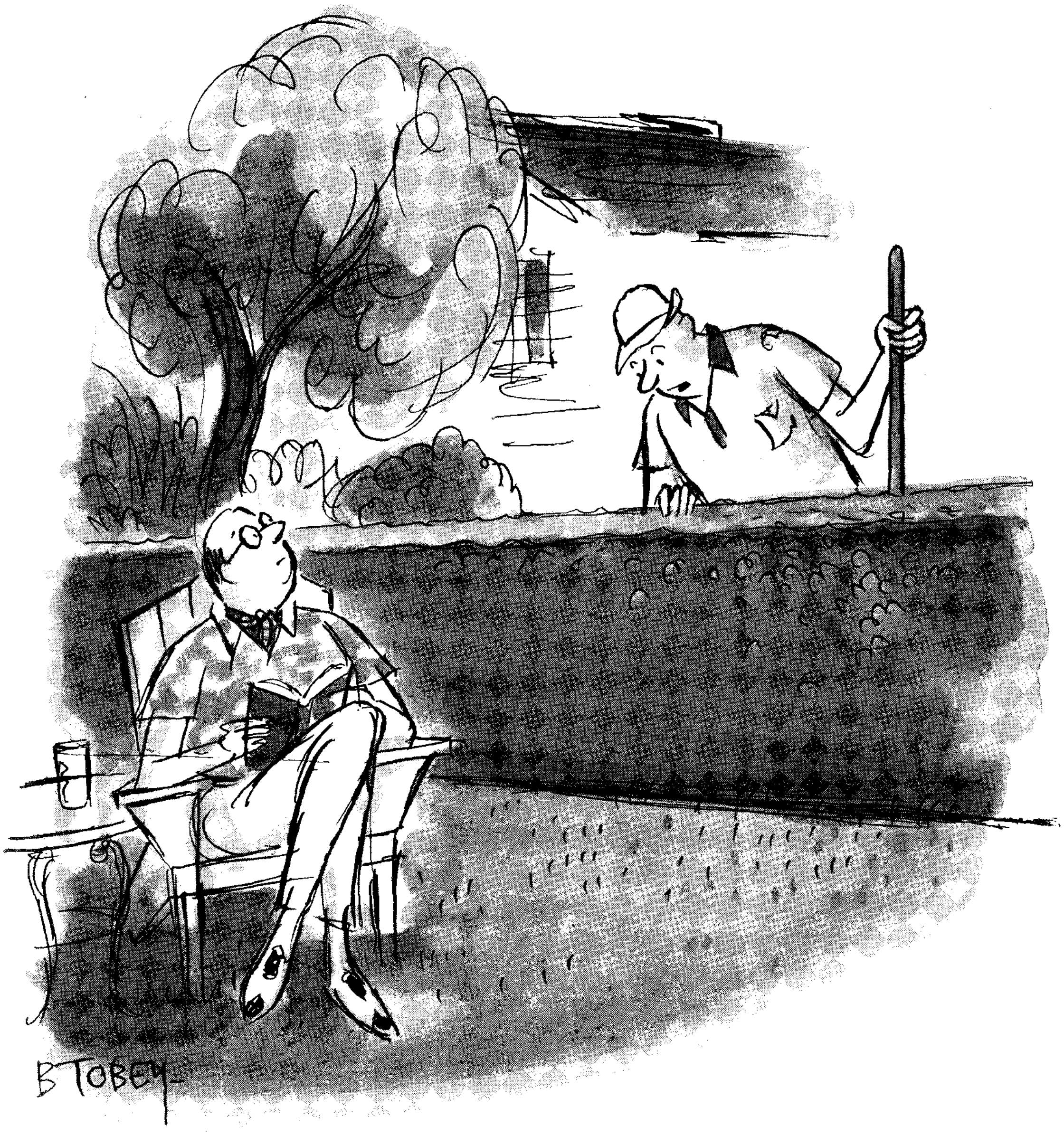
Even before Columbus, mountain lions were probably not distributed in saturation numbers anywhere—as wolves may have been, for instance. Except for the family unit—a female with her half-grown cubs—each lion seems to occupy its own spread of territory, not as a result of fights with intruders but because the young transients share the same instinct for solitude and soon veer off to find vacant mountains and valleys. A mature lion kills only one deer every week or two, according to a study by Maurice G. Hornocker in Idaho, and therefore is not really a notable factor in controlling the local deer population. Rather, it keeps watch contentedly as that population grows, sometimes benefitting the herds by scaring them onto new wintering grounds that are not overbrowsed, and by its very presence warding off other lions.

This thin distribution, coupled with its taciturn and unpresumptuous habits, makes sighting a mountain lion a matter of luck, even for game officials located in likely country. One warden in Colorado I talked to had, indeed, seen a pair of them, fraternizing during the breeding season. He was driving a jeep over an abandoned mining road, and he passed two brown animals sitting peaceably in the grass, their heads close together. He thought they were coyotes for a moment and kept driving, when all of a sudden the picture registered that they were *cougars!* He braked and backed up, but of course they were gone. He was an oldtimer, a man who had crawled inside bear dens to pull out the cubs and knew where to find clusters of buffalo skulls in the recesses of the Rockies where the last bands had hidden, yet this cryptic instant when he was turning his jeep round a curve was the only glimpse—unprovable—that he ever got of a mountain lion.

Such glimpses usually are cryptic. During a summer I spent in Wyoming in my boyhood, I managed to see two coyotes, but both occasions were so very fleeting that it required an act of faith on my part afterward to feel sure I had seen them. One of the animals vanished between rolls of ground; the other, in rougher, stonier, wooded country, cast his startled gray face in my direction and simply was gone. Hunching, he swerved for cover, and the brush closed over him. I used to climb to a vantage point above a high basin at twilight and watch the mule deer steal into the meadows to feed. The grass grew higher than their stomachs, the steep forest was close at hand, and they were as small and as fragile-looking as filaments at that distance, quite human in coloring, gait, and form. It was possible to visualize them as a naked Indian hunting party a hundred years out of phase—or not to believe in their existence at all, either as Indians or deer. Minute, aphid-sized, they stepped so carefully in emerging, hundreds of feet below, that, straining my eyes, I needed to tell myself constantly that they were *deer*, or my imagination, left to its own devices, with the dusk settling down, would have made of them a dozen other creatures.

And recently, walking at night on the woods road that passes my house in Vermont, I heard footsteps in the leaves and windfalls. I waited, listening—they sounded too heavy to be anything less than a man, a large deer, or a bear. A man wouldn't have been in the woods so late, my dog stood respectfully silent and still, and they did seem to shuffle portentously. Sure enough, after pausing at the edge of the road, a fully grown bear appeared, visible only in dimmest outline, staring in my direction for four or five seconds. The darkness lent a faintly red tinge to his coat; he was well built. Then, turning, he ambled off, almost immediately lost to view, though I heard the noise of his passage, interrupted by several pauses. This was all as concise as a vision, and since I had wanted to see a bear close to my own house, being a person who likes to live in a melting pot, whether in the city or country, and since it was too dark to pick out his tracks, I was grateful to have the dog, by inquisitively urinating along the bear's path, confirm that at least I had witnessed *something*. The dog seemed unsurprised, however, as if the scent were not all that remarkable, and, indeed, the next week I encountered a yearling bear in daylight two miles downhill, while in the car, and a cub a month later. My farmer neighbors were politely skeptical of my accounts, having themselves caught sight of only perhaps a couple of bears in all their lives there.

So it's with some sympathy as well as an awareness of the tricks that enthusiasm and nightfall may play that I have been going to nearby towns seeking out people who have claimed at one time or another to have seen a mountain lion. The experts of the state—game wardens, taxidermists, the most accomplished hunters—emphatically discount the claims, but the believers believe. They include summer people who were enjoying a drink on the back terrace when the apparition of a great-tailed cat moved out along the fringe of the woods on a deer path; a boy who was hunting with his .22 years ago near the village dump and saw the animal across a gully and fired blindly, then ran away and brought back a search party, which found a tuft of toast-colored fur; a state forestry employee, a sober woodsman, who caught the cat in his headlights while driving through Victory Bog in the wildest corner of the Northeast Kingdom. Gordon Hickok, who works for a furniture factory and has shot one or two mountain lions on hunting trips in the West, saw one cross U.S. 5 at a place called Auger Hole near Mount Hor. He tracked it with dogs a short distance, finding a fawn with its head gnawed off. A high-school English teacher reported seeing a mountain lion cross another road, near Runaway Pond, but the hunters who quickly went out decided that the prints were those of a big bobcat, splayed impressively in the mud and snow. A watchman in the fire tower on top



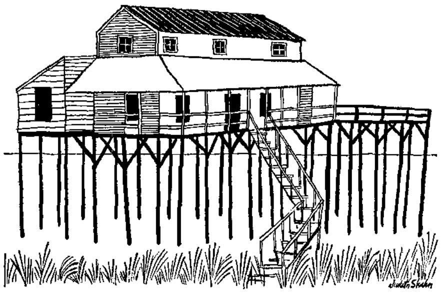
"Oh, so that's why your grass is greener than mine. It's plastic."

of Bald Mountain—this was fifteen years ago—had been feeding several deer, leaving grain scattered in the grooves of a flat rock under the tower. One night, just as the dusk turned murky, looking down from a hundred and thirty feet up he saw two slim long-tailed lions creep out of the scrubby border of spruce and inspect the rock, sniffing deer droppings and dried deer saliva. The next night, when he was in his cabin, the dog barked and, looking out the window, again he saw the vague shape of a lion, just vanishing.

In the Adirondacks, as well, I've heard some persuasive avowals—one by an old dogsled driver and trapper, a French Canadian, another by the owner of a tourist zoo, who was exhibiting a Western cougar. In Vermont, maybe the most eager rumor buffs are some of the farmers. After all, now that packaged semen has replaced the awesome farm bull and so many procedures have been mechanized, who wants to lose *all* the adventure of farming? Until recently, the last mountain lion known to have been killed in the Northeast was recorded in 1881 from Barnard, Vermont. However, it has been learned that probably another one was shot from a tree in 1931 in Mundleville, New Brunswick, and another was trapped seven years later in Somerset County in Maine. Bruce S. Wright, director of the Northeastern Wildlife Station, operated at the University of New Brunswick with international funding, is convinced that mountain lions, though exceedingly rare, are still part of the fauna of the region. He has plaster casts of tracks to prove it as well as a compilation of hundreds of reported sightings. Some people may have mistaken a golden retriever for a lion, or may have intended to foment a hoax, but the evidence, taken together, does seem promising. After almost twenty years of search and study, Wright himself finally saw one.

The way these sightings crop up in groups has often been pooh-poohed as greenhorn fare or as sympathetic hysteria among neighbors, but it is just as easily explained by the habit mountain lions have of establishing a territory that they scout through at intervals, visiting an auspicious deer-ridden swamp or remote ledgy mountain. Even at such a site a successful hunt could not be mounted without trained dogs, and if the population of the big cats was extremely thin, requiring of them long journeys during the mating season and yet with plenty of deer all over, they might not stay for long. A hundred or two hundred miles is no obstacle to a Western cougar; the cat might inhabit a mountain ridge one year, and then never again.

Fifteen years ago, Francis Perry, who is an ebullient muffin of a man, a farmer all his life in Brownington, Vermont, saw a mountain lion, "larger and taller than a collie, and grayish yellow" (he had seen mountain lions in circuses). Having set a trap for a woodchuck, he was on his way to visit that when he came over a rise and, at a distance of fifty yards, saw the beast engaged in eating the dead woodchuck. It bounded off, and Perry set four light fox traps for it around the woodchuck. Apparently, a night or two later the cat returned and got caught in three of these, but they couldn't hold it; it pulled free, leaving the marks of a struggle. Noel Perry, Francis's brother, remembers how scared Francis looked when he came home from that first episode. Noel himself saw the cat, which may have made Brownington Swamp one of its haunts that summer: once when it crossed a cow pasture on another farm that the brothers owned, and once when it fled past his rabbit dogs through the underbrush in Brownington Swamp while he was training them—he thought for a second that its big streaking form was one of the dogs. A neighbor, Robert Chase, also saw the mountain lion that year. Then again last summer, for the first time in fifteen years, Noel Perry saw a track as big as a bear's but round like a mountain lion's, and Robert's brother, Larry Chase, saw the actual cat several times one summer evening, playing a chummy hide-and-seek with him in the fields. He felt no impulse to go for his gun.



Elmer and Elizabeth Ambler are in their forties, populists politically, and have bought a farm in Glover to live the good life, though he is a truck driver in Massachusetts on weekdays and must drive hard in order to be home when he can. He's bald, with large eyebrows, handsome teeth, and a low forehead, but altogether a strong-looking, clear, humane face. He's an informational kind of man who will give you the history of various breeds of cattle or a talk

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THE BOAT

Father
(he calls himself
"Old sea dog"),
in his yachting cap
at the wheel of the Chris-Craft,
a mahogany speedboat
named Go Too III,
speeds out past Cuckold's Light
over the dark, brainy blue.
I in the very back
with an orange life jacket on.
I in the dare seat.
Mother up front.
Her kerchief flapping.
The waves deep as whales.
(Whales in fact have been sighted.
A school two miles out of Boothbay Harbor.)
It is bumpy and we are going too fast.
The waves are boulders that we ride upon.
I am seven and we are riding
to Pemaquid or Spain.
Now the waves are higher;
they are round buildings.
We start to go through them
and the boat shudders.
Father is going faster.
I am wet.
I am tumbling on my seat
like a loose kumquat.
Suddenly
a wave that we go under.
Under. Under. Under.
We are daring the sea.
We have parted it.
We are scissors.
Here, in the green room,
the dead are very close.
Here, in the pitiless green,
where there are no keepsakes
or cathedrals, an angel spoke,
You have no business.
No business here.
"Give me a sign,"
cries Father,
and the sky breaks over us.
There is air to have.
There are gulls kissing the boat.
There is the sun as big as a nose.
And here are the three of us
dividing our deaths,
bailing the boat,
and closing out
the cold wing that has clasped us
this bright August day.

—ANNE SEXTON

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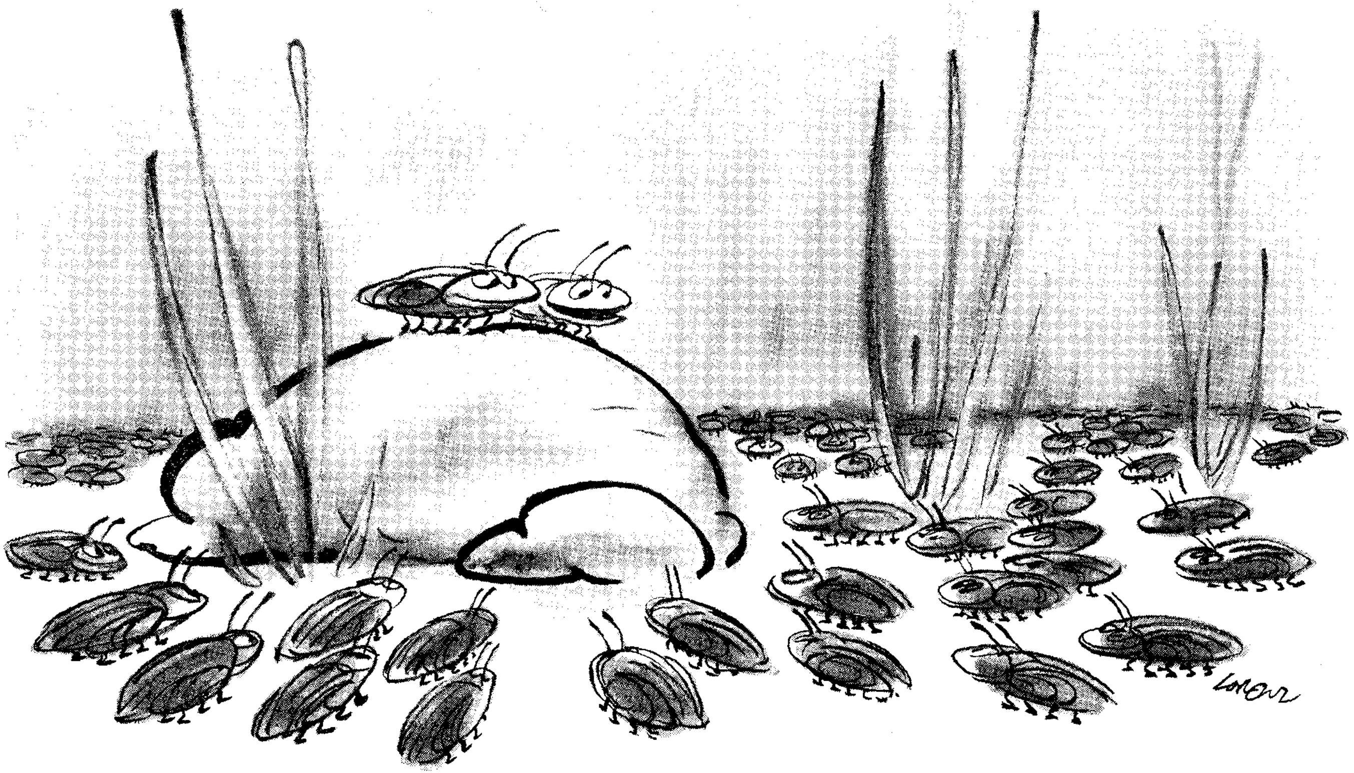


"We've got enough for an infestation, but we're still shy of a blight."

• •

about taxation in a slow and musical voice, and both he and his wife, a purposeful, self-sufficient redhead, are fascinated by the possibility that they live in the wilderness. Beavers inhabit the river that flows past their house. They say that on Black Mountain nearby hunters "disappear" from time to time, and bears frequent the berry patches in their back field—they see them, their visitors see them, people on the road see them, their German shepherds meet them and run back drooling with fright. They've stocked their farm with horned Herefords instead of the hornless variety so that the creatures can "defend themselves." Ambler is intrigued by the thought that, apart from the danger of bears, someday "a cat" might prey upon one of his cows. Last year his wife, looking out the back window, saw through binoculars an animal with a flowing tail and "a cat's gallop" following a line of trees where the deer go, several hundred yards uphill behind the house. Later, he went up on snowshoes and found tracks as big as their shepherds' tracks—the dogs obligingly ran alongside. He saw walking tracks, leaping tracks, and deer tracks marked with blood going toward higher ground. He wonders whether the cat will ever attack *him*. There are plenty of bobcats around; they both say that they know the difference. The splendid, nervous *tail* is what people must have identified in order to claim they have seen a mountain lion.

I, TOO, cherish the notion that I may have seen a lion. Mine was crouched on an overlook above a grass-grown, steeply pitched wash in the Alberta Rockies—a very much more likely setting than anywhere in New England. It was late afternoon on my last day at Maligne Lake, where I had been staying with my father at a national-park chalet. I was twenty; I could walk forever or could climb endlessly in a sanguine scramble, going out every day as far as my legs carried me, swinging around for home before the sun went down. Earlier, in the valley of the Athabasca, I had found several winter-killed or wolf-killed deer, well picked and scattered, and an area with many elk antlers strewn on the ground, where the herds had wintered safely, dropping their antlers but not their bones. Here, much higher up, in the bright plenitude of the summer, I had watched two wolves and a stately bull moose in one mountain basin, and had been up on the caribou barrens on the ridge west of the lake and brought back the talons of a hawk I'd found dead on the ground. Whenever I was watching game, a sort of stopwatch in me started running. These were moments of intense importance and intimacy, of new intimations and aptitudes. Time had a jam-packed character, as it does during a mile run.

I was good at moving quietly through the woods and at spotting game, and was appropriately exuberant. The finest, longest day of my stay was the last. Going east, climbing through a luxuriant terrain of up-and-down boulders, brief brilliant glades, sudden potholes fifty feet deep in the ground—a forest of moss-hung lodgepole pines and firs and spare, gaunt spruce with the black lower branches broken off—I came upon the remains of a young bear, which had been torn up and shredded. Maybe wolves had cornered it during some imprudent excursion in the early spring. Bears often wake up while the snow is still deep, dig themselves out, and rummage around in the neighborhood sleepily for a day or two before bedding down again under a fallen tree. I took the skull along so that I could extract the teeth when I got hold of some tools. Discoveries like this represent a superfluity of wildlife and show how many beasts there are scouting about.

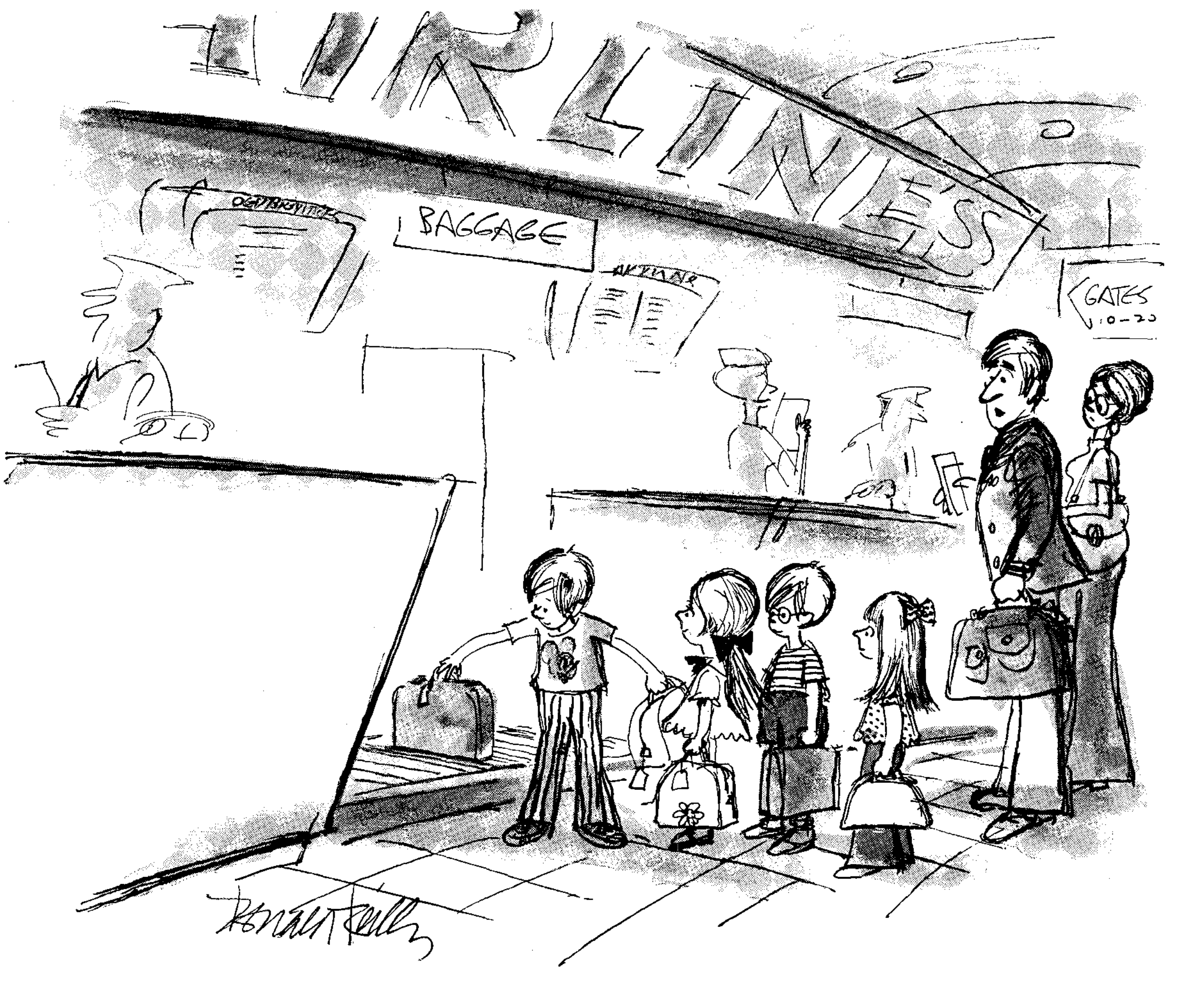
I went higher. The marmots whistled familially. The tall trees wilted to stubs of themselves. A pretty stream led down a defile from a series of openings in front of the ultimate barrier of a vast mountain wall which I had been looking at from a distance each day on my outings. It wasn't too steep to be climbed, but it was a barrier because my energies were not sufficient to scale it and bring me back the same night. Besides, it stretched so majestically, surflike above the lesser ridges, that I liked to think of it as the Continental Divide.

On my left as I went up this wash was an abrupt, grassy slope that enjoyed a southern exposure and was sunny and windblown all winter, which kept it fairly free of snow. The ranger at the lake had told me it served as a wintering ground for a few bighorn sheep and for a band of mountain goats, three of which were in sight. As I approached laboriously, these white, pointy-horned fellows drifted up over a rise, managing to combine their retreat with some nippy good grazing as they went, not to give any pursuer the impression that they had been pushed into flight. I took my time, too, climbing to locate the spring in a precipitous cleft of rock where the band did most of its drinking, and finding the shallow, high-ceilinged cave where the goats, presumably for generations, had sheltered from storms. The floor was layered with rubbery droppings, tramped down and sprinkled with tufts of shed fur. The back wall was checkered with footholds where the goats liked to clamber and perch. Here and there was a horn lying loose for me to add to my mementos—a horn from an old individual who had died a natural death, secure in the band's winter stronghold. A bold, thriving family of pack rats emerged to observe me. They lived on the nutritives in the droppings, mainly, and were used to the goats' tolerance, not my belligerence—they were astonished when I tossed a stone.

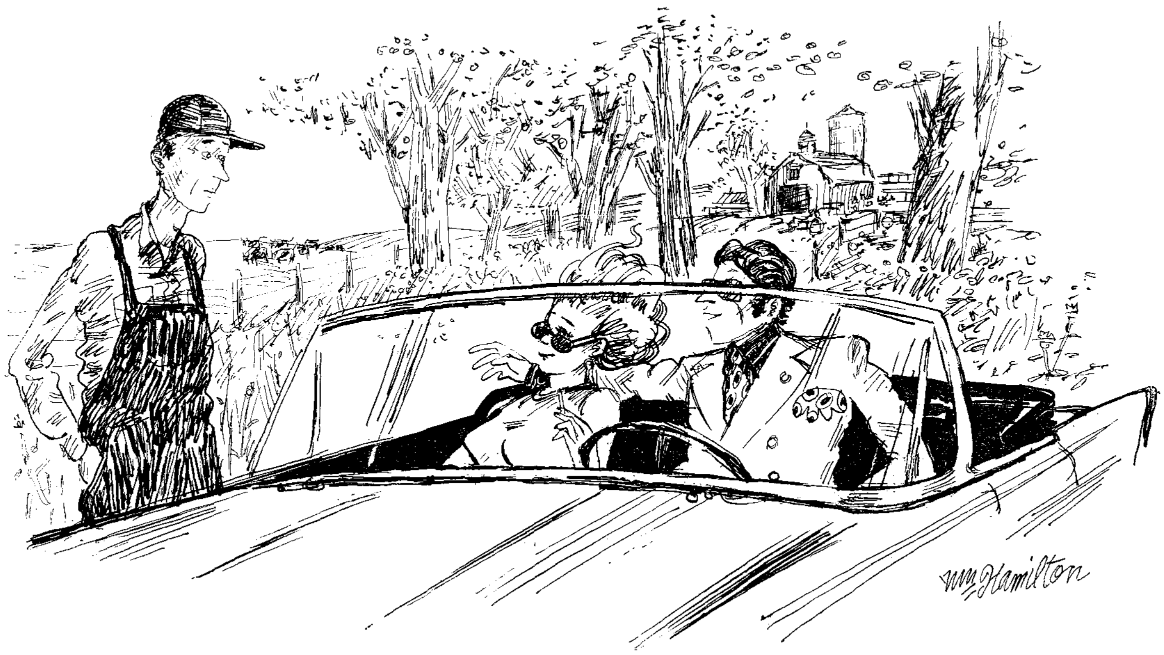
I kept scrabbling along the side of the slope to a section of outcroppings where the going was harder. After perhaps half an hour, crawling around a corner, I found myself faced with a bighorn ram who was taking his ease on several square yards of bare earth between large rocks, a little above the level of my head. Just as surprised as I, he stood up. He must have construed the sounds of my advance to be those of another sheep or goat. His horns had made a complete curl and then some; they were thick, massive, and bunched together like a high Roman helmet, and he himself was muscle and military, with a grave-looking nose. A squared-off, middle-aged, trophy-type ram, full of imposing professionalism, he was at the stage of life when rams sometimes stop herding and live as rogues.

He turned and tried a couple of possible exits from the pocket where I had found him, but the ground was badly pitched and would require a reeling gait and loss of dignity. Since we were within a national park and obviously I was unarmed, he simply was not inclined to put himself to so much trouble. He stood above me but within fifteen or twenty feet, pushing his tongue out through his teeth, shaking his head slightly and dipping it into charging position as I moved closer by a step or two, raising my hand slowly toward him in what I proposed as a friendly greeting. The day had been a banner one since the beginning, so while I recognized immediately that this meeting would be a valued memory, I felt as natural in his company as if he were a friend of mine reincarnated in a shag suit. I saw also that he was going to knock me for a loop, head over heels down the steep slope, if I sidled nearer, because he did not by any means feel expansive and exuberant at our encounter, as I did. That was the chief difference between us. I was talking to him with easy gladness, and beaming; he was not. He was unsettled and on his mettle, waiting for me to move along, the way that you can see a bighorn sheep wait for a predator to run along in wildlife movies when each would be evenly matched in a contest of strength and position. Although his warlike nose and high bone helmet, blocky and beautiful as weaponry, kept me from giving in to my sense that we were brothers, I knew I could stand there for a long while. His coat was a down-to-earth brown, edgy with muscle, his head was that of an unsmiling veteran standing to arms, and, despite my reluctance to treat him as some sort of boxed-in prize, I might have stayed on half the afternoon if I hadn't realized that I had other sights to see. It was not a day to dawdle.

I trudged up the wash and continued until, past tree line, the terrain widened and flattened in front of a



"Wow! I'll bet they're flying for practically zero!"



"*Hi, baby. How many furlongs to Saratoga?*"

preliminary ridge that formed an obstacle before the great roaring silent surflike mountain wall that I wanted to think of as the Continental Divide, though it wasn't. A cirque separated the preliminary ridge from the ultimate divide, which I still hoped to climb to and look over. The opening into this was roomy enough, except for being littered with enormous boulders. I began trying to make my way across the boulders. Each was boat-sized and rested upon under-boulders. It was like running in place. After tussling with this landscape for an hour or two, I was limp and sweating, pinching my cramped legs. The sun was so low that I knew I would be finding my way home by moonlight in any case, and I could see into the cirque, which was big and symmetrical and presented a view of sheer barbarism—everywhere were these cruel, boat-sized boulders.

Descending to the goats' draw again, I had a drink from the stream and bathed before climbing farther downward. The grass was green and sweet-smelling, and I felt safely close to life after that sea of dead boulders. I knew I would never be physically younger, or in finer country—the wilderness already was singing its swan song. I had no other challenges in mind and, though very tired, I liked looking up at the routes where I'd climbed. The trio of goats had not returned, but I could see their wintering cave and the cleft in the rocks where the spring was. Curiously, the bighorn ram had not left; he had only withdrawn upward, shifting away from the outcroppings to an open sweep of space where every avenue of escape was available. He was lying on a carpet of grass and, lonely pirate that he was, had his head turned in my direction.

It was from this same wash that, looking up, I spotted the animal I took to be a mountain lion. He was skulking among some outcroppings at a lower point on the mountainside than the ledges where the ram had originally been. A pair of hawks or eagles were stooping at him by turns, as if he were close to a nest. The slant from him to me was steep, but the light of evening was still more than adequate. I did not really see the wonderful tail—that special medallion of mountain lions—nor was he particularly big for a lion. He was gloriously catlike and slinky, however, and so indifferent to the stooping birds as to seem oblivious of them. There are plenty of creatures he wasn't. He wasn't a marmot, a goat or other grass-eater, a badger, a wolf or coyote or fisher. He may perhaps have been a big bobcat or a wolverine, although he looked ideally lion-colored. He had a cat's strong collarbone structure for hitting, powerful haunches for vaulting, and the almost mystically small head mountain lions possess, with the gooseberry eyes. Anyway, I believed him to be a mountain lion, and, standing quietly, I watched him as he inspected in leisurely fashion the ledge that he was on and the ledge under him, savory with every trace of goat—frosty-colored with the white hairs they'd shed. The sight was so dramatic it seemed to be happening close to me, though in fact he and the hawks or eagles, whatever they were, were miniaturized by distance.

If I'd kept motionless, eventually I could have seen whether he had a proper tail, but such scientific questions had no weight at all next to my need to essay some kind of communication with him. It had been exactly the same when I'd watched the two wolves playing together a couple of days before. They were above me, absorbed in their game of noses-and-paws. I had recognized that I might never witness such a scene again, yet I couldn't hold myself in. Instead of talking and raising my arm convivially to them, as I had with the ram, I'd shuffled forward impetuously as if to say *Here I am!* Now, with the lion, I tried hard to dampen my impulse; I restrained myself as long as I could. Then I stepped toward him, just barely squelching a cry in my throat but lifting my hand, as clumsy as anyone is who is trying to attract attention.

Of course, at that, instantly he swerved aside and was gone. Even the two birds vanished. Foolish, triumphant, and disappointed, I hiked on down into the lower forests, gargantuanly tangled, another life zone—not one which would exclude a lion but one where he would not be seen. I'd got my second wind. I walked lightly and softly, letting the silvery darkness settle around me. The blowdowns were as black as whales. My feet sank in the moss. Clearly this was as crowded a day as I would ever have, and I knew my real problem would not be to make myself believed but rather to make myself understood at all, simply in reporting the story, and that I must at least keep the memory straight for myself. I was so happy I was unerring in distinguishing the deer trails that headed my way. The forest's night beauty was supreme in its promise, and I didn't hurry. —EDWARD HOAGLAND

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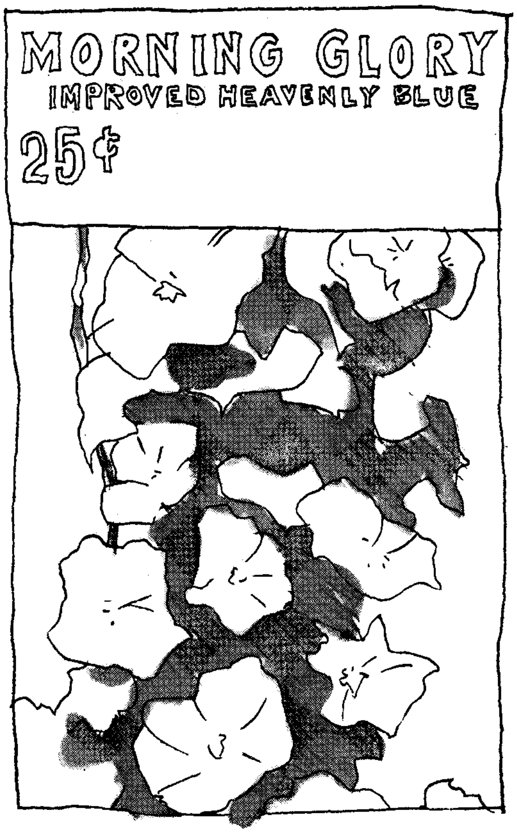
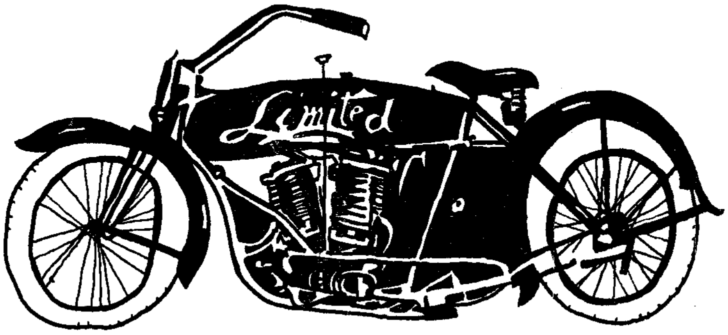
Harvard's undefeated lightweight crew lost the boat it rowed to five victories this spring when the shell was badly damaged in a collision with another truck on the Massachusetts Turnpike.—*Boston Globe.*

Coxswain was asleep, probably.

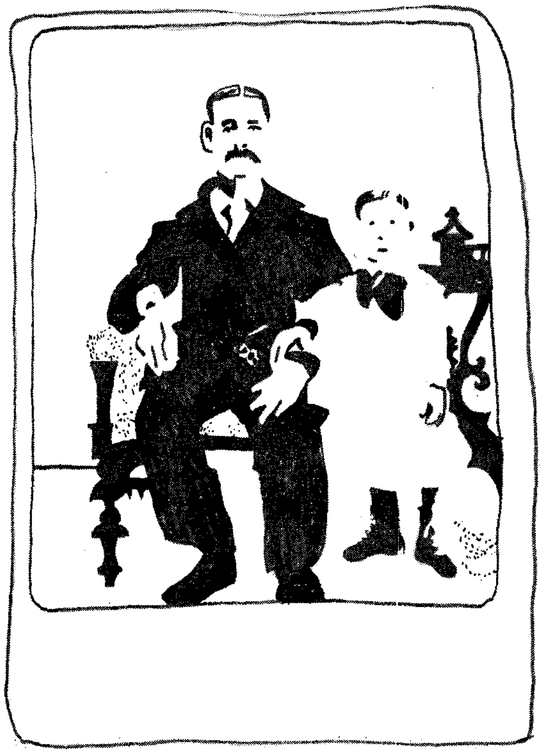
WHAT TO DO ON A SATURDAY


MORNING GLORY
IMPROVED HEAVENLY BLUE
25¢

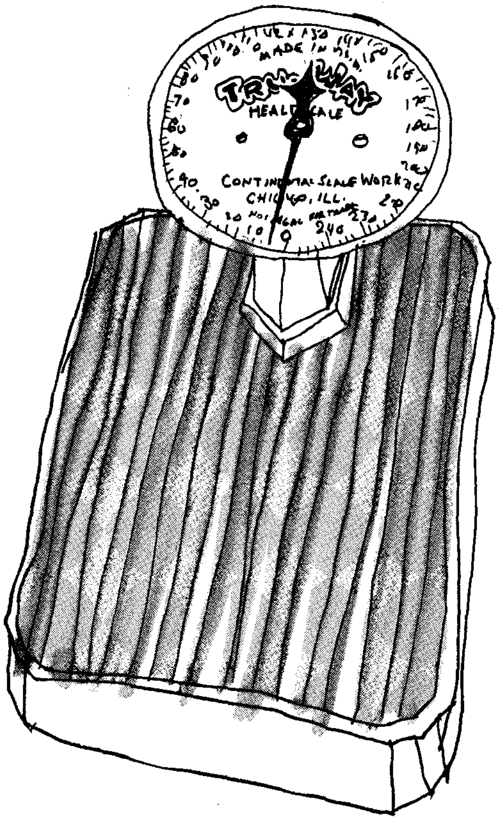
Plant a morning glory.



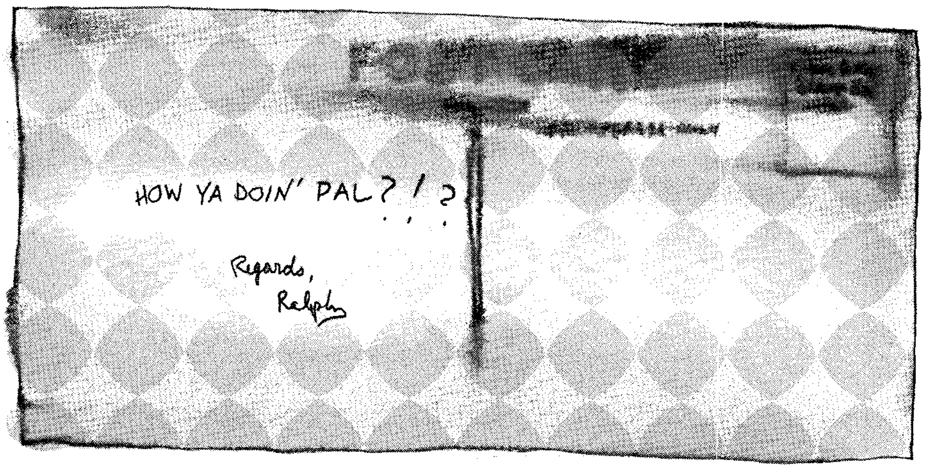
Take your sweetie for a spin.



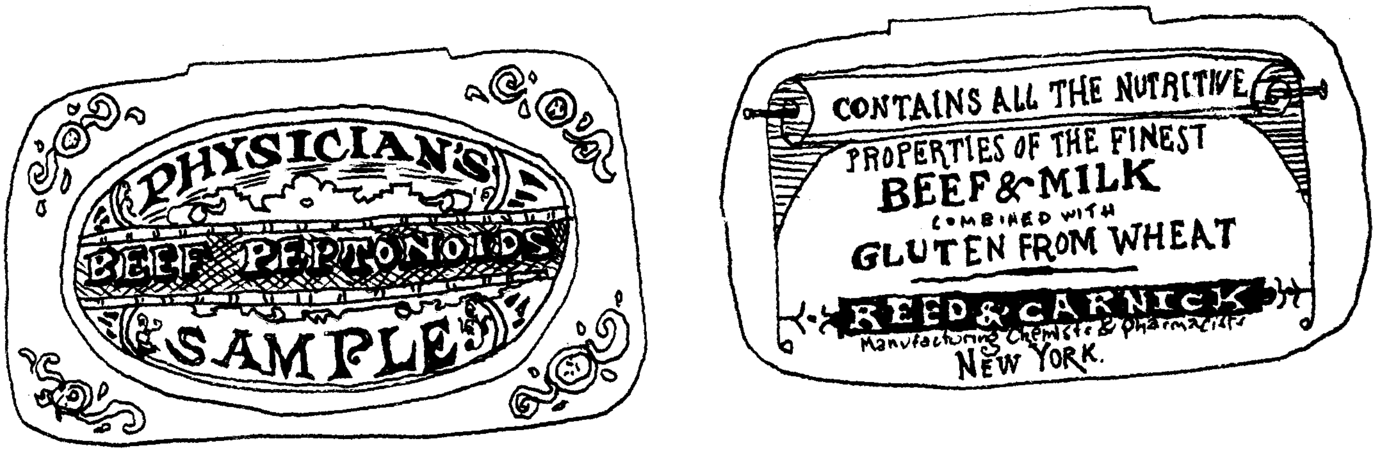
Think about Grandpa.
(He was a kind man.)


MADE IN
HEALTH SCALE
CHICAGO, ILL.

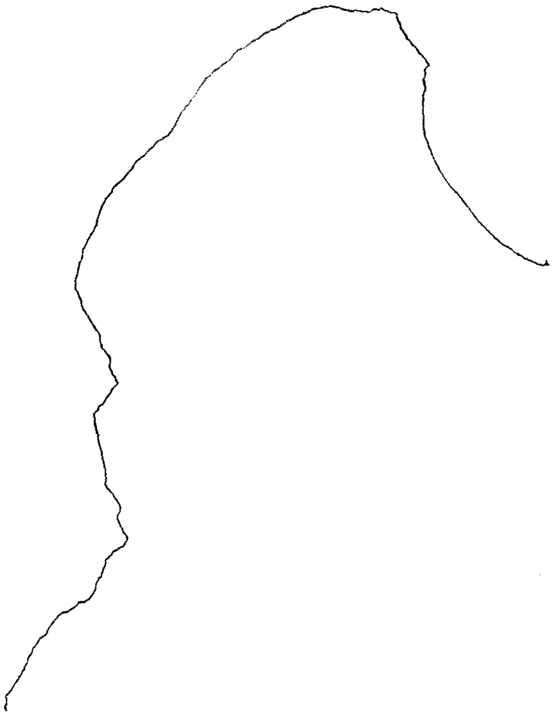
Weigh yourself.


HOW YA DOIN' PAL?!?
Regards,
Ralph

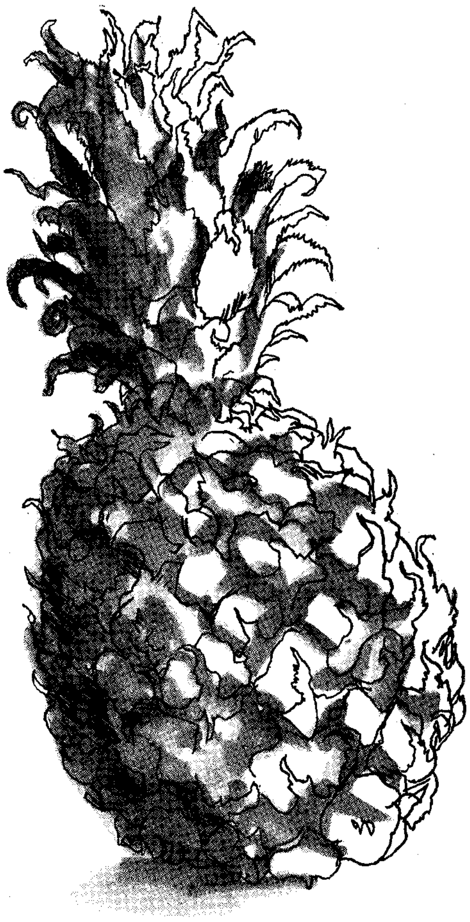
Send a card to a friend.


PHYSICIAN'S
BEEF PEPTONOIDS
SAMPLE
CONTAINS ALL THE NUTRITIVE
PROPERTIES OF THE FINEST
BEEF & MILK
COMBINED WITH
GLUTEN FROM WHEAT
REED & CARNRICK
Manufacturing Chemists & Pharmacists
NEW YORK.

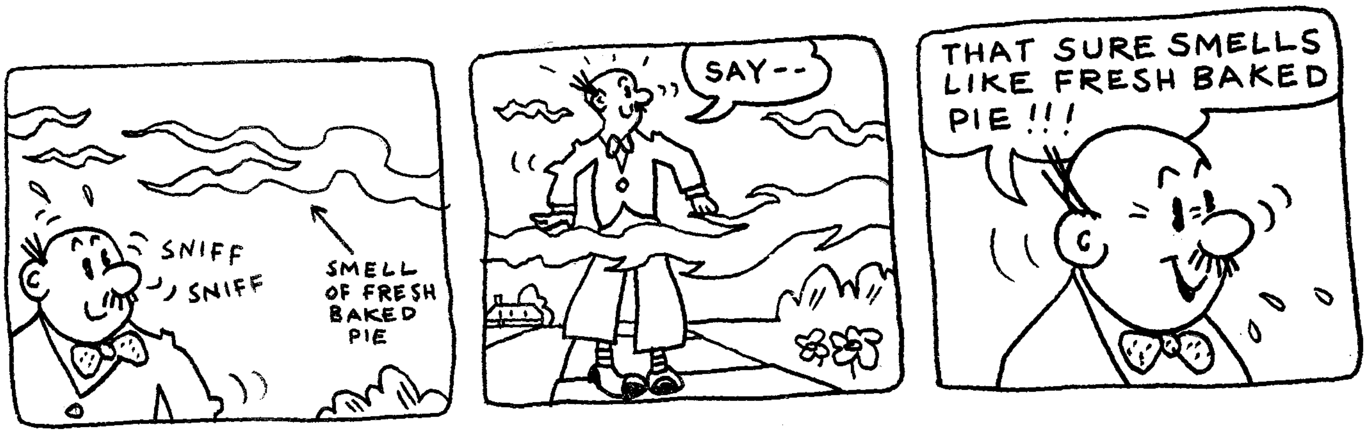
Take a pill.



Look out the window at the kite string lying on the lawn.

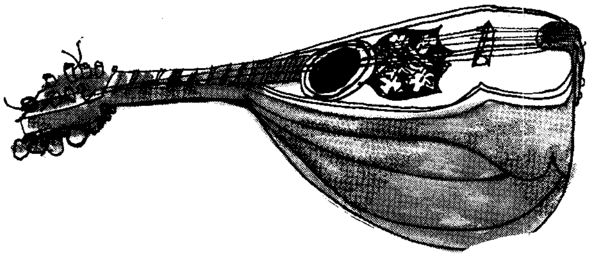


Buy a pineapple.


SNIFF
SNIFF
SMELL OF FRESH BAKED PIE
SAY--
THAT SURE SMELLS LIKE FRESH BAKED PIE!!!

Do some reading.

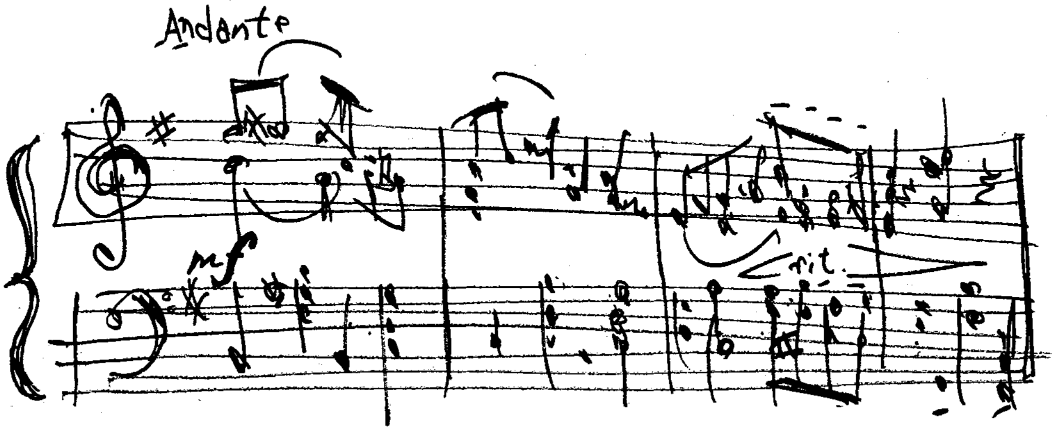
Try a new tune on your mandolin.



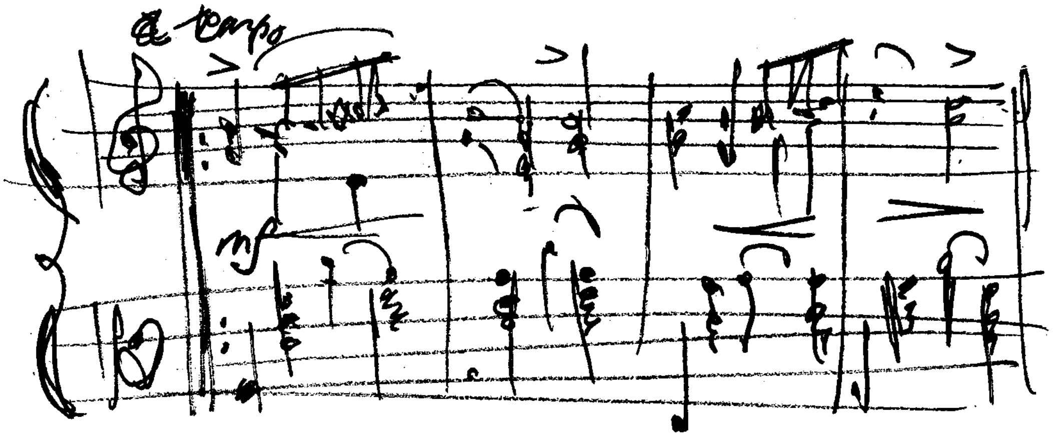
INTRODUCING

Chapel By The Sea

A MEDITATION OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY * * * * * * * YOU ARE SURE TO LIKE IT TRY THESE FEW BARS:



Did you ever Play a more Beautiful Melody?



The more you Play it–The Better You'll Like It

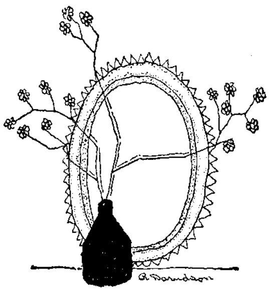
—James Stevenson

ANNALS OF POLITICS

A FUNDAMENTAL HOAX

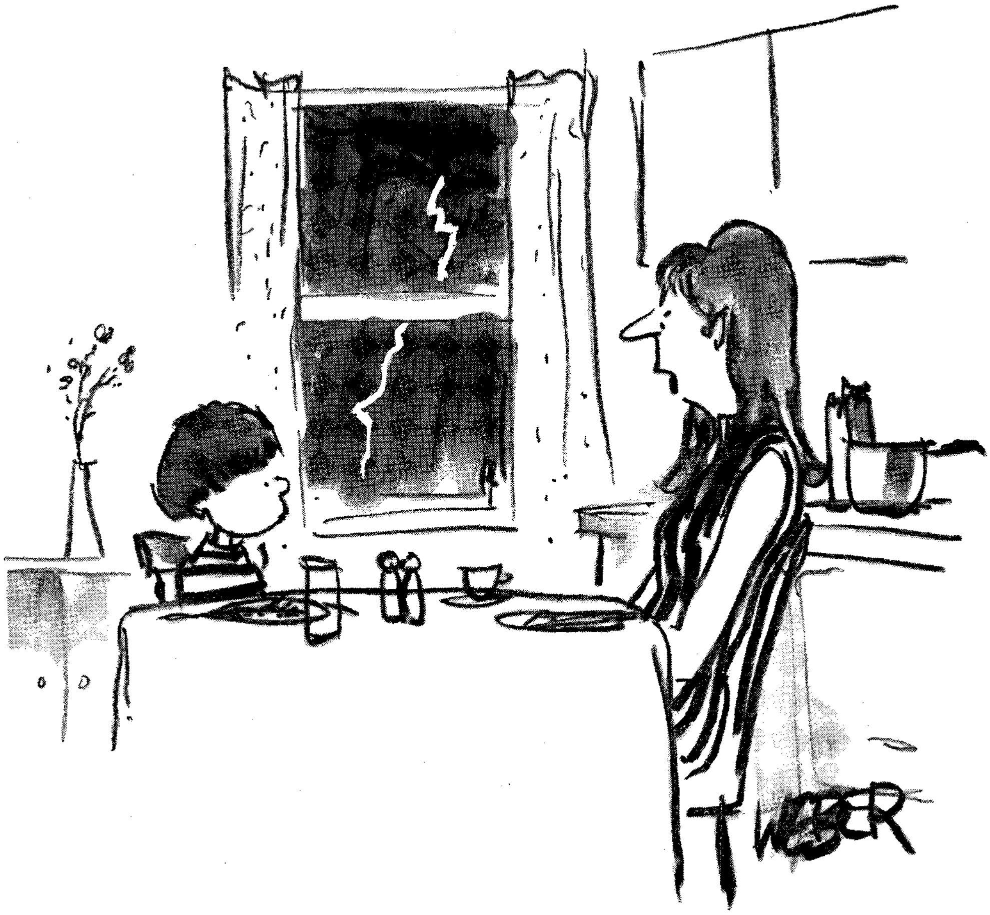
WHILE the American political system is variously attacked and defended within the United States today, there seems to be increasing agreement on one point: those who run the nation are not to be trusted. That point is crucial, for, in order to survive, democracy must have the trust of the governed; without trust there can be no consent, and without consent there can be no democracy. The most recent example of the people's mistrust of their government has been over its lack of candor in regard to the war in Vietnam. But through the years the most abiding mistrust has been directed at the function of money in the body politic. Although it is fairly rare for a politician on the national level to be caught exchanging a legislative favor directly for cash, it is widely known that sizable amounts of money change hands frequently in the political world, and the ordinary citizen is bound to suspect that his own interest is not being served by these transactions. At no time is public suspicion about political chicanery greater than at election time, when the largest amounts of political money are laid out most obviously. In recent congressional elections, some candidates for the House of Representatives have spent as much as a quarter of a million dollars, and some candidates for the Senate have spent as much as five million dollars. Almost all candidates have spent far more than they are supposed to, for federal law stipulates that a candidate for the House may not spend more than five thousand dollars and that a candidate for the Senate may not spend more than twenty-five thousand dollars on an election campaign. The law, which is called the Corrupt Practices Act, was passed in 1925; so far no candidate for national office has been prosecuted under it.

The act is so easily evaded that no one has to violate it. The largest loophole, which is big enough to drive the Congressional Limited through, requires every candidate to report all the money that came in and went out on his behalf during his campaign "with his knowledge or consent." To get around this, many candidates merely let someone else handle all the money, and then officially report their financial outlay as "None." That was what Senator George McGovern, of South Dakota, did in his 1968 Senate campaign, which an assistant estimated to have cost a hundred and forty thousand dollars. "We are very careful to make sure that Senator McGovern never sees the campaign receipts," the assistant added. "They go right to the finance committee." Frequently, candidates spend many thousands of dollars and report a few thousand of what is known in the trade as "clean money." For instance, in 1968 Senator Joseph Clark, of Pennsylvania, a leading advocate of political reform, and his opponent, Richard Schweiker, spent over a million dollars altogether, and yet they filed total expenses of sixty-two hundred and thirty-six dollars in Washington. A second gaping loophole in the act stipulates that only fund-raising committees operating in two or more states need divulge their transactions on federal reports; of course, that allows political managers of Presidential candidates, who are prohibited by the 1939 Act to Prevent Pernicious Political Activities from spending more than three million dollars on an election campaign—and even senatorial candidates who need more money than they can raise locally—to set up numerous committees in various states and to claim that they operated autonomously within state borders. Some states require that campaign reports be filed in the local capital and then make them available to reporters and political opponents, often to the extreme embarrassment of the candidates, but the federal act considerately left out the District of Columbia, so finance managers establish fund-raising committees there and report nothing. In the 1968 Senate elections around the country—thirty-four in all—candidates filed total expenditures of $2,714,464 with the Secretary of the Senate, as required by federal law. However, in California alone the three principal candidates there reported to the state total expenditures of $4,451,849. A large part of the money spent in California was funnelled through District of Columbia committees. (This recourse has the advantage of protecting donors as well as recipients, because the names of those who give the money to District of Columbia committees do not have to be reported. Ninety-eight per cent of all Presidential campaign funds are believed to be handled through such committees.) It is not difficult to get around a stipulation in the federal law that no individual may contribute more than five thousand dollars to a candidate through a committee operating in two or more states; large contributions are simply split up into sums of five thousand dollars and distributed among various dummy committees. For example, Lew R. Wasserman, president of the Music Corporation of America, and John (Jake the Barber) Factor, a former convict turned philanthropist, each gave Vice-President Hubert Humphrey more than a quarter of a million dollars in 1968 through such dummy committees as Jewellers for Humphrey-Muskie (the jewellers gave forty-four dollars and the two men gave five thousand dollars apiece) and Sport Stars for Humphrey-Muskie (the stars gave thirty-eight dollars and the two men gave five thousand dollars apiece). While all of the Humphrey-Muskie committees at least filed the legally required reports with the Clerk of the House on time, twenty of the twenty-one Nixon-Agnew committees did not.



Since it costs a minimum of ten million dollars for a Presidential candidate who has any chance of being nominated to reach the Convention and then as much as thirty million dollars to run a campaign, the man who finally becomes President of the United States violates either the spirit of the law, as Mr. Humphrey did, or the spirit and the letter of the law, as Mr. Nixon did. And since it usually costs anywhere from ten to two hundred times as much as the law permits to run for a seat in the House or a seat in the Senate, those who finally sit in Congress must have evaded the law. In short, the Corrupt Practices Act assures that the financial practices of practically everyone who attains national office will be corrupt.

And evasion is only the beginning of the corruption. Since exceedingly few politicians are wealthy enough, or willing, to spend their own money to gain or keep office, most of those who run are compelled to find funds wherever they can—usually from special-interest groups, which don't contribute money so much as invest it, with expectations of a profitable return. "Few, if any, large campaign contributors are motivated entirely by altruistic considerations," Joseph A. Califano, Jr., formerly chief aide to President Johnson



"Thunder and lightning is God's way of saying, 'How come you didn't eat your lima beans?'"

• •

and now counsel to the Democratic National Committee, told a Senate subcommittee during a recent hearing on campaign financing. "Money unquestionably is the most debilitating and corrupting force in American politics today." Probably the only recent Presidential candidate largely free of the taint of special interests was George Wallace, who got nine million dollars, mostly in contributions of less than ten dollars. All the other Presidential candidates and most of the congressional candidates had to rely on big-money donors. That increased the likelihood that once elected these officeholders would represent not the people who had voted for them but the people who had paid the bills. "The way we nominate and elect people is the heart of representative government," Senator Charles McC. Mathias, Jr., Republican of Maryland, said recently. "If you have to be rich or have rich friends and backers to reach high office, then democracy is a fraud. This is the most undemocratic flaw in our system, and yet nothing is done about it."

IN recent years, one of the more effective means of doing something about the flaws in this country's system of government has been to resort to open violation of the law—an approach used, of course, by almost all civil-rights forces as well as by draft-resisters and by many opponents of the war. But civil disobedience had never been tried in the case of political corruption, or the appearance of corruption, until shortly after the last national election, when Dennis J. Morrisseau, a twenty-seven-year-old unsuccessful candidate for Vermont's one seat in the House, sent a notarized letter to W. Pat Jennings, the Clerk of the House, stating that he had received the official documents relating to the requirement that he file his campaign receipts and expenditures under the Corrupt Practices Act, that he fully understood them, that he was aware of the penalty of up to two years in prison and a fine of up to ten thousand dollars for willfully violating the law, and that he would not obey it. After pointing out the ease with which one could evade the supposed intent of the act, Morrisseau went on, "Campaign spending in certain races in Vermont and in America generally reached outrageous levels in the 1970 elections. There is no control on it at all, yet democracy *requires* that such spending be limited. It is to protest this situation that I am refusing to comply with the empty procedure for reporting individual campaign contributions and expenditures, even though I have obeyed the substance of the law regarding them in every respect."

The government, which has repeatedly demonstrated its own determination to evade, or break, the law during the past couple of years, has assiduously ignored Morrisseau's challenge. Jennings wrote Morrisseau that his letter had been sent on to the Special Committee to Investigate Campaign Expenditures for the House of Representatives, 1970, so Morrisseau wrote to the chairman of the committee, Representative Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr., Democrat of Massachusetts, and explained that he was trying to create a public debate on the issue of financial deceit in political campaigns. "Unfortunately, in this area, as in so many others, it takes considerable publicity before the Congress will do what it ought to do out of its own knowledge apart from the pressure of publicity," he wrote. "I am unhappy about it, but I will risk prosecution and conviction on the issue of reporting and limiting campaign expenditures if that is what it takes to generate public pressure for change." In conclusion, Morrisseau offered to testify before the committee, which was then investigating irregularities in the elections that were just past. Although Morrisseau could not have known it at the time, O'Neill, who had not been opposed in the campaign that fall, had received twelve thousand dollars in campaign contributions, which he had buried in dummy committees. Since apparently the House investigating committee had been set up and he had been made its chairman specifically to avoid any real investigation of campaign expenditures, it was not surprising that Morrisseau's letter was never answered. Morrisseau also sent a copy of his original letter to Jennings on to Attorney General John N. Mitchell, who would ultimately be responsible for any prosecution; Mitchell didn't reply, either.

Although a Gallup Poll that was released at the time showed remarkably strong support for campaign-spending reform—eighty per cent of the voters wanted strict limits on campaign spending—the press displayed almost no interest in the case. Outside Vermont, there were a couple of news stories on Morrisseau's refusal to obey the law, and inside Vermont his stand created some local interest, but not enough to stir up any debate on the fundamental issue he hoped to raise. The Burlington *Free Press* stated in an editorial that his point was sound but that he was a publicity-seeker for making it. Morrisseau, who lives in Burlington, quite agreed. "Short of theatrics or violence, there are few ways to oppose such laws, since their beneficiaries are everywhere in power," he wrote to the paper. "I will test the law which powerful politicians violate at will, and I will pay the price."

Somewhat less theatrically, Morrisseau—a vigorous man with bushy dark hair, intense eyes, and a strikingly open manner—privately explained that he had been deeply perturbed by the money that had been spent during the Vermont campaign for the Senate last year by Winston L. Prouty, the Republican incumbent, and Philip H. Hoff, the former Democratic governor of the state. "I saw all that cheap huckstering by Prouty and Hoff, who spent more than half a million dollars altogether in this tiny state—every dollar of it on tripe," he said. "There were real issues, but all they cared about was catering to the voters' most bitter prejudices. I hit hard at campaign spending during my race, and pitched my major attacks on the theme that most politicians are corrupt. Afterward, when I got the documents on the law from the government, I thought, How can this law, which was designed to curb campaign-spending abuses, apply to me—with my three volunteers and a borrowed mimeograph machine? As I saw it, the law must have been meant for those who were spending money illegally. When I looked over the statute and thought about its effect, I realized that it was a case of the government vs. the people. Since that is impossible in a representative system, I saw that the law was a fundamental hoax. Yet it raised a true issue, because we can't have democracy in *any* sense if a man can't attain public office without spending a fortune. I'm convinced that if you went around the country and picked men and women off the streets at random and put them in Congress, we'd be immeasurably better off than we are now. At least, they wouldn't be as corrupt. And they would know something about what life is like for the average person in the United States today. Take me, for example. I had a wide variety of jobs as a kid, and I worked my way through four years at the University of Vermont and a year at the University of Chicago Law School. Then there were two years in the Army and a year working for the government in training minority-group members so they could get jobs. After that, I ran a bar for a few months here in Burlington. I believe those experiences qualify me to be a member of Congress far more than most of the men who sit there now. Those who aren't rich are usually party hacks who got a chance to run after years of licking the boots of the party leaders. I know far more than they do about the life of the average man, what his needs and his hopes and his capabilities are, because I've lived that life closely."

In all, Morrisseau spent about four thousand dollars on his primary campaign, which is not covered by the Corrupt Practices Act, and about a thousand dollars on his general-election campaign, which is. The largest contribution was six hundred dollars (given by Walter Lippmann's sister-in-law) and the smallest was ten dollars (given by Norman Mailer). Morrisseau entered the Democratic primary with almost no hope of winning it but with every hope of having some impact on the voters by talking about the issues that all the other candidates were ignoring. In what is probably the most pessimistic announcement of candidacy in history, he stated, "I'm not much of a party man—not a politician, really—and I am not a liberal. I don't even want to run very much. But I can run, and somebody's got to, so I will." To the astonishment of everyone, including Morrisseau, he lost the primary by only two thousand votes out of nearly thirty thousand cast. Several months earlier, Morrisseau and a handful of others had got together to form a political party called the Liberty Union, and pledged that they would run on that ticket whether they won or lost in the Democratic primary. "We meant to put the Democrats on notice that we were going to continue if they didn't take the right stands," Morrisseau explained later. In a statement of the Union's principles that he drafted, Morrisseau declared, "We are convinced that . . . a return to democratic principles cannot be accomplished through existing political parties and structures. Our sole commitment is to an open political process. We run candidates for public office, therefore, *as theatre*, to stimulate direct citizen involvement in the formation of public policy." Before the primary, Democratic leaders scoffed at Morrisseau's challenge, but when he came so close to winning that race Hoff's people offered a deal: If he would leave the Liberty Union and help subvert its petition to get its senatorial candidate on the ballot, they would pick up Morrisseau's campaign debts, give him a job, and guarantee him the nomination for the House race the next time. "It was a characteristic political offer—don't let any other candidate but your own have a chance, and to hell with democracy," Morrisseau said recently. "I considered withdrawing, but not the other conditions, for three or four days. It was a real hassle for me, because I was faced with the chance to discuss the issues for another six weeks if I stayed in and ran, but that would mean the almost certain destruction of any political career if I fought the Party. Finally, I decided to run." This time,

Handelsman

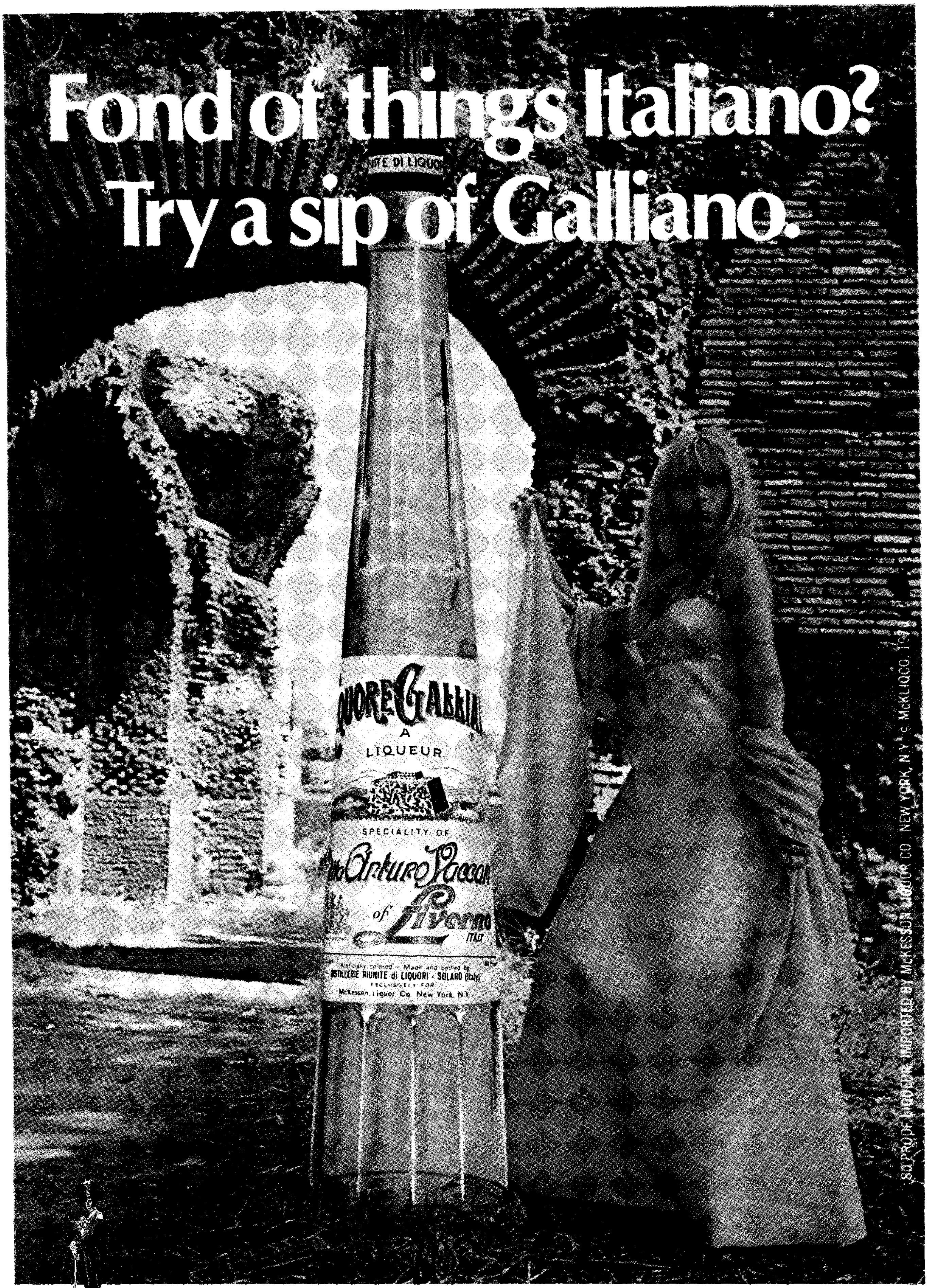
"Dear Sir: I quite sympathize with you in your present difficulties, and, believe me, I wish I were able to help you, but, as you know, each of us has his cross to bear."

he was pitted against both his primary opponent, Bernard O'Shea, a newspaper publisher whom the Democrats frequently nominated when they had no chance of winning, and the Republican incumbent, Robert T. Stafford, one of the most popular political figures in Vermont history. "All I wanted to do was talk about the issues—corruption in politics, the war, repression, racism, poverty, upside-down priorities—and the election gave me the best opportunity I could find," Morrisseau said later. "They said I wouldn't get three hundred votes. But there I was—a twenty-seven-year-old anti-war protester and radical in staid old Vermont—and I got forty-three hundred votes, on a ticket nobody had ever heard of. It proved one thing: politicians don't understand very much, and what they least understand is the depth of the voters' revolt that is going on all around them today. My hope is that part of this revolt will bring about campaign reform."

Turning to the risk that he was taking in openly violating federal law, Morrisseau said flatly, "I hope they prosecute me. If they do, I'll make damned sure they prosecute everybody in Congress. That's why the chance the government will do anything to me is about zero. Even if our government's leaders don't, this case gives me an opportunity to set them up and demonstrate that they are using this law, like so many other laws, in a purely political way. Most of all, it's a prime example of what nonsense their claim that we have objective law and objective law enforcement really is. If people like me who are called radicals—actually, of course, we are conservatives, since we are in line with the stated beliefs of this nation—can get this message across, we'll have a chance to accomplish something. That chance can only come from the voters' greater disaffection with their leaders and deeper skepticism about the motives and actions of those who run this country. I want to show that almost everything the government does is purely political—even the manner in which it uses the law—and runs directly contrary to the people's real interests."

Morrisseau has strong views on a number of subjects, but in the end they all come to focus on the methods of democratic government. "As things stand, the people feel completely helpless," he said. "Most of us live in little boxes, because of our technology and the kinds of jobs we have. That creates an extremely explosive situation. Americans are latently a very violent people, which is one reason why they rallied to Calley's defense in such an angry and threatening way. A lot of those who are boxed in would like to kill anyone who gets out of his box and becomes free—like black militants and radical kids. The adults who said they wanted to kill *all* the kids at Kent State were being very honest. Basically, their urge is the same one that gripped the Germans in the nineteen-thirties. It means selecting someone who is different and who you *think* is free when you aren't, and destroying him. What we must do is direct this attack at those who constructed the boxes and at the boxes themselves. But there is very little time. Our society is at a convulsive stage. The men at the top are in boxes themselves—big, luxurious boxes, maybe, but boxes still. They feel most threatened of all—paranoid, even. That's what creates repression and, finally, revolution. The people feel powerless, because they believe that they can't do anything for themselves, and they know that no one else will do anything for them. So most of them just sit by and let things happen to them, whatever the danger and whatever the ultimate

"We're air-conditioned, but we're on the blink."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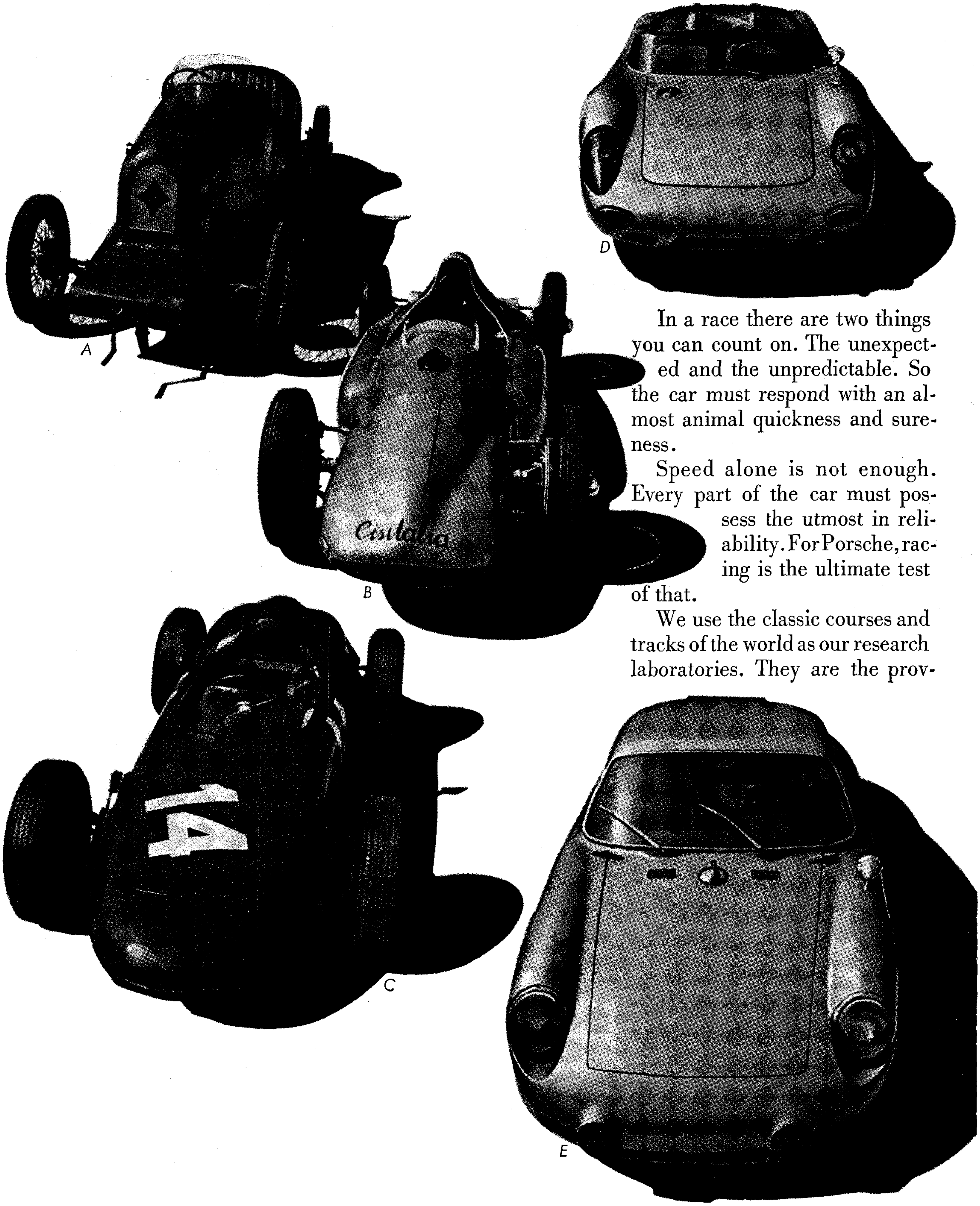

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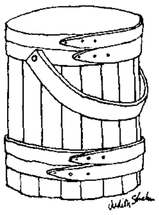
cost to them and to society. For instance, there is no doubt in my mind, and in the minds of many judicious people with long experience in government, that President Nixon has broken many laws, including his oath to uphold the Constitution. And Attorney General Mitchell, acting as his agent and with his approval, shows his regard for the law he swore to uphold by breaking it half a dozen times every morning before breakfast. They should both be impeached, but no one does anything about it. By allowing our leaders to break the law at will, we are creating totalitarianism by plebiscite. And the election law is crucial. In permitting, or even encouraging, the violation of this law—a law that was specifically enacted to assure the people that this is in fact a democracy—those who run the system keep it closed to anyone who might try to change it for the benefit of all the people."



At the time that Morrisseau took on the government, he was no stranger to jousting with high authority. A couple of years before, he had challenged the United States Army when it tried to send him to Vietnam. "I beat the entire Army by forcing it to deal with the issues," he said later. "Through that, I learned that the government is vulnerable to attack on its own terms when it betrays the principles that it claims to be based on. While it's a self-perpetuating mechanism, it also has some self-destructive features built into it. But you have to know where they are. The technique I developed in the Army fight was the same as the one I'm using in this, because the government is similar to the Army in many ways. Most of all, the government, like the Army, behaves as if the law was written to protect it, not us. That's where it's most vulnerable." An exceedingly reluctant draftee, Morrisseau completed Officer Candidate School and became a second lieutenant. He also became a model officer, except for one thing: when he took the officer's oath, he swore to himself that he would not obey any illegal orders, including an order to participate in the war in Vietnam, which he considered an illegal war from the start. In the winter of 1968, he was told to be ready to ship out to Vietnam by mid-April, and decided that he would not—indeed, could not—go. "I don't care what the law says. Nobody tells me to kill someone," he explained. "*I* make that decision. And nobody orders me to be killed, either. *I* make that decision, too, as best I can." By the time Morrisseau, assisted by two friends who were lawyers, was through, he had been arrested three times—twice for publicly opposing the war while in uniform and once for refusing to obey a direct order to board an airplane bound for Vietnam—and he had so skillfully handled his several cases, especially the last, that the Army finally begged him to accept a discharge, "with honor" and without a court-martial, a year before his term of service expired. When he left his last post, Fort Devens, Massachusetts, he was handed a letter from the commanding general forbidding him to set foot on the soil of that base "in perpetuity."

"All of my protests—against the Army, in my campaign for Congress, and in my refusal to file my campaign expenses—have the same core," Morrisseau said recently. "I want to put the people on notice that here is one person who is trying to speak on their behalf, however small the voice, and is saying that he, at least, is not going to do something merely because the government tells him to do it. The people's feeling of powerlessness is so overwhelming that it has finally become true—they *are* helpless. If we are to survive, we must create confidence that change is possible. It's not preserving the system that will save us, as so many people say, but changing the system. The defeats of Judge Carswell and the SST showed that it can be done, and these hugely encouraged the people. Senator McCarthy's success in driving President Johnson out of office was the prime example of the immense effect ordinary men can have when they have a moral leader to follow. We must do more to show the people that they count, that their votes count, that the government exists for their sake. Almost everything in their lives is aimed at showing them that they don't count, that they are insignificant dots among millions and millions of dots. Right from the beginning, we force kids to go to school and to learn what the government says they should learn. I say that's completely wrong. Schools have no foreordained right to teach anyone a goddam thing. All they have a right to do is to create an environment in which students can learn if they want to. Government has no right to subsidize huge corporations and put businessmen on what amounts to fat welfare rolls—in short, to dictate what kind of economic system we have. That's not in the Constitution. Nor does the government have any business telling radicals that they may not have political power even while it gives that

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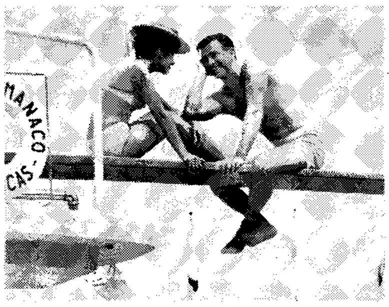

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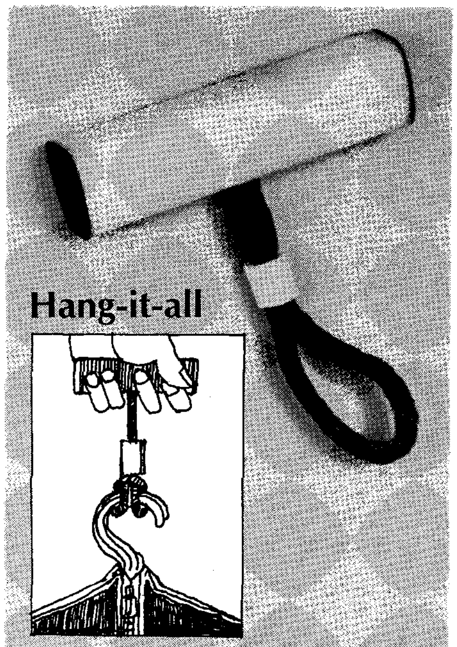

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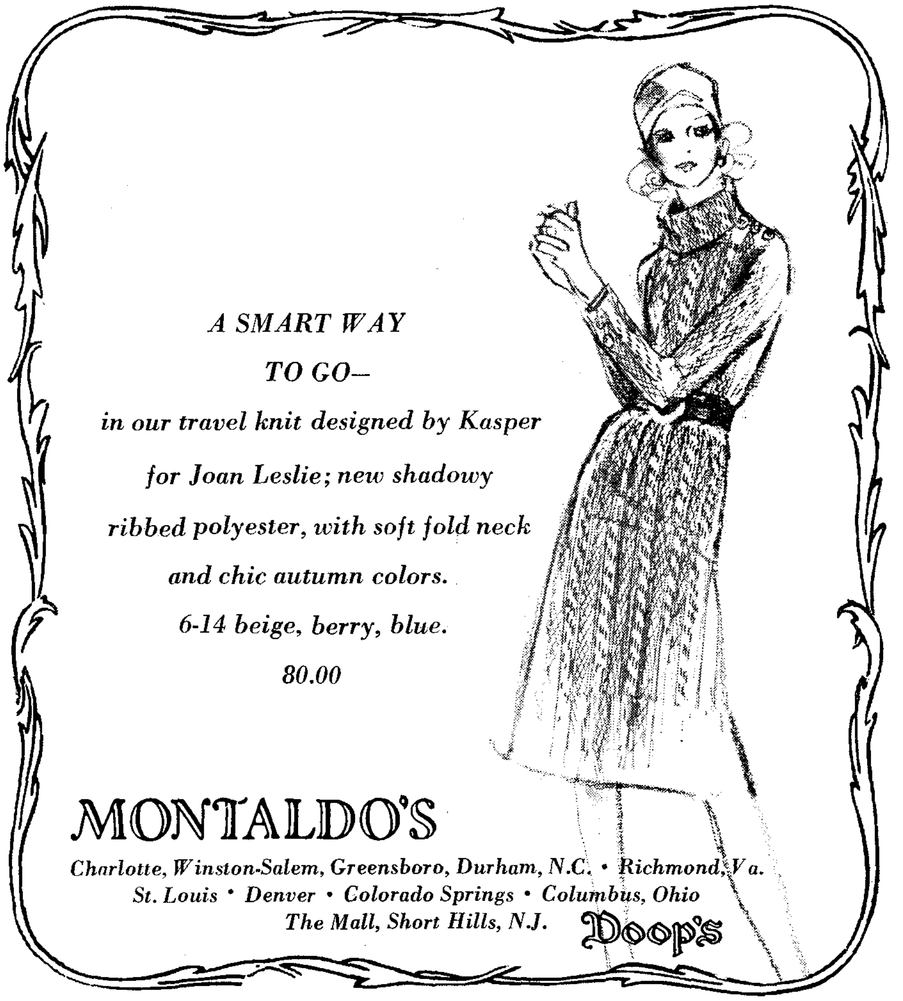
power to other groups. This kind of government flatly contradicts what we've been told our country is all about. These things aren't the government's job at all. Its job is to do what the people tell it to do. And the only way they can tell it to do something is if they are represented. That's why an open political process is most fundamental of all, because without it the people are truly as helpless as they feel now. Unless we revise the system on the most basic level—where the opportunity to achieve public office lies—then we have no democracy at all. As matters stand, war, poverty, inequality, repression go on because the system is closed. And the system is closed because there is an enormous disparity between the chances of an office-seeker and an officeholder. That this disparity is so large suggests that challengers in our system are considered objectors, dissenters, and, finally, troublemakers, and don't deserve an equal chance. But if we are to have an open system, we'll have to give them that chance—maybe a better-than-even chance—just to make the system fluid and healthy. That's the only way to keep the men in office honest and diligent. If we don't do this, the government will continue to maintain itself as a closed system that works against the people's best interests, and we'll all go hurtling on down the road to totalitarianism."

As for specific reforms of the system, Morrisseau became convinced by his experiences in the 1970 race that the most pernicious parts of the campaign arrangement are radio and television advertisements and public-opinion polls—the two most costly outlays in political contests. "The law should be very strict on these," he said. "It should state that if you are going to advertise, all you can say is something like 'The candidate will be at the local grange from three to four o'clock Saturday afternoon and will answer any questions. Coffee and doughnuts will be served.' Period. Almost no political advertising today has anything at all to do with the issues that confront us as individuals and citizens. For instance, the thirty-second and one-minute spot ads should be utterly banned. You can't say anything about an issue in that length of time. That's the main reason such spots are so popular among candidates. It's not just the cost, since two one-minute spots can cost more than half an hour on national television. Politicians like brief spot ads because they provide the perfect opportunity to appeal indirectly to voters' prejudices—their hates and fears—without being accountable for doing so and without getting entangled in something as messy as a true issue. Two of the main revelations that have come to me in my lifetime are, first, that our government is not what we've always been told it is, and, second, that liberals have absolutely failed us. They see the sickness in society, but they are blind to the sickness in themselves. Before my campaign for the House, I attended a five-day seminar in Washington held by the Democratic Study Group, a hundred or so liberals there who try to get together as a bloc on important legislation. The experience was revolting. The techniques these good liberals recommended involved very, very sophisticated use of the media to move emotions. Purely and simply, it amounted to packaging and selling a product. What I heard there made 'The Selling of the President' look like Sunday-school stuff. They admitted it, and said, 'Well, you've got to get elected.' The ads they pushed the most had no words in them. The favorite was the one that hurt Goldwater so badly in 1964—the shot of the little girl picking a wild flower and then being obliterated in a mushroom cloud. Another one they praised showed a candidate walking through the woods and stopping to stare reflectively into a stream. If you take politics and society seriously, all you can say after seeing that one is 'So what?' But everyone there except for a guy from Michigan—who was so disgusted that he walked out—and me accepted this putrid stuff. Of course, liberals are round stones—they roll easily. In my opinion, a man who is willing to use such techniques is not fit to govern. He is corrupt even before he starts. If he will do that sort of thing for a few votes, what will he do for the campaign contributor who paid the bills once the election is won and a piece of legislation that affects him comes up for a vote? These liberals and political 'consultants' are the natural enemies of anyone who is concerned about the public good. We are near disaster precisely because our political leaders have not led or taught. Instead, they are everywhere selling themselves like soap. They find out what the people's prejudices are and then tailor their so-called image and their stand on issues to fit those prejudices. That disenfranchises the people, because it deceives them on the issues and the man, and they there-

by lose their check on their leaders. There is a name for governments where the people cannot really check their leaders. America is becoming like that."

When it comes to public-preference polls, Morrisseau is convinced that they should be banned altogether. "Polling has no beneficial effect whatever as far as the public is concerned," he said. "All it does is allow candidates to find out what prejudices exist and then cater to them. As matters stand now, it's nonsense to find out what the voters' opinions are on any given issue, because they're bound to be uninformed in a closed system. But if we had totally open access to public office, then the people would be more involved in the political process, more aware of the facts surrounding issues, and more capable of making sound judgments." Polls, he went on, can also have other adverse effects on the body politic. In Vermont, the Salisbury Poll, conducted by Dr. Vincent Naramore, a professor at St. Michael's College, has consistently been right in Republican gubernatorial primaries. Because of that success, however, it has come to be regarded with some awe in other contests, where it has been far from accurate. Naramore said that Bernard O'Shea would beat Morrisseau in the primary by three to two; O'Shea got only fifty-three per cent of the vote. "People like to back an underdog during a campaign, to an extent," Morrisseau said. "But they like to be with the winner when they finally vote. I have little doubt that the Salisbury Poll cost me the election."

Like many other critics of the present method of financing campaigns, Morrisseau dismisses the imposition of limits on what any person can contribute to a given campaign as unenforceable and as helping the incumbent anyway. He fully supports a strict law that would require every candidate to report publicly throughout the campaign and immediately after it ends what he received, who gave it to him, and how he spent it. Morrisseau also wants full disclosure of every incumbent's votes in committee as well as on the floor, along with full publicity about them—if necessary, at government expense—so that voters can tell whether any special legislative favors were done for particularly generous donors. Above all, though, Morrisseau believes that enough public money must be made available to allow any candidate who has public support to mount a decent campaign. "Without that, the system will never be opened up," he explained. "And if it's kept closed, the crooks will continue to run it." Morrisseau has a



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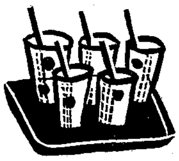
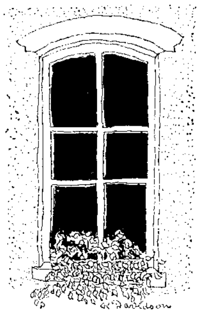
low opinion of most politicians. "Those who aren't outright crooks are corrupt," he insisted. "Take even the most honorable men among them—like Senators Ernest Gruening, Wayne Morse, Joseph Clark, Paul Douglas, Albert Gore, Eugene McCarthy. They have always known that the election laws are a farce and a dangerous, probably fatal, flaw in our system, and yet they have done next to nothing about changing them. And, besides, where did *their* campaign funds come from? Of the lot, only McCarthy didn't finally lose his seat, and he might have if he hadn't retired. The others lost because they were too honorable to use these cheap public-relations techniques to stay in office. But their defeat is all right, too. We need broken political bodies to show the people how the system destroys the best men. That will help convince the voter that almost all politicians are at best corrupt and at worst crooked, and that they are against, not for, him. That's what I hope to do in order to attack and change the system itself. I'm trying to show the people the difference between what the politicians say and what they do. If I can show one-tenth of the immorality, the hypocrisy, the skulduggery, then in time the people will demand a change. And they will demand it even from the good guys, because it will become clear that the good guys are pretty bad, too. I'm desperately hopeful that this can be done, so that there will be greater access to getting into the system and changing it before it's too late. The alternative is repression and tyranny, probably for good."



THE evidence of corruption in elective office is largely circumstantial—that is, it rests on the public belief that anyone who gives sizable amounts of money to political candidates must get something in return if they are elected. For this reason, federal regulations state that the appearance of a conflict of interest is as abhorrent as the reality of it, because in either case the people doubt the integrity of their government. That view was expressed by Califano when he told a Senate subcommittee, on behalf of the Democratic National Committee, "We cannot afford at this point in our history to give the American people any reason to lose confidence in the basic honesty and integrity of our elected officials." As such public doubt has grown, so has the demand for reform—not just from people, like Morrisseau, who find in this doubt the chief hope for a revision of the system but from an increasing number of people close to or in the government who, like Califano, find in this doubt the gravest threat to the system. Many of the demands for reform have come from within Congress, for no one is in a better position to know that the use, and misuse, of money in political campaigns constitutes the most basic flaw in our election process than congressmen. Some of them are alarmed by the growing lack of trust in them on the part of their constituents; some feel that the increasing cost of campaigning has given special-interest groups a stranglehold on members (other members, of course) who must take "dirty money" to retain their seats; some believe that the endless round of fund-raising dinners and speeches takes too much time from the exacting duties of office; some feel degraded by constantly having to go, hat in hand, to likely contributors; and almost all would like to be free of the obligations that campaign donations of any size impose.

At the same time, since the existing system gives incumbents an immense advantage over challengers, no one has more reason to be reluctant about remedying matters than members of Congress. For one thing, a donor of a large sum of political money is far more likely to donate it to incumbents, since they already know the rules of the game and can more ably represent his interests than a novice could. Moreover, in that mysterious and frantic business of holding on to one's seat, no member of Congress would willingly fail to do anything, however small or seemingly unimportant, that might enhance his chance of being reëlected, and the opportunity to use money as one sees fit at a crucial time in a campaign is something that no one in office would be likely to give up voluntarily. That is why members oppose strict limits on spending, which otherwise would greatly enhance their many built-in advantages—free mailing privileges, publicity in newspapers and over radio and television each time they visit their district, the use of the entire executive branch as a research service during campaigns, and having the title and a record in office to point to. One member of the House recently estimated these advantages to be worth at least a hundred thousand dollars to an incumbent at election time. "That means the fifty or sixty thousand dollars he raises in addition is just absolute assurance money," he said. "With that head start, his lead over almost any challenger is virtually insurmountable." Proof of this contention can be found in the fact that only five per cent of the members of the House who stood for reëlection were turned out last year. Of course, the longer a man serves in Congress the more likely he is to become beholden to special interests, so that by the time he accumulates enough seniority to gain the chairmanship of a committee, where all legislative power ultimately resides, he is likely to have forgotten what independence and the public interest mean. And yet, contrary to popular belief, even men like this seldom take money for their personal use or as a direct bribe. They take it solely to get enough votes to remain in office.

The impetus provided by a few members of both houses who are more concerned about the safety of the Republic than about the safety of their seats has enlarged the movement for reform within Congress over the past few years. But the movement seems far too small to accomplish much now. "There's no constituency for reform, in Congress or out," a Republican member remarked not long ago. "The people here are afraid to change the way things are done now, and the voters don't understand the evil effects it has on almost every aspect of their lives every day." A dozen or so reform bills are currently in the congressional hopper, and one of them—to set limits on what candidates can spend and to require strict disclosure of what they receive and lay out—will come up for a vote this session. There is little chance that what finally emerges will have any great effect, for even if a strong bill emerges from the Senate, as some members predict, there are still scores of obstacles and pitfalls to be avoided in the House; and, if they are, the conference committee between the two houses will provide other chances for opponents of reform to sabotage it. The bill has got as far as it has only because a number of Democrats began to fear that if they didn't get a law through before the end of this year, the Republicans, who receive five or six times more money in contributions than Democrats do, would have an insurmountable lead in the 1972 Presidential race. That was why Congress, in a party-line vote, passed a bill to limit television and radio spending last year, and that was why President Nixon vetoed it—on the pretext that it wasn't broad enough. This year's broader efforts have been covertly opposed by the Administration—with the White House creating one tactical muddle after another, as usual, by not letting its right hand know what its right hand is doing—and while the Republicans have publicly claimed that they, too, want reform, they have undermined all serious efforts to obtain it.



Even if limits and disclosure requirements are finally enacted, they will probably do little to correct the abuses that are now rampant. "Requiring limits and disclosure is like telling an alcoholic to reduce the size of his shot glass and to keep a record of the brands he drinks," Senator Philip A. Hart, of Michigan, the leading proponent of reform in the Senate, said recently. In the opinion of Russell Hemenway, director of the National Committee for an Effective Congress, which is a nonpartisan group that channels contributions from individuals into what it regards as significant congressional races and which also is the source of the principal reform bill being considered, "If a law isn't passed this year, it probably won't be passed for many years to come. We got up some steam, enough to get this far, by scaring the Democrats, but if action isn't taken before next year's primaries the whole movement will probably expire. This may be our last chance." Aside from the N.C.E.C., the only group of any size that has concerned itself with this issue is Common Cause, the so-called "people's lobby," which has instituted a lawsuit demanding that the major political parties be enjoined from violating the federal election law. The real aim in this case is to compel Congress to revise the law, because of either the threat or the fact of court action. But that move, too, is unlikely to come to much, for Congress could easily get around a court order merely by increasing the anachronistic limits of the act to meet what is actually spent in most races these days. That, in fact, seems to be the approach taken by the Senate Rules Committee, which recently voted to impose limits on radio and television expenditures that are actually higher than the amounts the Republicans spent during the 1968 Presidential race—and the Republicans outspent the Democrats then by two to one. In all likelihood, if a new law is enacted it will make some strong threats against those who break it, but it will also contain more cleverly camouflaged loopholes than the old law, so that members of Congress can go on doing what they have always done. If a political miracle occurs and

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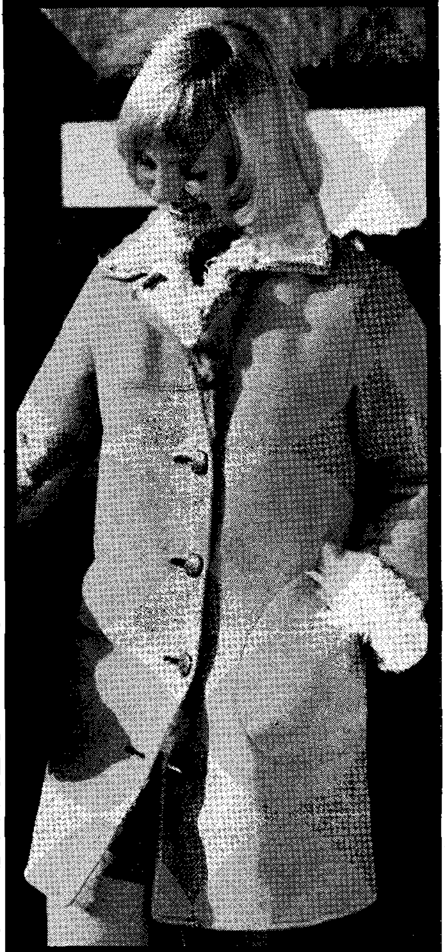

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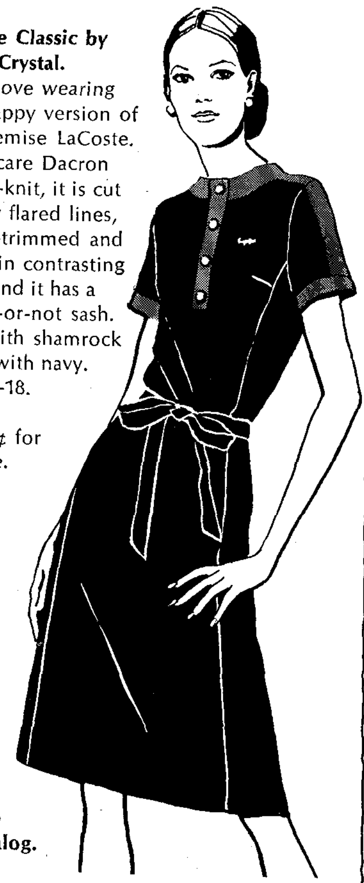

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an effective law is passed, reports are that President Nixon—the only President since Theodore Roosevelt not to come out strongly for campaign-financing reform—will veto it.

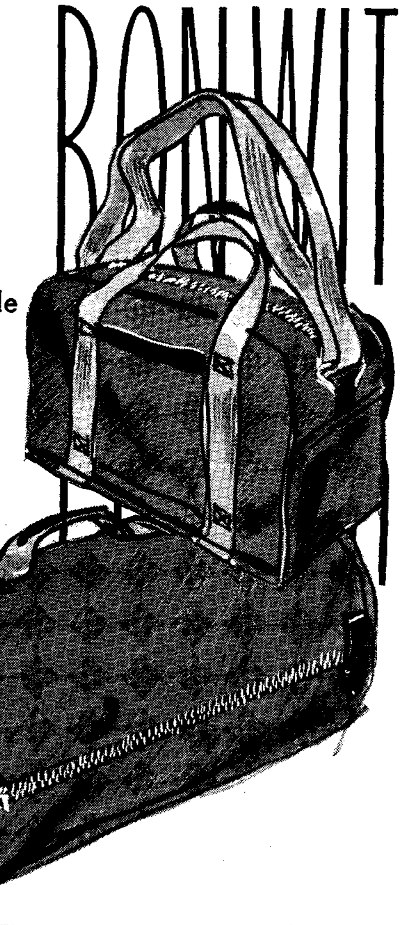
THE Corrupt Practices Act prohibits "any corporation whatever" from contributing or expending money on behalf of any candidate for federal office. The maximum penalty for willful violation of this section of the act is two years in prison and a ten-thousand-dollar fine. Not long ago, the Washington State Bankers Association distributed a memorandum on political action, prepared under its supervision, to bank executives around the state. The memorandum stated, in part:

> A frequent device used by companies is for an officers' fund to be administered by some committee. The officers and employees make contributions to this fund, sometimes even by an automatic payroll deduction plan. Such contributions are sometimes indirectly coerced through intra-corporate memos by superior officers pointing out that they have made contributions and inviting action memos from subordinates. Sometimes the voluntary contributions are encouraged by the corporations' providing some other fringe benefit of significant value, such as group life insurance. Sometimes employees are encouraged to pad expense accounts as a device for reimbursement for their "voluntary" corporate contribution.... Devices which are illegal and clearly prohibited but difficult to detect are sometimes used by corporations. Examples of these are donations of stamps to candidates with the expense hidden in the general corporate expenditure for postage. Sometimes loans are made which are subsequently written off as uncollectible. This activity for banks is clearly prohibited and would be immediately suspect. Another device sometimes used is for advertising agencies to render bills for services... to the candidate's campaign and sending the invoice to the corporation without specific detail for what services were rendered. Similarly, printing bills or, in some cases, even lawyers' fee bills are used.... A frequently used device is the loan of employees or other facilities of the corporation, such as duplicating facilities, computer facilities, telephone networks, and the like. In addition to contributions of postage stamps, [there are] often contributions of envelopes or other products of a company which might be usable in the campaign, such as lumber for signs, stationery, or other paper.... All of the foregoing probably constitute a prohibited expenditure, though indictment and prosecution are infrequent.

It might seem that the most insignificant of such contributions would be the gift of stamps and stationery, but since a first-class mailing to every family in an average urban congressional district now costs twenty thousand dollars and in a sizable state costs a third of a million dollars, an offer of that kind of help might tempt any candidate who was, or thought he was, in trouble. Other indirect subsidies to political candidates—called "soft money"—that are commonly provided by businesses include turning over billboards that a company has taken on a yearly lease so that a candidate can use them for the two months preceding an election (the average charge for use of a large billboard is five hundred dollars a month, so the use of twenty billboards for two months would be worth twenty thousand dollars); giving employees cash bonuses, which are then passed on, minus a proportion set aside for income taxes, to the candidate; retaining public-relations or advertising men with the proviso that part of their fee and part of their work go to the candidate; lending automobiles, airplanes, credit cards, and office space; and turning over entire computer systems for use at night. Most of these indirect donations are handled surreptitiously, and many are deducted as ordinary business expenses in figuring federal corporation taxes. Since the Corrupt Practices Act does not prohibit backers from picking up a candidate's political debts after a campaign, this is often arranged beforehand so that no record exists; expenditures of this kind have been deducted as bad debts. Both deductions are outright violations of the Internal Revenue Code, but so far no Administration has prosecuted any person or any company for taking them, probably because every Administration has benefitted, and has hoped to go on benefitting, from this form of crime.

Naturally, there cannot be even an estimate of how much soft money political candidates get each year in the way of gifts and services like these. Nor is there any estimate of how much cash—or "hard money"—individual businessmen donate directly through corporate subsidiaries that have been set up solely to collect and distribute political contributions. Even the existence of such groups often goes unrecorded, but they are believed to be proliferating as more and more businessmen come to realize the financial benefits that political investments can bring. For instance, last year the League for Good Government, a bankers' group in Seattle, sent a letter to all executives in the League suggesting that they set a schedule for political donations by their employees, ranging from an annual contribution of forty-eight dollars for those earning between twelve thousand and sixteen thousand dollars a year on up to two hundred and ten dollars for those earning thirty thousand dollars or more a year. Since a large bank has as many as a thousand officers, a plan of this sort could produce a hundred thousand dollars per bank in political funds. Similar programs around the country include Good Government Associates (run by the Union Bank of California) and the Good Government Program (run by the Central National Bank of Cleveland). Generally speaking, these outfits decide, without consulting the donors, which candidate is to receive what amount of money, and they give it directly in the name of the organization, so that when a favor is wanted they can more effectively remind an officeholder of their help at election time. One of the most active of these enterprises is the Banking Profession Political Action Committee, or BANKPAC, which last year handed out more than two hundred thousand dollars to some forty members of Congress who were on banking-and-finance committees. A wide variety of non-banking concerns also have political affiliates, such as the Olin Corporation's Olin Executive Voluntary Nonpartisan Political Fund. Among other top corporate contributors were the Ford Motor Company ($87,100 to the Republicans and $53,000 to the Democrats) and General Motors ($114,675 to the Republicans and $1,000 to the Democrats). In 1970, *Congressional Quarterly*, the most reliable publication covering the activities of Congress, commissioned a detailed study of political contributions in 1968 by officers of the top fifty-six contractors for the Department of Defense, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and the Atomic Energy Commission. Although the study did not include money given secretly, some indication of what that may have come to can be found in the amount given openly—a million and a quarter dollars. Henry Salvatori, a director of Litton Industries, and his wife gave ninety thousand dollars, while other officers of his company put up sixty-six thousand; Arthur K. Watson, vice-chairman of I.B.M., who later became Ambassador to France, gave fifty-four thousand dollars; officers of Atlantic Richfield gave sixty-six thousand dollars; and twenty of the top A.E.C. contractors gave more than three hundred thousand dollars. In all, the Republicans received five times as much as the Democrats, even though the Democrats were then in office and had been handing out the contracts for eight years.

While political contributions by businessmen are often concealed, from time to time enough of them come to light to reveal not only what was given but what was expected in return. Much



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of the credit for uncovering such cases is due to the Washington *Post*, which has concentrated on this corrupt aspect of political life for years. Originally, most of the investigative reports carried by the *Post* were prepared by Walter Pincus, and when he left the paper to make investigative reports of official malfeasance in Southeast Asia for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee the digging in this field was largely the work of two other *Post* reporters, Morton Mintz and Don Oberdorfer, who have done more to keep the issue alive than anyone else in the country. Last fall and winter, for instance, Oberdorfer spent several weeks tracing the political funding of Representative George H. Fallon, Democrat of Maryland, who had been defeated in a primary contest in Baltimore in the summer. Fallon listed receipts of $61,579 at the statehouse in Annapolis, as required by Maryland law. Of that amount, Oberdorfer found, nearly two-thirds had been contributed by people outside Maryland. Some thirteen thousand dollars of this sum came from a committee set up in the District of Columbia, so the donors' names were not listed. The remaining twenty-five thousand dollars in out-of-state money came from two hundred and eleven people, whose names and residences Fallon listed in his report to the state. Eventually, Oberdorfer tracked them down. In all, a hundred and sixty-seven of the out-of-state donors, or three-fourths of the total number, were directly connected with highway-construction interests in thirty-seven states. Fallon was chairman of the House Committee on Public Works.

It was also revealed that a group representing cable-TV interests donated a thousand dollars to the Committee for Effective Government, a fund-raising body that, as it happened, had been set up for the exclusive benefit of Representative Torbert H. Macdonald, Democrat of Massachusetts, who was chairman of a House subcommittee that had recently held hearings on cable television. Representative Edward A. Garmatz, Democrat of Maryland, who was chairman of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, received five thousand dollars from two seamen's associations, even though he had no opponent. The Trust for Agricultural Political Education, an affiliate of a milk-producers' group in San Antonio, gave five thousand dollars to W. R. Poage, Democrat of Texas, who was chairman of the House Agriculture Committee; six thousand dollars to Bill Alexander, Democrat of Arkansas, a member of the committee; and two thousand dollars to Ed Jones, Democrat of Tennessee, also a member of the committee. None of them had opponents, either. Officers of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, through that company's Effective Government Association, made contributions of five thousand dollars to both the Republican Party and the Democratic Party, and sent another check to Representative W. S. Stuckey, Democrat of Georgia, a key man on the committee handling securities legislation, who also ran unopposed.

Much of the money that enters the political world is believed to come from people who are renowned both for their large incomes and for the low taxes they pay on them—the oil people. "The most insidious force in political life is the oil industry," Russell Hemenway said recently. "It owns the government." For many years, the oil industry was content to restrict its political activity to granting modest favors—small donations and loans, the use of private airplanes and automobiles—in order to preserve the oil-depletion allowance, but when Congress reduced that special tax privilege from twenty-seven and a half per cent to twenty-two per cent a couple of years ago, the industry became sufficiently alarmed to begin laying out more lavish sums. For years, oil money for Senate campaigns has reached the finance committees of favored incumbents through the office of Senator Russell B. Long, Democrat of Louisiana, who openly boasts of being the Senate spokesman for the industry. Last fall, though, a large amount of oil money went to Senator Robert C. Byrd, Democrat of West Virginia, who had an idea that Long and the oilmen liked—a plan to make Byrd the Majority Whip, replacing Senator Edward M. Kennedy, who had taken the Whip job away from Long in a fierce intraparty battle a couple of years before. Throughout the fall campaign, Byrd carefully parcelled out money to selected colleagues who were up for reëlection, and then when the time came to challenge Kennedy, the following winter, Byrd called in his I.O.U.s from those he had helped. Only a few men know all the details, but it is clear that four of the twenty-eight senators who later claimed to have voted for Kennedy were not telling the truth,

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since he got only twenty-four votes. After the vote, Perry W. Woofter, once Byrd's administrative assistant and now a legislative liaison man for the American Petroleum Institute, the Washington spigot for oil money, telephoned at least two senators who were thought to have been for Kennedy—Harrison A. Williams, Jr., of New Jersey, and Gale W. McGee, of Wyoming—to thank them for voting for Byrd. Both men ran for reëlection last fall, both were in deep trouble, and both won.

"The great failure of our democratic process remains in the manner in which campaigns are financed," Senator Long, who should know, said on the Senate floor. "It would be my guess that about ninety-five per cent of campaign funds at the congressional level are derived from businessmen. . . . Under the circumstances, it is utterly amazing that the public makes out as well as it does. Even so, the government pays out many billions of dollars in unnecessarily high interest rates; it permits private-monopoly patents on over twelve billion dollars of government research money annually; it permits billions of dollars of government money to remain on deposit in banks without collecting interest; it permits overcharging by many concerns selling services to government; it tolerates all sorts of tax favoritism; it fails to move to protect public health from a number of obvious hazards; it permits monopolies to victimize the public in a number of inexcusable ways; it provides far too much tariff protection to some industries and too little to others. Many of these evils are built-in defects of American government resulting from the way we finance our political campaigns. . . Investments in this area can be viewed as monetary bread cast upon the water, to be returned a thousandfold." They can also be viewed as the answer to the question that bewilders and outrages so many citizens: Why are the nation's priorities usually upside down?

LABOR unions, which are also prohibited under the Corrupt Practices Act from engaging in political activity, pay as little attention to the law as business does. Long before industry set up separate committees to disburse political funds, unions had organized innumerable political-action groups, which today range from the Brotherhood of Maintenance-of-Way Political League and the United Plant Guard Workers of America Political Action Committee to the Teamsters' Democrat, Republican, Independent Voter Education Committee (DRIVE) and the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education (COPE). For the most part, workers' contributions have been about as voluntary as those of lower-echelon businessmen—that is, they have been virtual assessments. Although labor's direct political donations are nowhere near as substantial as business's, they are large enough to suggest some obligation on the part of the recipients; in 1968, the nation's unions reported contributing seven and a half million dollars. But that figure is no more reliable than the reported outlay by business or the reported receipts of candidates, for unions also work outside their formal political organizations—and the law. Many of the ways in which unions contribute support to candidates are the same as those used by businesses—loans of manpower, equipment, and space. But labor officials in general are far more skilled in political action than their business counterparts—probably because union leaders are elected and are thus adept at the most essential of all political operations: getting out the vote.

Although Republicans are said to get five times as much hard money from businessmen as Democrats get from unions, soft-money contributions by the unions go a long way to make up the difference. "While soft money can't be used legally for elections, it can be used legally for things like voter-registration drives," one former labor official explained recently. "What you do is pad the expenses of block workers—lunch money, postage money, travel money, telephone money, and so on—during a registration drive and convert it into cash. Then it is turned over, in cash, to the candidate's manager. In effect, the money is stolen. Often it involves huge sums. This is done throughout the country in every national election. A few years ago, I participated in a fairly modest voter-registration drive in one city, and I know that thirty-five thousand dollars went into it. But only five thousand dollars was spent on the drive itself, and the rest went directly to a couple of candidates, including ten thousand dollars to a senator who was running for reëlection. All this dirty work was done by idealistic young attorneys—nice, clean young men who set up fake committees to get around the law and hide where the money came from. It's something like the old saloon—open to men only, since women and children might be corrupted by contact with it. Politicians and lawyers

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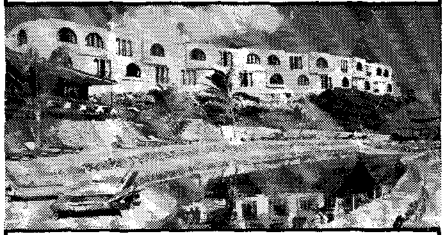

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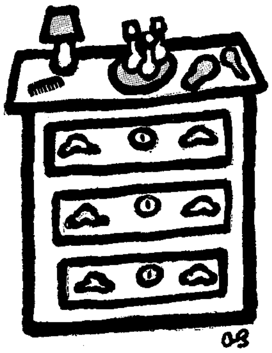
say to themselves that they are wallowing in this kind of filth only because they know *they* won't be corrupted and want to protect the innocent, who might be corrupted, from even knowing about it. And they justify their crime by saying that it's all in a good cause. Finally, of course, the cause is just more corruption."

Union leaders in general are no less self-interested than business leaders, but because they represent a far larger segment of the public they are far more concerned about broad social causes. For instance, businessmen, led by medical businessmen in the American Medical Association, fought adoption of any plan like Medicare for fifty years on the ground that it would debase the free-enterprise system in general and the doctors' fee system in particular. Labor, on the other hand, led the fight for such a program, in part because it would ease the strain on union pension funds and in part because union leaders constantly saw the tragic predicaments faced by ailing retired workers and their families. At the same time, labor is perfectly capable of acting to support the narrow interests of some of its members—as, for instance, in strongly backing the SST program to save the jobs of people who worked for Boeing and associated contractors involved in the project, in keeping black people out of certain unions, and in backing the war in Vietnam, at the insistence of George Meany, president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

While business and labor usually want something for the money they give candidates—"Ninety-five per cent of the large contributions I receive is interested money," one senator who is known in Washington for his independence said recently—an increasing number of relatively small organizations have been set up in the past few years for the sole purpose of giving "disinterested" money to "public-interest" candidates. Ten years ago, there was only one of these groups—the National Committee for an Effective Congress—and it had a campaign budget that year of only about a hundred thousand dollars. In 1970, the N.C.E.C. spent over three-quarters of a million dollars on congressional races, and nine similar outfits spent another million and a quarter dollars altogether. The total outlay was substantial, but it could scarcely have a crucial effect nationally, since it came to two or three per cent of what was spent that year on congressional elections.



MEMBERS of Congress are inclined to scoff at the notion that they are personally affected by campaign contributors' expectations of a return, and the members' aides are inclined to scoff at their bosses' claims. "Any member of Congress who says donations don't influence him is lying," a man who has served as a senior assistant to two prominent and generally esteemed Democratic senators declared recently. "All of them are corrupt. The only question is the degree of corruption. One reason members of Congress insist that money doesn't influence them is that they *have* to say that or get run out of office by their constituents. Another reason is that members often become convinced of the rightness of their backers' causes without admitting it even to themselves. In time, they come to really believe that the guy who gives the big dough is the best guy and that helping him is in the public interest. I never heard an appeal by a special-interest man that wasn't made in terms of the public interest. But campaign money *has* to influence even the most incorruptible men here, because most people don't give away large sums of money for nothing. Look at a highly motivated young man who is thinking of going into politics. He soon learns that he has to sell little pieces of his soul to get into office. Then, once he has made it, he finds that the pressures to take dirty money are even greater—in fact, they are immense—because he can't reach the idealistic goals he is getting closer to unless he gets enough money to be reëlected so he can carry on the good fight. You've got to feel sorry for the poor goddam politician, because he can't function in any other way. It's not his fault—it's ours. We force politicians to stand for reëlection, but we deny them the funds to do it independently. And the ways in which we force them to get money affect each of us in more ways than we dream."

Senator Mathias, who is one of the most respected new members of the Senate, recently agreed with much of this analysis, and added, "The fundamental problem is that the ability to raise money starts the screening-out process. If you can't get the money, you don't get the nomination. For instance, when I ran for the Senate the first condition laid down by Republican Party leaders was that I guarantee the funds for my race. Ultimately, thousands of people paid the bill. But at the start I had to put together a small group that promised to raise the money or, if they failed in that, to assume the debts themselves. Of course, not everyone who wants to run and who deserves a chance to run can do that.”

The answer generally given by members of Congress to the question of what their campaign contributors get for their money is “access.” The word sounds innocent enough, since in a representative democracy presumably every citizen has the right of access to his spokesmen in Congress. But in the view of one House aide who probably knows more about the place than most members, “If one were to take a computer and match campaign contributions with candidates and bills on the agenda, one could predict how members here would vote ninety per cent of the time. That’s what access really means.” Above all, access means time alone with a senator or a congressman. “Half an hour or an hour can be worth many, many thousands of dollars,” a prominent lobbyist said not long ago. “When a senator leaves his office and heads down the corridor to the elevator on his way to the Capitol for a roll call, he may be accosted by three people who have been waiting hours for him. One will lobby for or against a certain bill, one will ask him to intercede on behalf of someone who wants a government job, and one will pass on news about something of interest to the senator so that the favor will be returnable later on. All this is done on the run, and often it works. So half an hour or an hour alone with a senator in the privacy of his office can produce far more for the man who is there to speak for a special interest. Besides the time gained, a campaign contribution of, say, five thousand dollars creates a certain favorable predisposition on the part of the recipient. He ends up disposed to believe that the donor’s case is sound. In the end, access is the basic ingredient of all lobbying.”

Again Senator Mathias agreed, but he went on to say that for most men in the Senate this kind of influence does not affect votes on major issues. “Ordinarily, campaign money is of no importance in how we vote on something big, like the SST or the Carswell nomination,” he said. “Where it counts is in the small votes—the ones that don’t seem so important. Say there is a bill to make a hundred thousand acres of public timberland in Wyoming avail-

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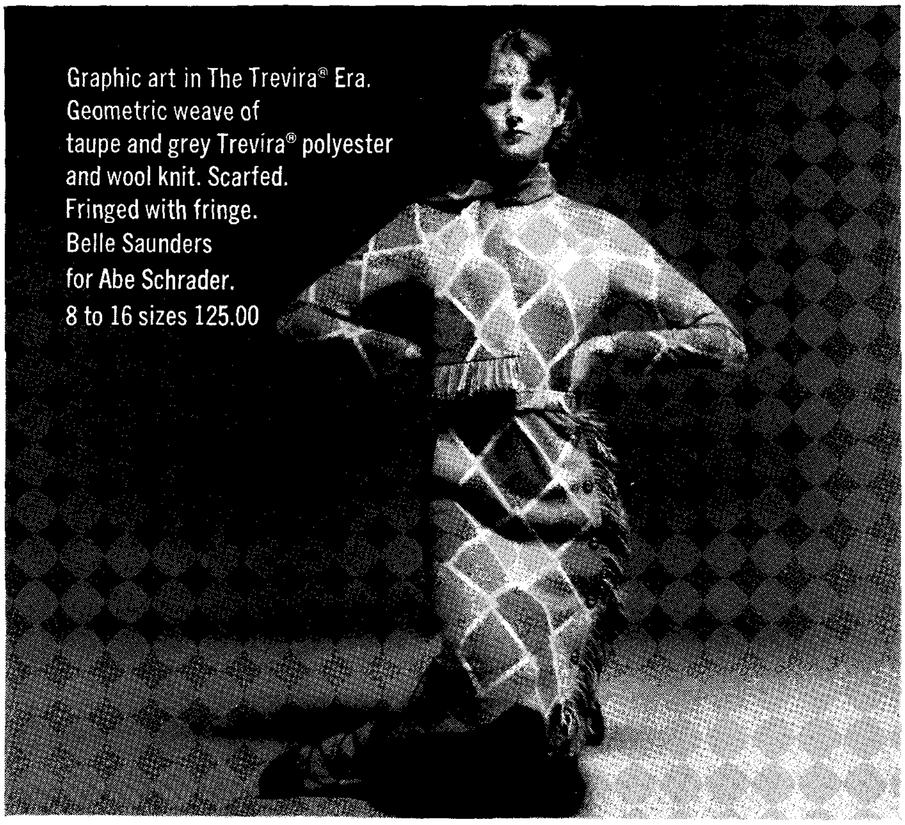

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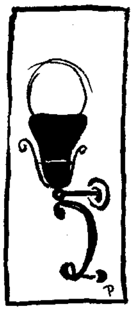
able to the lumber people, who promise to take out just the mature trees and to cover up the tracks they make getting in and out. I don't really care very much, because the case doesn't affect Maryland directly. So then a lumber dealer in Baltimore who gave me a thousand dollars in the last election comes in and presents the lumber people's side. I might think, Oh, well, it's a trivial thing to me and so important to him that I might as well go along."

Of course, when all the small bills of this kind, touching on every area of national life, are added up, they vitally affect people everywhere in the country. And there are hundreds, even thousands, of such bills and amendments to bills going the congressional rounds endlessly, and often secretly. Most of the office space in Washington that is not occupied by government workers is occupied by special-interest lobbyists, who put in millions of hours each year trying to get special legislation enacted for the benefit of their clients. And they succeed on a scale that is undreamed of by most ordinary citizens. For example, at the Washington headquarters of the National Small Business Association (in the capital, "association" usually means "lobby") a computer operation has been set up to make the most of the money its members have donated to members of Congress. When a bill that the association is interested in comes up in committee, a specific list of who gave how much to which members of the committee is produced by the computer. Workers in the headquarters then telephone the donors—often men with wide influence, since they usually sit on boards of directors of various companies and can call on those connections, too—and ask them to get in touch with the member, or members, of the committee they helped, and remind them of the association's position on the legislation in question. That way, only eight or ten members of a committee, rather than a majority of the House members, have to be reached.

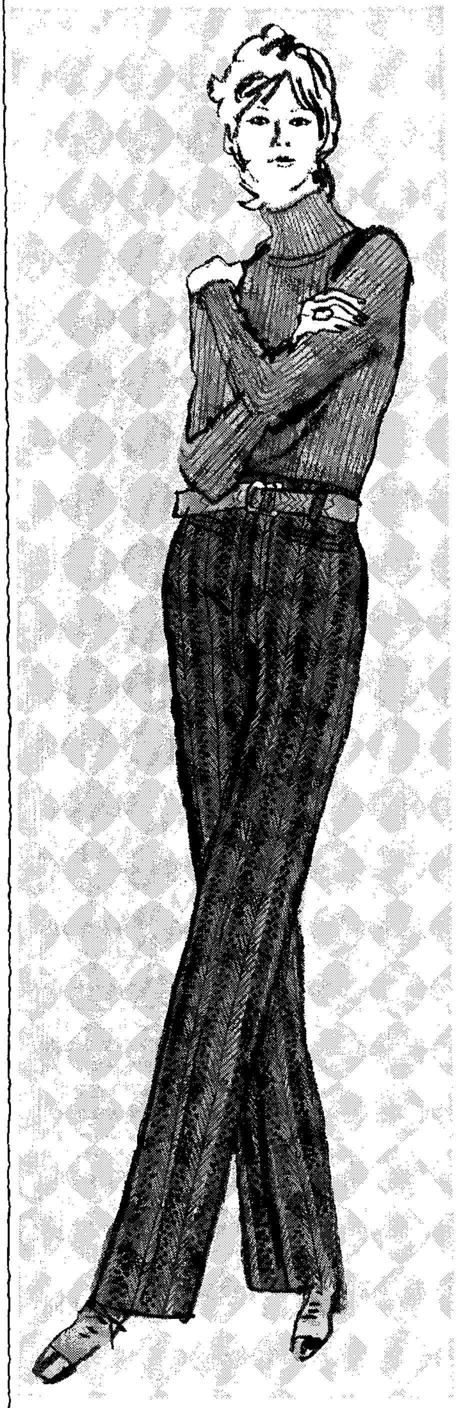


This particular operation is conducted on behalf of small businesses. Lobbying done by and for large businesses is correspondingly greater—in many cases, overwhelming. "After I was reëlected to my third term last fall, I got my staff together for a talk," Senator Hart said recently. "I told them that for the next six years we were going to concentrate on the people with the *real* problems. Everyone has problems, but some people have nothing *but* problems—like getting food to eat and clothing to wear and a roof to live under. But when the Senate convened in January, I had to spend almost all my time the first week or so at the hearings before the Commerce Committee on the airlines that were crying out for help. They do constitute a system of national importance and they were losing millions of dollars, it was true, and Congress listened, because the men who run the airlines have power. But nobody was listening to the children who were starving in South Carolina. About half the members of Congress, the President, and the Cabinet support a loan of a quarter of a billion dollars to bail out Lockheed. But no one thinks much about the sharecropper, the owner of the corner store who's being pushed out of business by a greedy landlord, the maid, the man of fifty who lost his job because of the recession, or those black kids in the slums—fifty per cent of all the boys under the age of eighteen—who are out of work this summer and are roaming those desperate streets."

The people who contribute most of the money for a politician's campaign usually have interests that are far removed from those that concern the people who actually give him enough votes to win. While James L. Buckley's most ardent supporters in the New York race for the Senate last fall on the Conservative Party ticket were mostly "the forgotten men"—office clerks, construction workers, taxicab drivers, working-class Catholics—his financial backers constituted a kind of corporate élite. The members of his finance committee, for instance, included Frank C. Graham, Jr., chairman of the board of governors of the American Stock Exchange; Iva Patcévitch, chairman of the board of Condé Nast Publications; David T. Schiff, a partner in the Wall Street brokerage firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co; and Warren L. Pierson, a director of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. Before the race was over, Buckley had spent an estimated four million dollars, most of which was collected by men such as these. The Republican incumbent whom he defeated, Senator Charles E. Goodell, spent a million and a quarter dollars. Four days after Goodell announced that he intended to vote against the President's nomination of Judge Carswell to serve on the Supreme Court, Bernard J. Lasker, head of the New York Stock Exchange and Nixon's chief fund-raiser in the 1968 Presidential campaign, stopped by Goodell's office for a chat. Explaining that Vice-President Agnew had asked him to oversee financial arrangements for Senate candidates on the Eastern Seaboard, Lasker went on to mention that he had just come from a meeting with the Vice-President, and then said that if the Senator would stop attacking the Administration and Agnew matters could be smoothed over. ("If you were the Vice-President and wanted to get a message across to the junior senator from New York, why send Nixon's chief fund-raiser during the campaign unless you wanted to scare that senator?" one of Goodell's aides later asked. "And why send a Wall Street mogul to a senator who is on the Banking and Currency Committee of the Senate?") Goodell replied that he had not attacked Nixon and Agnew but had merely spoken out when he disagreed with them, and later an assistant of his sent the White House and Lasker a tabulation showing the number of times Goodell had supported the Administration in the Senate. (Actually, Goodell supported the Administration in the Senate more frequently than Barry Goldwater did.) Not long afterward, Lasker ran into one of Goodell's assistants at a thousand-dollar-a-plate fund-raising banquet for Republican candidates and observed that Goodell's prospects in the race did not look too favorable. About that time, Lasker began holding lunches in New York at which the Vice-President was present to give the other guests—prominent Wall Street bankers and brokers—an opportunity to meet him and to donate a thousand dollars each, supposedly for Republican candidates. As it turned out, the money went to District of Columbia committees that had been set up not for Republican candidates, like Goodell, but for the Conservative Party candidate, Buckley. "It was clear afterward that all this had been planned long in advance," Goodell's aide said later. "The Administration hadn't even begun to lean toward Buckley in public at that time, but they were clearly on his side behind the scenes even then. Many of the men who coughed up a thousand bucks each, including a vice-chairman of Goodell's own finance committee, had no idea that the money was going to Buckley. And when word got out that it was, that froze other traditional sources of Republican money for us, because the big guys didn't want Nixon sore at them." In the end, Buckley's Washington committees—with names like League of Middle American Women, Scientists for Sensible Solutions to Pollution, and Americans for Honesty in Politics—collected $423,519.09. These committees then sent the money to a hundred other committees in New York State—with names like Herkimer County Citizens for Buckley and Chenango County Friends of Buckley—and they paid his local bills. Throughout the campaign, Buckley clearly indicated that if he was elected he would oppose the SST program. The first important vote he cast when he reached the Senate was in favor of the SST. When Goodell heard the news, he said, "That's the first payoff."

Representative Charles A. Vanik, Democrat of Ohio, who has been elected to the House nine times, has spent much of his career there assiduously staying away from dirty money. In his first campaign, against a man who had been in the House for thirty-eight years, Vanik spent only six thousand dollars. His rule in succeeding campaigns was not to spend more than thirty-five hundred dollars, until 1968, when the Ohio legislature, under Republican control, abolished his district in an attempt to put him out of business altogether. Forced to run in another district if he wanted to stay in politics, Vanik chose the one that had been represented for twenty-nine years by Mrs. Frances P. Bolton, a Republican. That race, which he won handily, cost his backers nearly ninety thousand dollars. Vanik was appalled by this outlay. "That's why I've stayed in the House, rather than run for governor or senator, as I've often been urged to, and have to spend huge amounts of other people's money," he said recently. "I don't want to be obligated, and to run for those offices at that cost you're bound to end up obligated."

Vanik says that while the House is far more conservative than the Senate, it is also far less corrupt, because of the smaller campaign costs involved. "Private interests usually go for senators, because if they can influence one senator they accomplish more than if they buy twenty congressmen outright," he explained. "In the Senate, one man wields immense power, since he has the right to filibuster in committee and on the floor, which at times can amount to a one-man veto." In support of his contention that the Senate is more susceptible to outside influence than the House, Vanik pointed out that in any national election far more is spent over all on Senate contests than on House contests, even though only a



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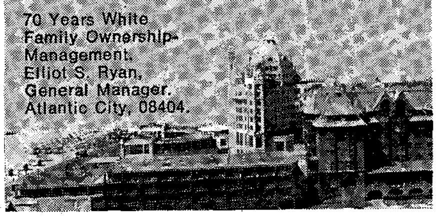

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third of the members of the Senate come up for reëlection every two years and all the members of the House come up. "In other words, four hundred and thirty-five congressmen, who represent all the people in all the states, spend less than thirty-three or thirty-four senators, who represent only some of the states," he explained. Still, he went on, campaign costs have been rising spectacularly in House races, too, and the effect has been to force more and more members there to accept special-interest money in order to stay in office. "Quite a few members of the House are sponsored by the special interests, and are very responsive to their needs," he said. "Business giving is extremely selective here. Since the House is largely run by committees, if a special-interest group takes care of the chairman and five or six members of a committee it generally has control. Anyone who analyzes donor lists will find self-interest examples. One way to tell is if contributions come from outside a candidate's district. Very few House members are sufficiently well known to prompt outsiders—particularly outsiders scattered around the country—to contribute unless they have some financial return in mind. Another way to tell is if contributions are large, because very few sizable contributions come in without obligation. They are either rewards for past votes or down payments on future votes. Unfortunately, most of our constituents don't have the capacity to understand how all this works, because so much goes on here in secrecy or in complicated procedural ways. Take the Administration's recent revival of the SST, long after we had rejected it once. Although the unions operate about eighty per cent of the time in the public interest, there is still that twenty per cent of self-interest. And when they turn on the power for that part, it's just as strong as when they act on behalf of all the people. The unions went all out for the SST. The second time around, they pressed liberal members here very hard. Finally, several of those who had voted against the program the first time caved in under the pressure and agreed to pair their votes with members who weren't present but who would have voted for the SST if they had been here. After the House approved the SST on the second vote, these liberals claimed that they were still against the program and had merely matched their votes with supporters' votes, which cancelled both sides. That sounded good, but it simply wasn't true, because the supporters weren't here at all, so they couldn't vote. In

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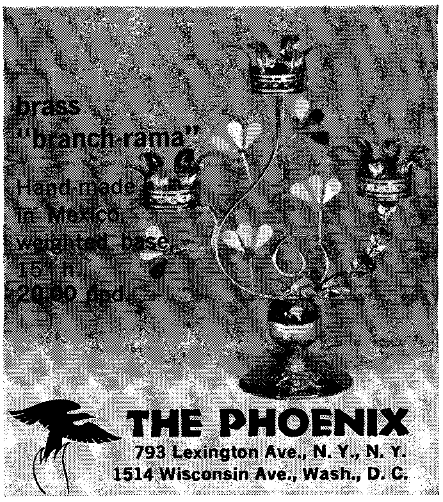

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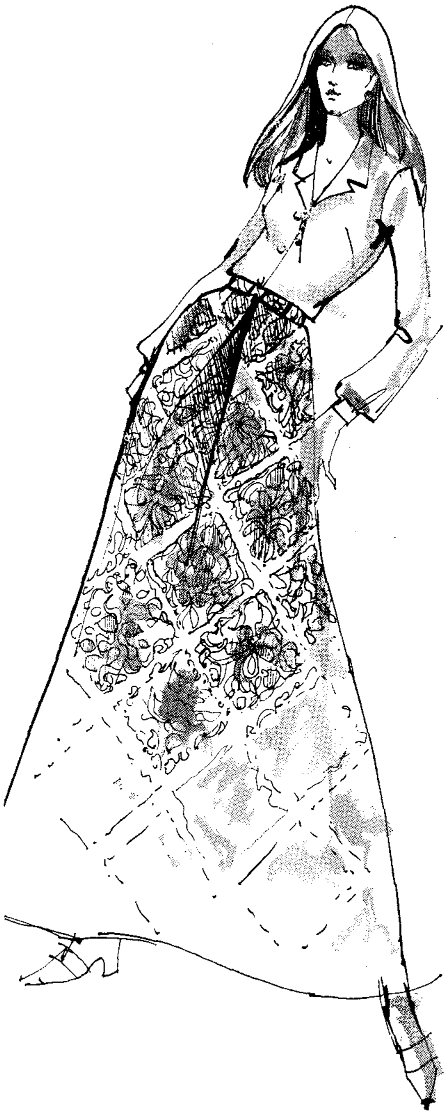
effect, these liberals, by withholding their votes, actually voted *for* the program. But the people in their districts won't know that, because there is no one to tell them about it. Local papers don't understand such complications. In fact, even as sophisticated a paper as the Washington *Post* swallowed these members' explanation."

Vanik is almost as concerned about the hidden costs of campaigning as he is about the known costs. One of the hidden costs, he pointed out, stems from every candidate's vulnerability to fund-raisers for charitable, civic, and religious groups who practice a kind of implicit blackmail at election time by dunning candidates for contributions. "You have to contribute something fairly impressive to each of them," Vanik said. "If you don't, they can give you a bad name." Since representatives' terms are only two years long, those who don't come from one-party districts normally have to campaign year round, and that creates other expenses—most of all for the upkeep of a second home in one's district and for transportation between there and Washington. In Vanik's case, his house in Ohio costs him around four thousand dollars a year to keep up, and the air fares he has to pay come to three thousand dollars a year. The government pays transportation expenses for one trip home a month by each representative and senator, but nothing is provided for family members and only two round-trips a year for an aide. Vanik, often accompanied by his wife or an assistant, flies to Ohio every week or ten days, because, he said, "I believe that a member of Congress should visit his district at least twice a month to provide access for every constituent who wants to talk to him." After taxes are deducted from his congressional salary of forty-two thousand five hundred dollars a year, Vanik finds, he has little left over from his ordinary living expenses in Washington to meet these extra costs; accordingly, he is forced to live more modestly than many constituents with far smaller incomes. Many of his colleagues find it easier to pay such extra travel expenses with money provided by supporters in the business community, or—as one can see by standing for an hour or two late any Thursday or Friday afternoon in the private-plane section of Washington National Airport—to accept rides on industry airplanes, which regularly ferry members of Congress to and from their districts on weekends.

Like most of those who want campaign laws changed, Vanik hopes that someday the government will pay these necessary expenses. He also hopes to see other changes—such as strict disclosure of all receipts and expenditures; prohibition of television and radio advertisements that are designed to sound like news broadcasts; prohibition of the common newspaper practice of printing "news" articles that have actually been written by candidates' staffs and paid for at the going advertising rate for the space they occupy; prohibition of discount rates in papers or on the air for favored candidates; a federal requirement that financial contributors list their addresses, to show where outside money comes from; suspension of incumbents' free mailing privileges for at least forty days before an election; closer control of private foundations, which are often set up by wealthy candidates who use them at campaign time to donate tax-free money to charities that agree to publicize the gift and the giver; and inclusion of details on the payment of campaign debts in all reports to the government.

"Unless these changes are made, we face disaster," Vanik said. "As things are now, the public-interest members here have no reward except personal satisfaction. In the long run, most of them face almost certain defeat by the big-money people. Many of the best men who come here lose after one or two terms. If we could stop that, or even slow it down, it would have a terrific effect, because the new men who have been coming into the House recently are much more representative of America. As a result, the House is changing its methods, its practices, its traditions. It's becoming a spectacular place, mostly because these young members, who won't wait thirty years to become chairmen, are moving to take more control. Also, there is a new and growing awareness on the part of the people back home that what is done here affects them vitally. That means they are watching us more and more closely, which has made the men here who thought they were absolutely invulnerable really scared to get out of line. Now they have to prove themselves with their constituents. Another change is that members are learning that it's possible to have divergent views from their constituents on many issues and still survive. You don't have to lie and you don't have to conceal what you're doing as long as you can demonstrate to your people your case and your sincerity. Even if they disagree, they'll admire you for your independence as long as they feel your motives are



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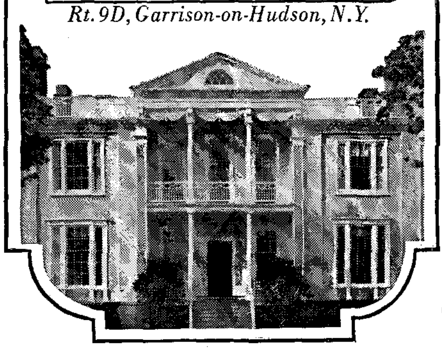

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good. This kind of change somewhat lessens the importance of money. But at the same time, campaign costs are rising grotesquely. For instance, expenditures for political time on radio and television rose seventy per cent between the 1968 and the 1970 elections, and that didn't include the production costs. If this continues, it will wipe out the gains we've made, and Congress will remain in the grip of those powerful forces that work against the best interests of the people."

ULTIMATELY, the basic question about money in politics is circular: Can enough honorable men be elected to Congress to reform the place, or will it have to be reformed before they can be elected? On this point, Vanik's chief aide, Mark Talisman, said that, like Vanik, he believes reform has to come first. "But we'll never get it unless the public demands it," he went on. "And there is no demand at all, mainly because the people don't see the importance of the issue. It's complicated, and you can't rouse people about it with a one-liner, the way you can about the war or the environment or inequality between the races. Take the kids who have got so involved in political campaigns. It apparently has never occurred to them that this key flaw in the system could be changed, and that once it was, the whole system would change. Instead, they're trying to work within the system as it now operates, and to see if they can make their voices and energy equal bags of gold. It's a pity, in a way, but, even so, it's worked to some degree. For instance, the kids who got involved with Gene McCarthy and then moved on to work with outfits like the Princeton Movement for a New Congress failed to reach the goals they set in the last election but they didn't fail anywhere near as much as the press claimed. Of course, the Princeton operation was an unfair example for the press to concentrate on, because it was naïvely run. Academics are usually futile creatures in the political world unless they have good advice. But take the Universities National Anti-War Fund, run by Jule Charney, of M.I.T. They got advice from the National Committee for an Effective Congress, and they assessed themselves part of their salaries and collected a hundred and forty-five thousand dollars. Not only did they make this money available to the right candidates but, with the N.C.E.C.'s help, they made it available at the right times. Or take the Friends of the Earth. Last year, they published a list called 'The Dirty Dozen,' which included the twelve worst House members from an anti-pollution viewpoint. The list was published by editorial writers around the country, and money poured in to help the Dirty Dozen's opponents at election time. Nine of the twelve were defeated. In all, the kids and the academics worked hard in eighteen races. There were only fifty or sixty of them involved in each race, or a total of around a thousand, but, by the time they were through, something like a hundred and fifty years of seniority here had gone down the drain. And you have to take into account some of the other races where the incumbent lost in the primary even though the kids' candidate didn't finally get elected, because seniority was destroyed there, too. This crowd took the place of a crucial amount of money in the campaign to oust Congressman Fallon, the chairman of the Public Works Committee. And his defeat frightened the other members of the committee so much that now they're talking ecology part of the time instead of pork barrel all of the time. Without the kids' help, the SST would never have been defeated, either."

Even more important, in Talisman's opinion, is what he sees as a substantial change in the minds of American voters in the past few years. "For the first time, issues have become really important in politics," he said, "and as a result voters have a far more direct relationship with their representatives. In the old days, no one besides the special-interest people cared about what a congressman did. But now a lot of people care, and they are determined to have an impact, because they have finally come to see what effect the men they send here have on their everyday lives. One result is that today a liberal can represent a conservative area in a way that he never could have before. The reason is that while the people are still conservative, they are deeply concerned about the problems that require liberal solutions. Pollution control is a good example. The people are less determined now to preserve free enterprise than they are to preserve a decent environment, so they are for more control of industry in a way that they never would have been a few years back. Take the League of Women Voters. Ten years ago, they were mostly Republicans. But now the league is issue-oriented, not party-oriented. Ladies from the League used to be satisfied if a congressman gave them a pat on the back and a flag that had been flown on top of the Capitol for a few minutes. Now these women have pitchforks in their hands, because their homes and the well-being of their families are threatened. They've had a terrific impact on Congress. Members know that these women are looking over their shoulders every minute. Then add Common Cause, Ralph Nader, conservationists, wiser academics, cleaner labor, and you have a huge lobby for the people. They don't work just at election time, either. They're at it year round, year in and year out. And every one of their successes brings in more clean money and instills more fear in the hearts of those who rely on dirty money. If they don't lose their seats as a result of these groups' attempts to oust them, at least they are forced to act more in the public interest in order to protect themselves. The one great hope is that the kids and the professors and the women and the clean-money people will get together and demand the only campaign reform that will work: government financing for all Presidential and congressional campaigns."

IN 1956, the Senate held hearings on the evils of campaign financing, and after a mere ten years Congress took the first step to remedy the widespread, and criminal, abuses it had uncovered. To the surprise of most members, the initial move was for public financing of campaigns, and, to their utter amazement, it was made by Senator Long, who proposed that taxpayers be allowed to indicate on their income-tax returns whether they wanted a dollar deducted from their taxes and set aside in a pool that would be divided among Presidential candidates to finance their campaigns. The proposal was thought to have no chance of enactment when Long unexpectedly attached it to the 1966 tax bill—a measure that finally had so many amendments tacked on to it, most of them on behalf of special interests, that it was called "the Christmas-tree bill." But Long's amendment was approved by the Senate, retained by the House, where most of the other favors were lopped off, and supported by the conference committee. However, the act called for further enabling legislation the following session, and Congress failed to provide it, so the law lapsed without being used.

Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien, who had been campaign manager for John Kennedy in 1960 and for Johnson in 1964, and Califano, President Johnson's top aide, had be-

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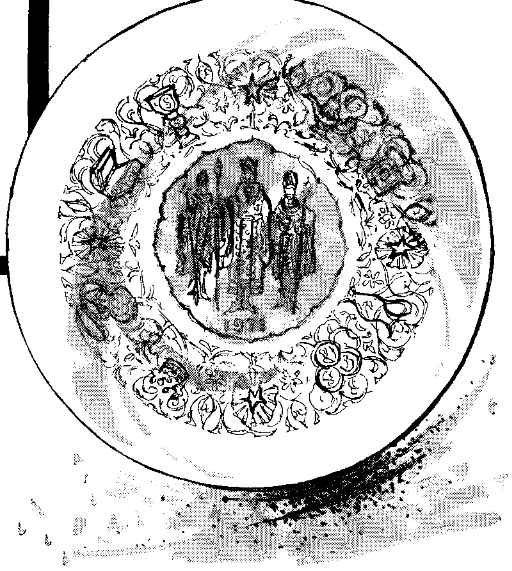

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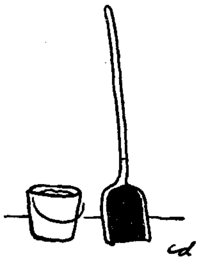
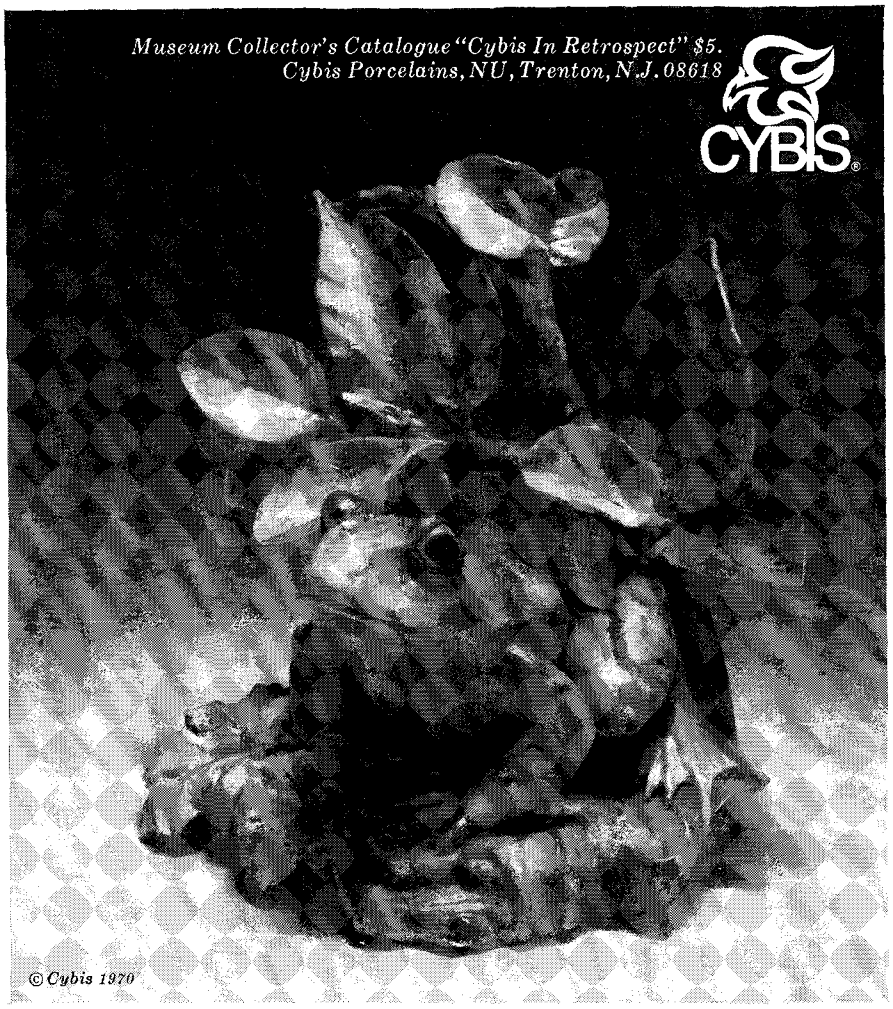
come convinced that some form of public financing was essential, and they persuaded the President to send a special message on the subject to Congress in the spring of 1967. Nothing happened, chiefly because members of Congress had become aware of the dangers to their incumbencies in such a plan; moreover, business interests didn't want the kind of reform that would loosen their hold over officeholders, and the unions, which pretended to support reform, did nothing to attain it. "The top men in the A.F.L.-C.I.O. say they're with us all the way," one leader of the reform movement said recently. "But they won't even pick up the phone when we ask for help."



Although no legislative change finally came about as a result of Long's bill or President Johnson's plea, the discussion surrounding both had a stirring effect on one outsider—George E. Agree, who had been director of the National Committee for an Effective Congress for the preceding fourteen years, and who, along with Bayard Rustin, was about to set up an outfit called the Committee for the Democratic Process, to work for reform in and out of government and to raise campaign funds for what they regarded as public-interest candidates. "When Long pulled off his coup in 1966, my first reaction was one of horror," Agree recalled not long ago. "I felt that for the government to decide who should get money in what proportions was extremely anti-democratic, because it would make the existing distribution of power unshakable for good. But the episode stimulated a lot of fresh thinking among those of us who were deeply concerned about campaign financing. Until then, we had assumed that nothing would ever be done in the way of true reform. We knew that our election system has been the same since the birth of the Republic and that none of the laws passed in this field had ever changed things in any way except cosmetically. Basically, we now finance political campaigns in this country through private, voluntary contributions. No one can object to the voluntary aspect. But the private aspect is, first, undemocratic, because private people don't all have the same means, and, second, it's highly conducive to corruption. And the corruption is so endemic that it's scandalous. Even the honest men are corrupted—usually by and for the major economic-interest groups and the wealthy individuals who together largely dominate campaign financing. Look at my own operation, which depends entirely on disinterested money, as far as that is possible in this interested world. While our average contribution is only sixteen dollars, our average contributor is in the upper-ten-per-cent income bracket. So his interests are bound to be different from the average voter's. The theory behind the system this country now has is that the only pressures on members of Congress are the views of their constituents. That simply is not true. Every member is coerced throughout his term of office by the pressing need to get campaign funds. And his contributors are rarely the same as his constituency. Take blacks. They constitute one-tenth of the population, but they give less than one-twentieth of one per cent of all campaign funds. So, like other poor people, their only influence is their vote, which normally isn't enough to overcome well-heeled special interests."

Agree went on to say, "The fact that this system is both undemocratic and corrupting has never been clear enough to the people to cause any substantive modification—or, for that matter, even any strong movement for modification. In most ways, our society is moving ahead—to end a mistaken war, to reduce racism, to preserve the environment, to protect the consumer, to aid the ignorant and unwary who run afoul of the law, and to create greater opportunity everywhere. But in this part of our system—the most fundamental part—we are standing still. Most of the interest in reform on the part of politicians in recent years can be traced to the fact that this undemocratic and corrupt system of financing campaigns is developing a new failing: it is now threatening to become inadequate to meet the rising costs. As a result, politicians are more and more inclined to consider limits on campaign expenditures very attractive. But limits have nothing to do with the basic flaw in the system. They might ease the burden somewhat, but they would not reform anything. In fact, they would make matters worse, because they would favor the class in power by protecting its representatives—that is, the incumbents. The real confusion lies in the difference between campaign financing and campaign costs. When the average citizen thinks about it, if he does at all, he's interested in financing—he wants to know where the money comes from, where it goes, and what is bought with it. But the politician, facing a campaign, is primarily interested in how much the campaign costs. What all of us should be interested in is the question: Does every citizen have equal influence?"

The plan Agree favors for reform is simple, promising, and democratic—and it has almost no support, largely because it would change the basic power alliances in this country more than all the other reform proposals combined. The plan was suggested by Agree shortly after the Long amendment was enacted, and it was introduced in Congress the following year by Senator Lee Metcalf, Democrat of Montana. "After Long's amazing coup, I realized that every proposal made so far for public financing changed private money to public money, which is a good thing, but in leaving it up to the government to apportion the money it also changed voluntary to involuntary, which is a bad thing," Agree explained. "That's the key concept. There is no equitable way of leaving it up to the government to determine which candidate would get what sum of money. Again the system would reflect the existing power distribution. Finally, late in 1966, an idea came to me—a system in which the government puts up the money but the voters decide who gets it. Essentially, the plan is based on vouchers. The government puts up a certain amount of money and then distributes vouchers worth, say, a dollar apiece to all registered voters—one voucher each for Presidential, Senate, and House candidates. The vouchers would be turned in by the voters to their favorite candidates, who would submit them to the government, along with itemized bills for approved campaign expenditures up to the same amount. The government would then pay the bills. The voucher plan—one man, one buck—is the only approach offered so far that preserves both the public part and the voluntary part, and it would have a tremendous democratizing effect by forcing candidates to go to the grass roots for the money and talk to the people." The chief trouble with the plan, Agree went on, is that, because it would bring about a fundamental change in control over politicians, it would engender the most overpowering opposition by the most powerful forces. That would make it next to impossible to persuade any legislature, from Congress to a state assembly, to enact the program. However, unlike other reform proposals, the voucher plan would not have to be approved by a legislature before it was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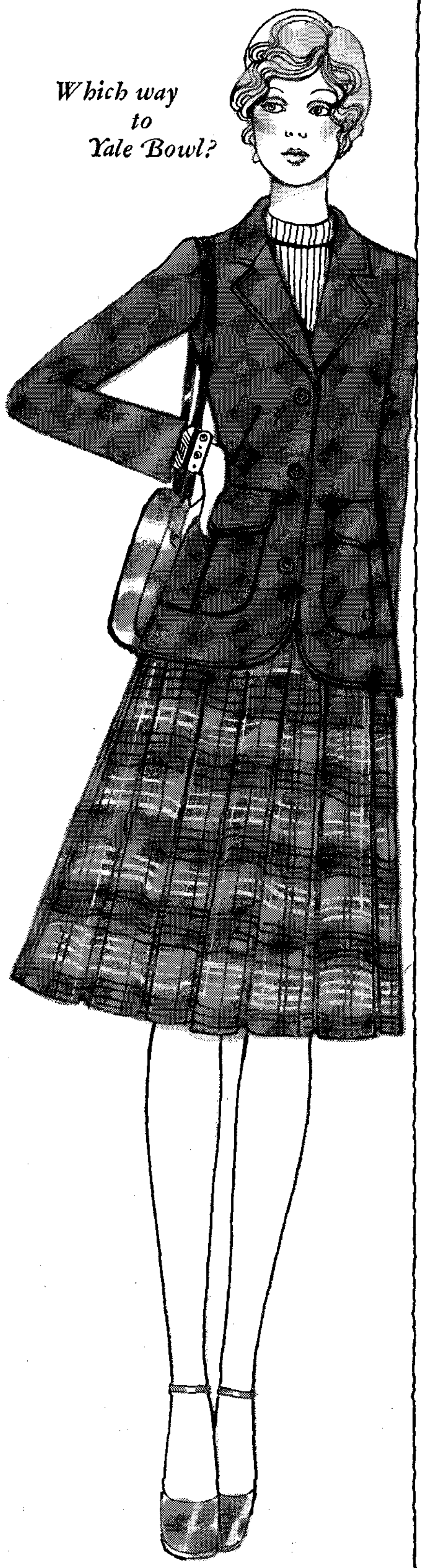

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tried out. Agree hopes to set up a private organization and to put the voucher program to the test in a gubernatorial election within the next few years.

"I think there is perhaps one chance out of twenty that we could get the funds for this and one chance out of five that the test would be fair enough to prove the plan's worth and ultimately get it adopted nationwide," Agree said. "So there would be one chance out of a hundred that it would finally work. But I'm going to take that chance. Since there has been so much corruption and so much abuse of the people's democratic rights for nearly two hundred years, I don't think we have very much hope. But I *know* we have to try. Before I die, I'd like to see these undemocratic methods of buying nominations and elections scrapped—and those who provide the private money, including fund-raisers like me, put out of business. If democracy is to survive in any meaningful form in this country, we have to work this thing out—and soon."

—Richard Harris

•

FLYING TIME

The man in the seat in front
is bald. As he reclines
his shining pate toward me,
I look up from the map
on my knee and read into his head
the red veins that connect
St. Louis with Chicago,
Phoenix with Washington.
A coastline of gray hair surrounds
his neat, skintight America,
luminous, like a mirror.
I cannot see his face
but might catch sight of my own,
might face my alien
and anxious eyes. Does he
hold an America in his head,
and is the man behind
reading the back of *my* head?
My hair obscures my mind.
The seat belt sign is on.
The sky is letting us down.
What waits on the ground?
Some solid, sure America,
prepared to take us in
from the nowhere of the air,
bald, mad, lost as we are?

—Alastair Reid

•

"Rock festivals are not actually dens of inquiry as played up in the newspapers, at least not any more than in your own neighborhoods," Vaughn said.—*Seattle Times*.

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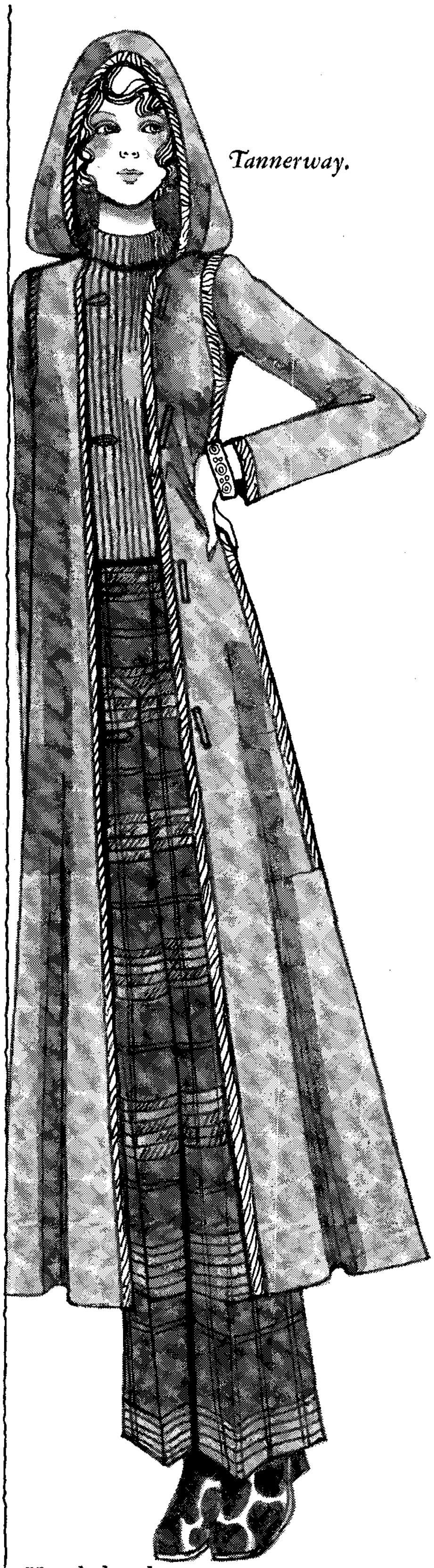

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OUR friendly movie loon was pushing a friendly doctor in the chest with her forefinger. In the friendliest possible way, on Broadway at Forty-seventh Street.

“So I went to ‘Willard,’ ” she said dolorously, “and it said on the marquee ‘THIS IS NOT A FILM TO SEE ALONE!!!’ It says so in the advertisements, too. The ones with the rat looking at you.”

“So?” said the doctor, who was not so much movie loon as movie lover.

“Well, I did go on my own,” said the movie loon, who was generally not so grumbly—generally rapt by all flicks to a point of ungregarious and happy barminess, in fact—“because you wouldn’t come, and nobody else would come, either. And there I was last night ALONE!!!—at Broadway and Ninety-fifth Street.”

“It’s a dangerous area,” said the doctor anxiously.

“Rats!” she said. “I mean, rubbish. The only trouble was that nobody would come with me. Every one of you said you couldn’t seem to fancy a horror film about a plague of rats.”

“Did you?”

“Well, it wasn’t particularly horrible. Not by present standards. I turned my head away a lot less often than usual. I just got *bored*, sitting on my own in a dead-empty theatre on the upper West Side, with the only other people a lot of seven-year-olds running around buying orange drinks at eleven o’clock at night, Parental Guidance Suggested but no parents visible. The children were all on their own, too, I mean. In spite of what it said outside. A message that was quite right in terms of sociability, leaving aesthetics out of it.”

“Perhaps the manager put that up on the marquee because *he* gets easily scared and didn’t want to see the picture alone himself. Did he look easily scared?”

“As I said, though, it wasn’t really a horror movie about a rat plague at all. It was about a young man who falls in love with a particular rat called Queenie. I think he couldn’t relate, or something. But it seemed a healthy sign that it was a mature woman rat. The boy had a bossy mum. Profoundly batty. Elsa Lanchester sitting in bed and shrieking possessive questions when her son turns up in her bedroom with the tail of a boy rat called Socrates sticking out of his trouser pocket.”

“I was well out of that one,” said the doctor cheerily.

“I wondered if you’d like to come to ‘Johnny Got His Gun’ with me,” she said.

He looked at his watch, in the polite way that members of the professions alone can achieve, and said, “What’s it about?”

“It’s an anti-war film by Dalton Trumbo about a Johnny called Joe, who has no legs and no arms and no face.”

The doctor turned his head away, and took the arm of the movie loon and moved her into a bar, because she looked pale herself.

“Must have been a difficult part to cast,” he said, trying a little bad taste to revive them.

“No—it’s all done voice-over, except for the flashbacks before the war. Before the First World War,” said the movie loon. “In the hospital scenes, the only thing you see is a sort of gauze cake cover where the head has to be, to save the makeup dilemma, and a sheet draped over a bed guard.”

“How do you know if you haven’t been yet?”

“I was going to it again.”

“*Again?*”

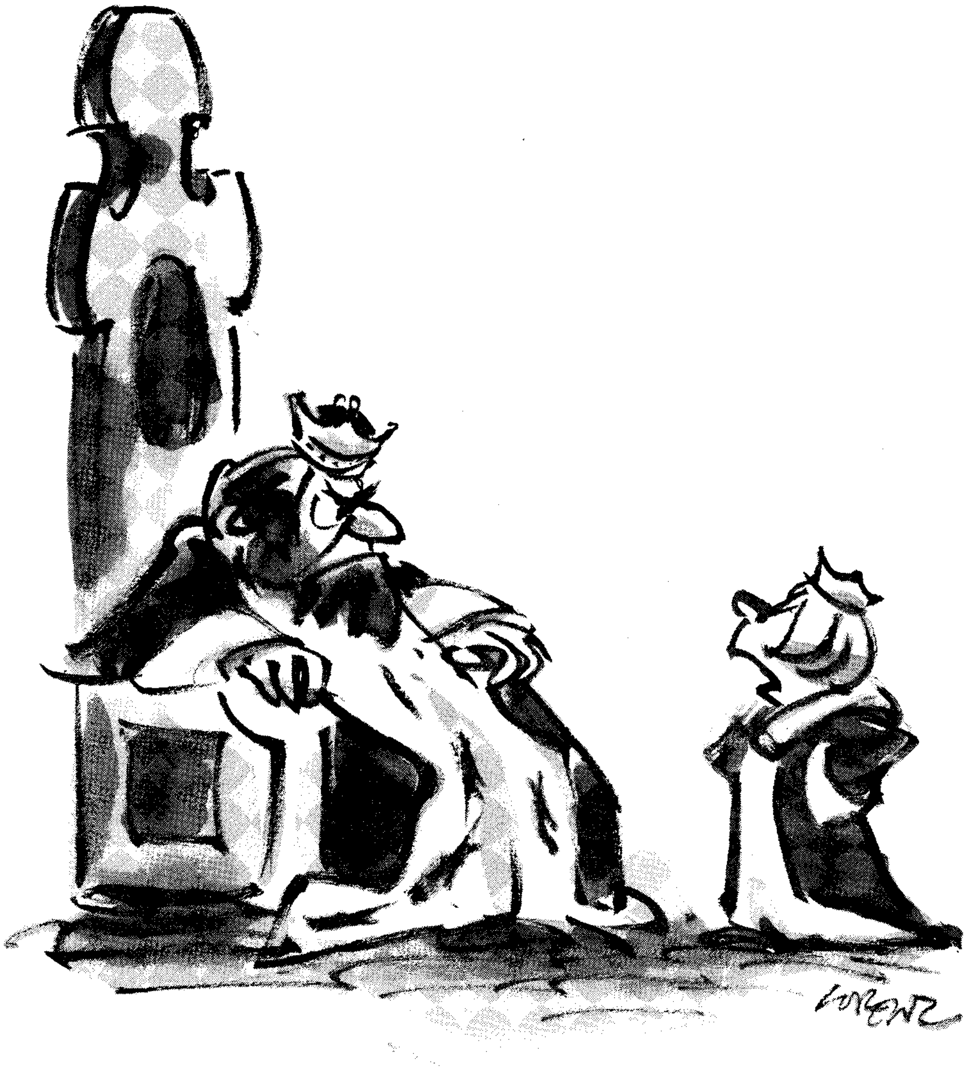
“The first time I kept nearly passing out, and I can’t tell if it was because of the medical stuff or because Dalton Trumbo is a bit like ether.”

“And you’re asking me to come to it. Like ether how?”

“You know—heavy. Sweet. Like old Woolworth’s scent that someone’s left behind in a rented house. You’ve had ether.”

“No, I’d never let them do that to me,” said the doctor. “And you know I can’t bear thinking about amputations.”

“I don’t know—you might like this. It’s an *anti*-amputation film. Really more of an anti-amputation film than an anti-war film. One gets so that one hardly thinks about what’s under the sheet. Much less than Trumbo



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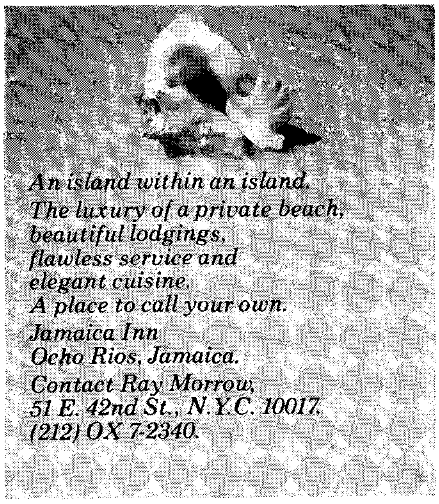

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does, in fact. He seems to have on his mind all the time that Joe still has what the lecturing surgeons at the beginning call his organs. I have a bad feeling that that's what the title half means."

"If so, Trumbo ought to be put in the corner."

"Well, he wrote the book a long time ago. In 1938."

"Chaucer was a hell of a lot longer ago than that, and he was lewd, but not that coy sort of lewd. What else does Trumbo go and do? I can tell there's something else."

"Jason Robards is Joe's father in the flashbacks, and there's a purple scene when Joe gets into a state about having lost his fishing rod, or his father's fishing rod. I can't remember which."

"It would make a lot of difference."

"Why? It was a terrible scene, either way."

"Freudianly."

"Ah. I only thought the scene was terrible because it was soppy. That's why I'd better go again, you see. There may be lots of things that I missed. There may be more to it than I think."

"Less?"

"Trumbo was persecuted by the House Un-American Activities Committee. He had a poor time. He sounds a gentle man."

"That doesn't necessarily make the book any good. Where's the anti-war statement in the picture?"

"The boy does a Morse-code message in head nods saying that he wants to be put on display at a carnival to show people what war is like, and the Army doctors won't allow it."

"It would have been very bad medicine," said the doctor, gazing at the movie loon. "Are you all right? You look wan."

"It's the movies."

"The darkness."

"No, the badness."

"Is there anyone *nice* in this movie?"

"There's a nice nurse. She lifts up the sheet over the bed-guard thing, and the boy suddenly feels a tear dropping onto his skin."

"It's not like you to fall for garbage."

"Well, it did make me look away, that bit, because the vulgarity seemed fairly hideous, but afterward I thought I'd been looking away so often that it might have turned into a tic. Then there's a scene when the nurse sort of makes love to the boy. She's the first kind person he's met. Earlier on, she was the only one who realized he had a brain left. She wrote a message on

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his chest with her finger in big capital letters."

"What was the message?"

" 'Merry Christmas.' "

"Good Christ. In the circumstances," said the doctor.

"Actually, I misread the first word while she was doing it and thought she was going to write 'Marry me.' It would have been more decent. The film *can't* be as silly as I remember."

LATER that day, the movie loon had a telegram from an eminent scholar living in the country who got bored sometimes with Sanskrit and liked horror pictures. "Is 'Willard' any good?" said the telegram. The movie loon gave careful and unusually astringent thought to the question, and wired back, "Not up to 'The Green Slime.' "

"WOULD you like to come to see 'Shaft' with me?" she said to a cabdriver who had told her he was a moviegoer. "It's a detective picture. Gordon Parks directed it."

"I went," he said, looking around at her kindly. "It's a white hype."

"Do you happen to know where the DeMille Theatre is?" she asked a Broadway theatre doorman. "It's playing 'Shaft.' "

"That's the French theatre on Seventh," he said, peering at her over spectacles. "I don't think you should go there alone. Not at night."

"Would you like to come to see 'Shaft'?" an etymologist said to her at last. "I'm interested in whether it's slipping in a use of 'shaft' in the demotic sense."

"I expect so," said the movie loon. "It's M-G-M, and I think they think they're hitting the black public where it helps box-office. Being daring."

"The most cohesive audience since the Depression."

"I know," said the movie loon. "I realized that with 'Sweet Sweetback' a month or two ago, but when Gordon Parks, of *Life* and all that, tumbles to it, you get something different from 'Sweetback.' 'Sweetback' was made in a rage."

They went to "Shaft." They could talk to each other without getting shushed by the people behind, which was an accomplishment of the film's. Not since the forties, thought the etymologist.

"Do you think Richard Roundtree's handsome?" said the etymologist, eating popcorn while the private-detective Harlem hero gunned down an enemy or two and floored Dr. Watson-like white-stooge higher-ups by his command of a style in nursery repartee that kept the theatre rocking.

"Yes," said the movie loon. "Though he's a slightly lousy actor, isn't he?"

"The worst part is all the shiny-magazine photography," said the etymologist. "No, I'm wrong—the worst part is the dialogue. Sam Spade gone unctuous."

"I like being able to understand the plot," said the movie loon. "Though it's not up to much, is it? How long is it since either of us read Sherlock Holmes?"

They thought about "The Speckled Band."

"Oh, I see," said the movie loon, coming to and watching more of the plot. "What they're doing is rather crafty. They're saying in this scene that the big fight in New York today is between Harlem and the Mafia. They're shoving the race thing under the carpet, because the Mafia is a smaller ticket-buying group to lose than the whole white population."

Afterward, the movie loon said, "What a vile movie."

The etymologist was telling her about Old High German and Old Norse roots of "shaft." "Also Old English," he said.

"Also New American Movie Industry," she said.

"We're talking about different things at the same time," he said.

"Yes," she said. "But we're both listening to each other. That's what the talkies sometimes don't seem to understand yet. People who know each other talk in monologues stuck together. But then suddenly there are good films. . . . Perhaps the industry will go up in smoke for a week or two before things begin again, and everything will be all right. A couple of months ago, I thought the best might have happened to us when I saw a headline in *Variety* saying, 'ONE ACTOR HURT, WHOLE INDUSTRY SHUTS DOWN.' But it was in Bangkok. The leading Bangkok actor was due to star in twenty-eight films that month—*twenty-eight*—and he crashed in his Alfa Romeo while he was trying to avoid a charcoal cart. I like his having an Alfa Romeo. Think if things were like that here. Think of a rat horror picture, an ugh pacifist picture, and a bandwagon race picture staved off by a broken ankle single-handed."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

He earned his law degree at the University of Chicago Law School and is a summer cum laude.—*Congregation Beth Emeth Bulletin, Albany, N.Y.*

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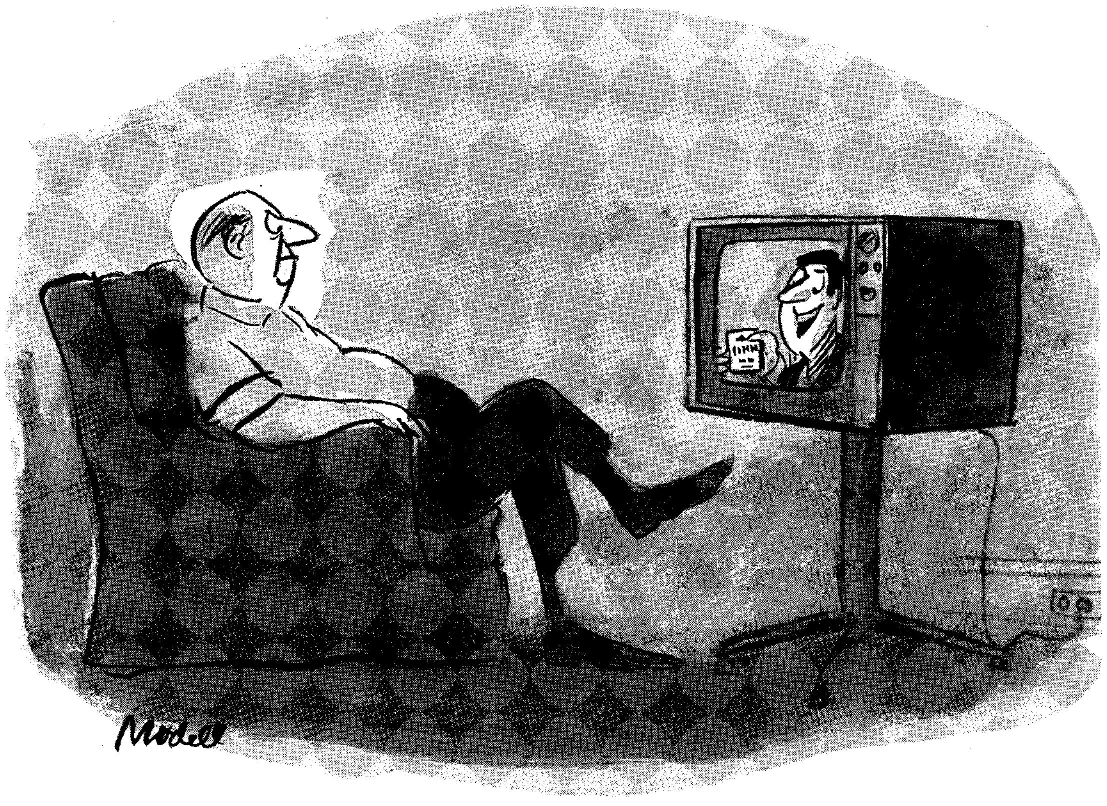
LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 28

IT sometimes seems possible, this argumentative summer of the Common Market, that by the time the Members of Parliament get back to Westminster in October to cast their final votes, they and everybody else will have talked themselves into total exhausted silence. At the moment, despite the growing fatalistic conviction with which many citizens declare that none of it makes much odds, since the Government will take Britain into Europe anyway, the verbal battle is pounding away on all levels, public and private. On Monday, the House of Commons ended a four-day debate "to take note," in the cautious Parliamentary phrase, of the White Paper setting out the terms of entry agreed upon between Britain and the Six. As a result of their own scrutiny of the document, or of the shorter, more easily digested version that was available in post offices—to the indignation of the Opposition, which claimed that a nationalized service was distributing party propaganda—many hitherto doubtful wobblers appeared to make up their minds, and sent the opinion polls tipping slightly in favor of going in. Large numbers of British, however, continue to feel that the deal is still unfair to New Zealand farmers and to various special sections of the community here at home, such as the fishermen, who have been protesting angrily over the prospect of foreign boats' fishing in their jealously guarded home waters, and the fruit farmers, pessimistic as to what will happen to their livelihood when all the Community orchards, and not only Kent, become the garden of England.

The Commons was crowded for the debate, with every nook and cranny filled, and Members standing at the far end of the House peering over one another's shoulders when the speakers whom everybody wanted to hear rose to their feet. During the second day, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham, abandoned his woolsack and his wig for a while to come over from the upper house and sit, with his folded arms clamped to the Peers' Gallery rail and his chin clamped to his arms, gazing down absorbed into the chamber that, as Quintin Hogg, he had often thrown into a roar. The day of the orator and the spellbinder has gone, at least for the moment, and nobody threw the House into that kind of roar. The Prime Minister, opening the debate, gave a carefully cool performance on what, as he made clear, was a great and moving occasion for him—the first stages of realizing a passionately and consistently held ambition. Yet when he spoke of having had precisely the same feelings about entry into Europe ten years ago and four and a half years ago (when the previous British attempts foundered against an immovable object across the Channel) that he has today, some of the intent listeners in the Public Gallery possibly glanced to where Mr. Wilson's small, stocky shape was slumped down on the Opposition front bench amid his Shadow Cabinet. The comparison was what won the election for Mr. Heath, many feel, and in the long run it may again be important. As the debate went on, too many speakers made too much and too gleeful use of chunks of Mr. Wilson's former statesmanlike utterances on Britain's hopes of helping to build a new Europe, embedded ready to hand in the columns of *Hansard*. Mr. Heath used a few quotes, too. But he slipped them in so neatly that the vocal minority of Labour backbenchers occasionally took the bait, getting ready to hoot some glowing pro-Europe pronouncement—which had been made, of course, the Prime Minister would then observe mildly, by the present leader of the Opposition.

The real interest and curiosity of the debate was to find out how Mr. Wilson would justify his about-turn maneuver. It is true that in the days of his apparent conversion to the idea of being the Prime Minister who would perhaps go down in history as having led Britain into Europe there were skeptics who doubted whether a recantation was not possible at some politically convenient moment in the future. The damage done to his credibility now has been immense. Recently, he had put on record so persistently his saving clause "only if the terms are right" that many people failed to see how he could maintain this position in the face of the immediate frank declaration of those members of his former administration—they included Lord George-Brown, his Foreign Secretary, and Mr. George Thompson, his negotiator in Brussels—that the 1971 terms looked indeed incontestably right to them. Yet he managed to do so, and since the majority of Labour opinion in the country



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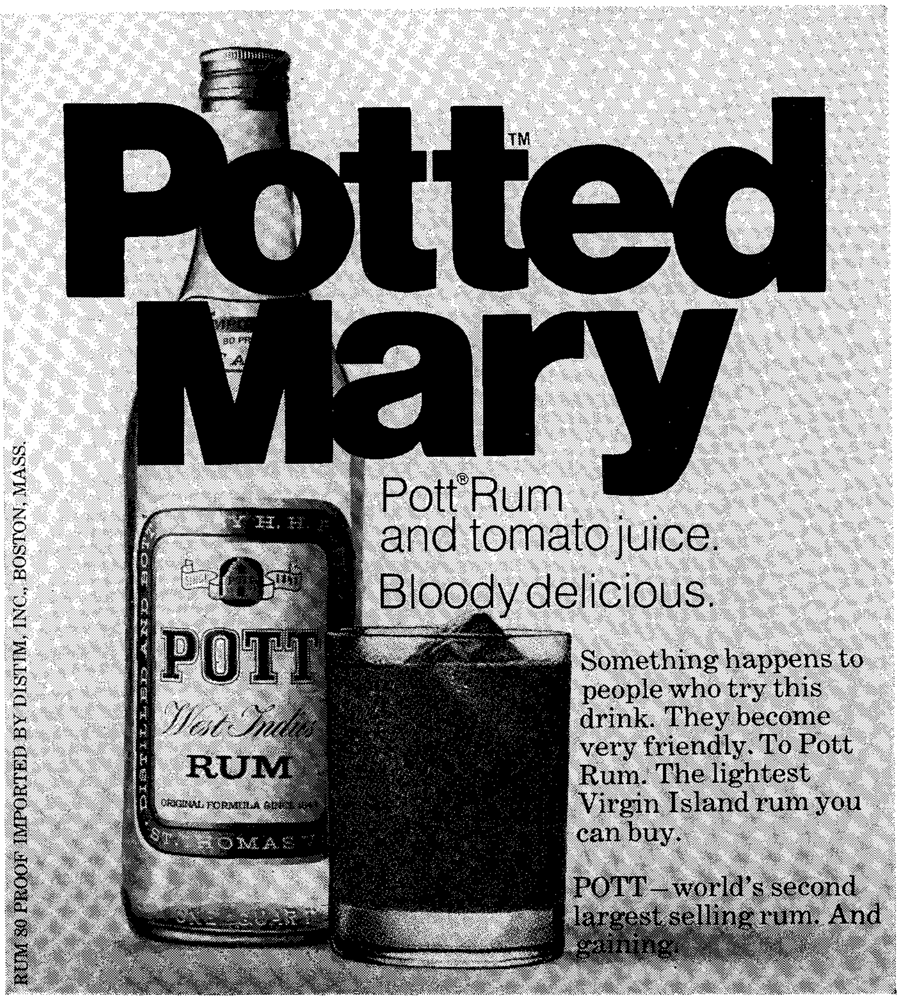
is clearly against Europe on any terms at all, his decision was doubtless a shrewd stroke of Party management. Less complimentary terms were used in practically all the press comment—always barring the Beaverbrook papers, which have gunned against the Common Market from the start and now find themselves in unusual alliance with the leader of the Opposition. Mr. Wilson's speech in the Commons was extremely poor, by everybody's count. His principal argument for finding the terms set out in the White Paper not good enough seemed to be the production of some reminiscences of confidential conversations (or so his various hosts possibly thought them at the time) that he and Lord George-Brown had had with their opposite numbers in the Common Market capitals when they went off on a little exploratory European trip in 1967. While the faces of Roy Jenkins, Labour's deputy leader, and the other pro-Market men on his front bench remained stonily expressionless, he offered these trivial souvenirs to the House like holiday snapshots, somewhat muzzy and unfinished, to be sure, but purporting to show that he and his colleague had insisted on New Zealand's being given a better deal than the one Mr. Rippon secured this year. As evidence, it was almost laughable stuff, and Lord George-Brown, an unwavering European man, dealt robustly with it when the House of Lords had its Common Market debate this week.

While Mr. Wilson spoke, reporters in the Press Gallery smothered occasional yawns. It was rather a melancholy occasion to those of us who remembered the not so distant days when there would have been a scurry from the press tearoom to listen to the most devastating Parliamentary performer of them all. Certainly the gist of what he appeared to be saying will sound like coherent enough marching orders to the almost unanimously opposed big battalions of the trade unions, which will give him an ovation and a thundering bloc-vote "No!" at the Party conference in October. But Britain's entry is going to be decided in the House of Commons by the elected representatives of the people. It is doubtful if its leader's performance last week notably brought joy to the Parliamentary Labour Party, or halted the slow but steady movement of public opinion outside. If the long debate contributed anything fresh, it was the striking way in which the anti-Market speeches sounded somewhat negative—full of warnings from the past and elderly dislike of any change—while the pro-Market M.P.s were the ones who



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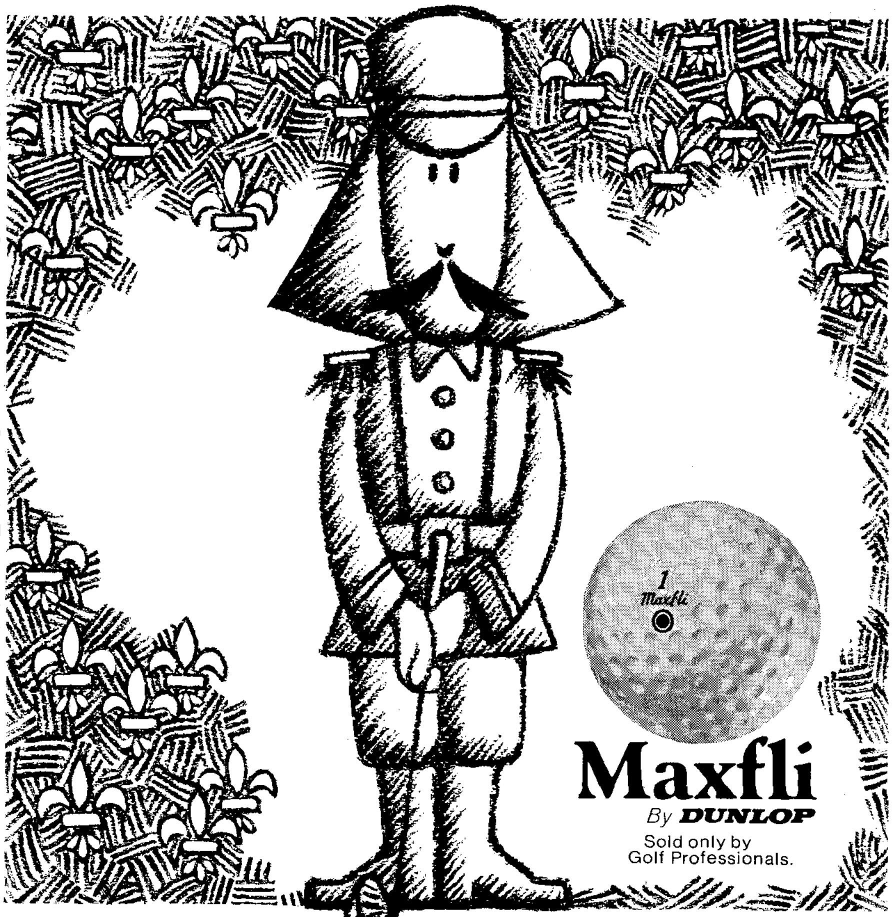

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made most of the vigorous running. Mr. Roy Jenkins opened the second day with a speech that was a triumph for him and for the Europeans on both sides of the House. It was his eagerly awaited first public pronouncement since he broke silence last month and incensed many in his party by stating that he saw no honest reason for opting out of the commitment to Europe made in good faith in 1967. "The question we all have to ask ourselves," he said at one point in it, "is whether we really think we can live in the world today, and, still more, in the future, on our own—or do we believe we can greatly increase our influence and power over decisions which inevitably affect us directly by participating in those decisions?" He kept turning half round as he spoke, as though particularly anxious to address his own backbenchers. When he sat down, after a peroration that offered the first large, imaginative perspective of history to the debate, cheers came from both sides of the House. The Labour left wing is loudly demanding his resignation as deputy leader, and will try to bring him down, if it can, at the autumn conference. It seems like old times to thoughtful citizens who remember other occasions when Labour looked like tearing itself apart with bitter fraternal strife. Mr. Wilson, who has candidly said that he puts the unity of the Party above everything, may find the way hard.

FAR removed from the Parliamentarians, the public voice is being lifted in Common Market meetings all over the place. This writer attended one the other evening in the borough hall of Godalming, a small town in the commuter area of Surrey. It is in a Conservative constituency, and the meeting was being addressed by its M.P., Mr. Maurice Macmillan, who is First Secretary to the Treasury and a dedicated pro-Market man, but some of the audience arrived armed with notes and had the air of being prepared, party or no party, to ask critical questions. They were mostly middle-aged couples of townsfolk, with some obvious City types, accompanied by their ladies in summer prints. Although the young are popularly supposed to favor the Common Market, being the generation that will benefit most from it, there were not many of them there. Mr. Macmillan, a good-looking man of fifty who much resembles his father, Harold Macmillan, stood straight as a Guardsman on the platform and made a forceful short talk. When the chairman asked for questions, arms waved aloft all over the hall. Their owners gave, on the whole, a good composite picture of the fears of vast numbers of citizens, in all the parties, who dread the idea of losing their British individuality along with the good old British mile and the honest British pint at the local, and being forced to go along with decisions not made in London. Many of the questions dealt with the possible loss of sovereignty, and Mr. Macmillan answered them calmly and clearly. Another section of the audience was worried that "large numbers of poorer Europeans," as one man put it, would be swarming in to live and overtax the health services. Mr. Macmillan said briskly that he did not see anything in British wages or conditions to bring them here (several people looked astonished at the notion that Neapolitan slum dwellers would not be on their toes to head for Godalming), and, as for the health services, foreign visitors were already entitled to use them, of course. An earnest man read from a prepared statement—he explained later that he had forwarded copies to the Queen, Prince Philip, and the Lord Chief Justice—protesting against the obvious intention of the Government and Parliament to carry the electors into the European community without giving them a chance to vote by a referendum. There were approving noises in the hall for this, a referendum having a lot of popular support. At least, a young woman cried truculently, the Government ought to allow its M.P.s a free vote, instead of clapping on a three-line whip, as it intends to do. Mr. Macmillan observed that M.P.s would still be free to follow their consciences and vote against the whip without being expelled from the Party. He added that Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden, Harold Macmillan, and many others had all voted rebelliously against the whip in their time, but the answer did not seem entirely to convince some of the audience. At the end, Mr. Macmillan was loudly applauded—this was a very polite meeting—and pro- and anti-Marketeers, still tangled in argument, clattered out into the narrow street and headed for home.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

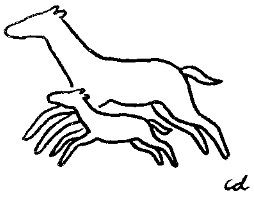
About all that remained after the large group had made its exodus toward home was a dish partially filled with apple sauce, a brown sweater, a maroon sweater and five pounds of butter, some of which will be used at the next picnic in three weeks.—*Huntington (Pa.) Daily News.*

It'll need mayonnaise to lift it up.

THE RACE TRACK

Getaway

THE season on Long Island, which came in like a lion on a cold wave last March 8th, went out like a waterlogged tortoise on a rainy heat wave last weekend. Four favorites won, but I am sure that few in the crowd of forty-five thousand noticed. Twice in the past four years, Fort Marcy had won the Tidal Handicap, the main event of the final afternoon at the Big A, and I hoped he'd have another go at it this year, but he was getting ready to go to the Spa. Instead, Elliott Burch, who trains him for the Rokeby Stable, sent out Run the Gantlet, who not only obliged but skipped over the soft, rain-soaked turf in such style that it looks as if the stable may have another Fort Marcy. The only three-year-old among the eleven runners, he wore down Royal Harmony, who had entered the stretch with a three-length lead, and passed the post four lengths to the good. On the Track was third. After Run the Gantlet won the Garden State Stakes last autumn, he was fancied for the spring classics, but, for one reason or another, he didn't click. Then, one day last June, Burch tried him on the grass, and it seemed his holt, as the horsemen say.



THE Sapling Stakes at Monmouth last weekend was nip and tuck between Chevron Flight and Chauffeur for most of the six furlongs. In the last fifty yards or so, the former got his head in front. King of Cornish was third, four lengths behind. Chevron Flight is owned by Caesar Kimmel, an executive of Kinney National Service, who bought him for $60,000 this spring. His share of the Sapling purse was $70,530. . . . And if I were handicapping the three-year-olds, I'd put Bold Reason at the top of the list. Last weekend, he added the American Derby at Arlington Park in Chicago to his winning streak, which is now five straight. Mr. Pow Wow—now, isn't *that* a name for a horse!—was second and Northfields third. Baeza, riding his first race since his mishap weeks ago, wasn't close with Gleaming.

CHARLIE WHITTINGHAM, California's leading trainer, didn't bring off the double at Hollywood Park that he was expected to. Though Cougar II looked as much a certainty for the Sunset Handicap as Ack Ack had for the Gold Cup, he was beaten by Over the Counter, a 16–1 shot, to whom he gave sixteen pounds in the two-mile gallop on the closing day of the meeting. Anyhow, California has a two-year-old—Royal Owl—who is a runner. I saw him win one race by ten, and a week later he rolled home in the Juvenile Championship, the $159,000 jackpot for the younger set. He'll probably star at Del Mar, which opened last week with a daily double that paid $5,299.20.

THERE has never been a sale of yearlings—and Diogenes Checkpoints agrees with me—comparable to the recent one at Keeneland, in Lexington. Three hundred and thirty-three young horses went under the hammer for—hold your breath—$10,581,000! Who said that racing was in a slump? Abraham Savin, a Connecticut contractor, who owns Forward Gal, paid $220,000 for a colt by Raise a Native out of Gold Digger. The next highest price was $200,000, for a filly, a half sister to Drumtop, who was bought by Henry Forrest, a trainer, for unnamed clients. Altogether, sixteen yearlings went for $100,000 or more apiece. One—just one—sold for $5,000. Leslie Combs II led the consigners. The twenty-six he bred brought $1,619,000. That's $689,150 more than the entire lot of three hundred and twelve yearlings brought at the first sale at Keeneland, in 1943.

HEIGH-HO, they're running at Saratoga—the Whitney Stakes this weekend. See you at the Red Spring! . . . But if you're going abroad, I'm told there's a race meeting somewhere in Belgium every summer at which all the runners are horses that have been ruled off the other tracks—and so have their owners, trainers, and jockeys. A horseman promised to take me sometime. If you can find it, it should be fun.

—AUDAX MINOR

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"The committee felt it was in the best interests of the Olympic movement andinordertocre-ate a uaaaaaa aaaaaaa aaaa new in est tht rottion of officers-e be mde," an executive committee spokesman said Sunday. He declined to elaborate.

—*Syracuse Herald-Journal.*

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FEMININE FASHIONS

Veteran observers agree that in many cases the absence of acceptable dress has been exceeded only by the scruffiness of the persons thus displaying themselves. *—The Southampton Press, on an amended ordinance of the Southampton Village Board of Trustees governing bathing suits, transparency, bare-chestedness, and shorts on village streets.*

IN the Hamptons, solid citizens pair pants the color of limes with jackets the color of Bloody Marys. They drive to beach clubs, where sea and sun seem willing to meet a fellow's terms, by way of tree-lined avenues as wide as potato fields. As they glide past mountainous hedges half concealing palatial cottages that rise out of emerald lawns, they may pause to wonder whether this studied flamboyance is still safely in the hands of "old money." The wives and daughters of these fair-weather villagers shop in Job's Lane, in Southampton. Here sunlight darts at briar roses on the walls of white frame houses and is checked before store windows by shady trees and black-and-white awnings. Since the days when it was considered quite as shameful as the legs of a piano, commerce has learned to wear the mask of good breeding; the street has a modest, easy charm.

Each of the shops specializes, in its own way, in *the* thing of the season. Because this thing must not violate a code of uniformity and good taste, it is often hard to see how it differs from the thing of last season, or from the similar thing to be found in the shop next door. The salesgirls in Job's Lane are masters of the lengthy fondling of the right names, and, even more than their counterparts in the city, they make it clear that they have little love of strangers. They are all deeply tanned, and some of them are frighteningly pretty. They eye customers with bitterness, knowing that these nonworking women are free to walk right out of a shop with a new bikini and wear it at once to the beach.

Voyager I is in Job's Lane, and so is Voyager II. They stand a few doors apart. The clothes at the first are American, and they are washable-and-wearable; the clothes at the second are French, and they are fashionable. No one ever rivalled the French in matters of fad, and no one ever drew up as complex a mythology of summer. In France, special songs are written about being young, in love, and in the right T-shirt in the summer, and they duly sweep the nation as the nights get warm. Some of the things being worn in France at this very moment may be picked up at Voyager II. There are T-shirts with square necks instead of round ones, and long chiffon dresses in the new murky prints on black and brown. Some of these prints flutter with what I hope are the last of the plague of butterflies the French so irresponsibly let loose this year. Here, too, is the belt that is circling a thousand Gallic hips—in fake alligator, with gilt-encircled holes the size of a silver dollar. Of course, the French have long been sneaking around in espadrilles, but they are widely available in America for the first time this summer. The ones at Voyager II come in fourteen colors and—as is not true of those you might buy elsewhere—the crescent of blanket stitching over the toe matches the color of the canvas. The shop also stocks ivory fangs and thumbnail-size clenched fists carved in ivory. These talismans are designed to hang round the neck on fake-gold chains, and they are catching on wildly in some circles. Voyager II has the original French versions, and the imitations by Kenneth Jay Lane. This designer of fake-gold costume jewelry inspires great devotion among women who like to feel that they are moving ahead in a completely static field. He is known to his followers as Kenny Lane.

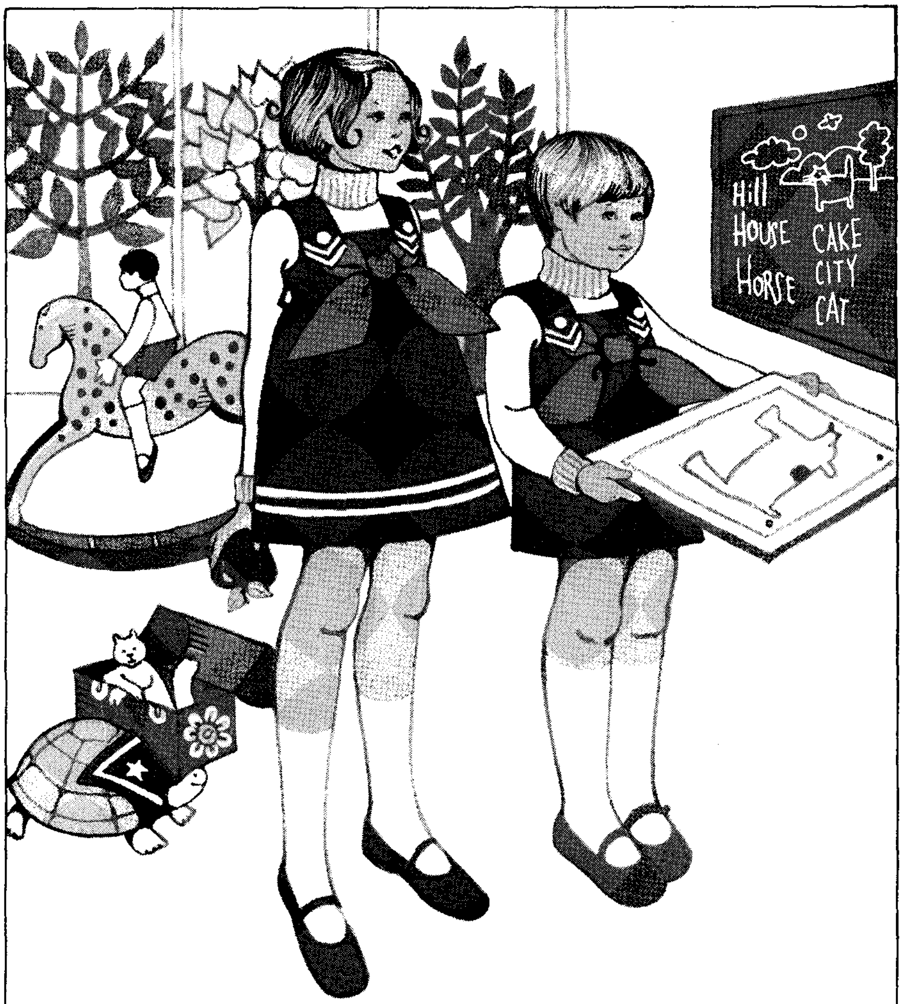
As a test of Berkeleian principles, I have not dwelt on dun-colored safari suits in recent months. But, far from ceasing to exist, the wretched, bulky things have become all the rage. I mention them here only because De Noyer, a Job's Lane boutique that also deals in European imports, has a black one, alongside boring beige ones, that is washable, and whose pleated breast pockets button with a greater subtlety than most. It is surprisingly distinguished. So, in its flimsy way, is a shorts suit with a long-sleeved battle jacket,

in a paper-thin satin and in lingerie colors. But here, too, we are in a shrine to *the* thing—in this case, trousers made specially for the shop by the French firm of New Man, purveyors of aristocratic jeans. They can be worn by both men and women without being an advertisement of either sex. (This year's cut is almost imperceptibly different from last year's.) There can be few wives in this community who are recklessly female enough to inspire "My God, you surely don't think you're going *out* in that." There can be even fewer husbands who care enough to murmur, "I see your De Noyer pants have a slightly higher waistband this summer, dear."

If you separate the gimmickry from some of the imported sportswear in Job's Lane, the supple, close-fitting European clothes have much in common with the clothes at Jax. This branch of the California-based firm is to be found off the Lane in a quiet backwater—well, more of a shed, really—behind some stone urns filled with geraniums. Jax trousers fitted snugly years ago, when few American designers thought of fitting women's trousers; Jax shorts were tiny at a time when women thought of shorts as something to be allowed to sag and be named after an exotic island. Jax originated as a shop for gently rebellious conformists; now that urban shorts have had a revolutionary effect on country ones, Jax doesn't look rebellious at all, but the clothes look strong and clean. This season, they include short zippered jump suits, denim pants with battle jackets, and what authorities cite as the best of the ankle-length, long-sleeved T-shirt dresses in cotton jersey. They continue to be cut for boyish figures.

Beautiful Confusion is a newly opened boutique in the Lane. Unlike most of the neighboring establishments, which flock blindly northward each year from Palm Beach, it is out of Millburn, New Jersey. It is to be admired, at least for its courageous advocacy of disorder—largely Italian, and encompassing a wide range of styles and schools—in an area where shoppers like order and where shops impose it and make it in different sizes and colors. To cite a random choice, the shop sells Tahitian-style beach wraparounds in brushed cotton. These tie like bath towels around the chest and are held in place by two straps that knot around the neck or over one shoulder. The colors are of the kind known to enthusiasts as "vibrant" and to the unconverted as "gaudy." There are matching bikinis, too.

There is nothing the slightest bit



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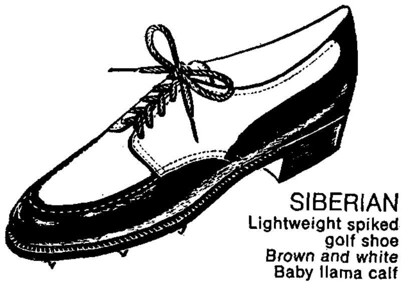

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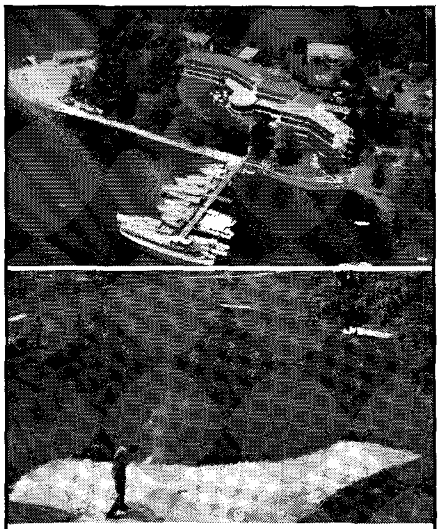

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confused about the clothes at Lilly Pulitzer's shop in Job's Lane. The dress upon which this designer has based her phenomenal success is a sleeveless shift, usually somewhere above the knee in length, and often trimmed with white cotton braid around the demure neckline and over the chest. (This braid is discreetly remodelled from season to season; when Pulitzer crochet daisies become Pulitzer strings of breaking waves, empires, one feels, may topple.) This shift is of hand-screened cotton prints, with a glazed finish and in a blinding mixture of colors, such as Shocking pink, turquoise, and lime green. The word "Lilly" is worked into a great many of the designs, which are for the most part floral. Women who wear these shifts call them Lillies, and they recognize the year and the print of each one they meet. The Lilly is a signal of respectability and the emblem of a creed. Lillies fly in the face of time and age; twelve-year-olds (and perennial twelve-year-olds) can wear them, and grandmothers like the bright colors and the flattering scale of sizes—from a size 18 down to a size 4, which by any other reckoning is a size 8. The big, pale room in Job's Lane is amply stocked and is crammed every day with girls in Lillies buying and selling Lillies and making arrangements with other girls in Lillies about getting together for cocktails.

A funny little shop called Animal Crackers flounced in last summer beside the Job's Lane shops that sell *the* sandal to wear with *the* dress, and the flowery Italian earthenware that goes with the slipcovers made from Lilly Pulitzer prints. It raised its sign near establishments with worthy, resounding names like Foulke & Foulke and Peck & Peck; unlike its older sisters, it has a sense of humor, and its clothes look as though some real person had assembled them with love. The phonograph is rarely still, and old circus posters, where girls in tutus and high heels wave from the shoulders of elephants, are stuck up on the walls. Here are wide-legged Betty Grable shorts, and bathing-suit tops with a handful of gathers between the breasts, in school-tie stripes of red and mustard or *eau-de-Nil* and purple. Long, ruffled skirts with cap-sleeved, backless midriff tops appear in tiny, spreading flower prints that look like the linings of old hatboxes. And flounced mid-calf skirts in the highly glazed upholstery chintzes that covered Southampton's sofas in the nineteen-twenties are paired with kimono-sleeved voile blouses bound in the same rust-colored chintz.

The presence of Animal Crackers, even at the farther end of Job's Lane, is like a peal of giggles at a funeral. But it may not stand out forever. If appearances mean anything—and in the Hamptons they mean almost everything—something of the spirit of youth has begun to pervade the other shops. At Elizabeth Arden, on Main Street, the shopper will find the familiar red, white, or navy blazers proper to the old sun-over-the-yardarm style. This year she will also find shirts, shorts, and reversible skirts by Geoffrey Beene, who has been drawn to the primitive and childish themes that appeal so strongly to the young. On the green separates at Elizabeth Arden, stick-people with triangle bodies, yellow faces, and blue, crayon-scrawled hair smile out like pictures of Mummy on a classroom wall. In other fashionable shops, trouser suits in denim knits, derived from bluejeans, and the safari suits that are a sophisticated version of Army fatigues are given prominent display.

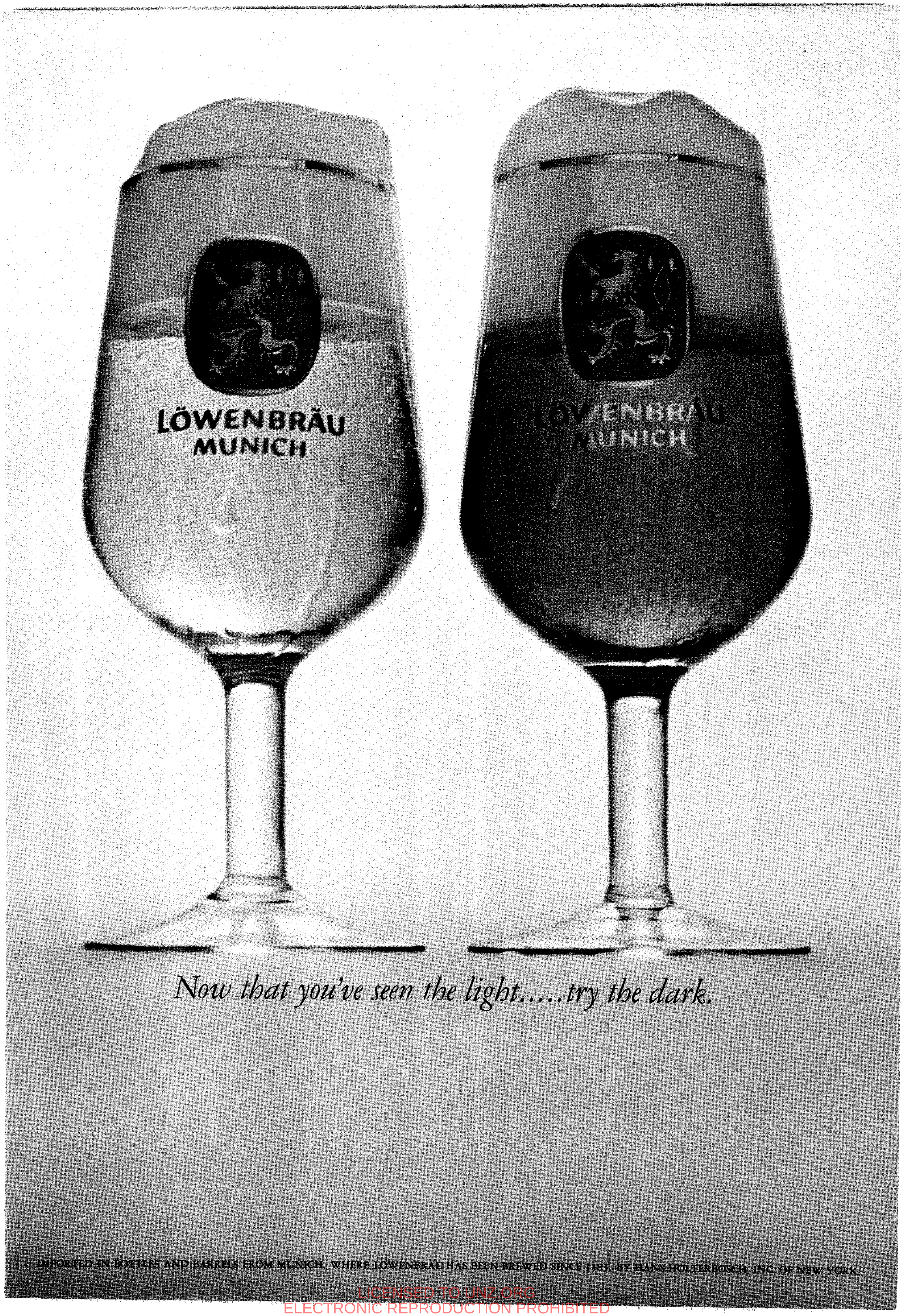
In theory, many of the clothes in the shops of Job's Lane could not be worn legally on the sidewalk outside; the woman who stepped out in a new shorts outfit whose orange-and-yellow chrysanthemum print is trimmed with hugely rippling white braid and whose tabard is slit to mid-rib at each side could be charged by the Southampton police with improper covering of the body and fined two hundred and fifty dollars. But she wouldn't be. The ruling of the Village Board is aimed at intruders, hippies, those who believe that the ocean belongs to everyone, and others who lower the tone. It is a slap at those who like to swim naked, and not with other people's spouses after too many drinks.

—KENNEDY FRASER

• •

For the sake of precision the Legislature ought to establish definitions so that "bi-weekly" means *every two weeks;* "semi-weekly" means *twice a week;* "trice-weekly" means *three times a week;* monthly" means *every two months;* "semi-monthmonthly" meanse*very two months;* "semi-monthly" means *twice a month;* "bi-annually" means *twice a year* and "biennially" means *every two* years.—*New York Law Journal.*

For the sake of *what*?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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 30

AT some point convenient both to him and to his prospective hosts, Richard Nixon plans to take his august, imperialist presence to Peking. Since otherwise he would not have been invited, it must be assumed that the leaders of the People's Republic of China are persuaded that the visit will in some way serve their interests. For the moment, it is far more difficult to see what that government hopes to gain from it than it is to see what makes the mission, despite certain obvious risks, attractive to the President. The mere announcement of it was dramatic and spectacular. It has drawn praise from many of his critics and criticism from an insignificant few. It has thrown his Democratic rivals for the Presidency into a state of at least temporary confusion on issues involving foreign policy. Unless it is proved that an "honorable" end to the war in Indo-China cannot be negotiated or greatly facilitated at a summit conference in Peking, he cannot be faulted for failing to pursue a vigorous enough diplomacy. If the journey is any kind of a public-relations success—and everyone seems determined that it shall be—he will be accounted a responsible leader who has done his level best, and while this will not assure him of victory in his quest for a second term, it will certainly help. If, as now seems likely, Peking accommodates him by proposing a negotiated and non-punitive administrative absorption of Taiwan, he may be able to claim some of the credit, at least in the short run. From his point of view, it is probably desirable that the entry of the People's Republic into the United Nations, inevitable in any event, should be accomplished with American concurrence, and perhaps even on what may be made to appear American initiative. Though public opinion will appreciate any real or apparent easing of tensions, this may not matter much in domestic politics; American interest in the U.N. generally is at a low point. But in most parts of the world Nixon's position is likely to be taken as evidence that he is a more farsighted, mature, and even courageous statesman than any of his recent predecessors. The fact that he has reversed his own as well as his government's stand will be held greatly in his favor.

"Looks to me like an Oedipus complex complicated by a sort of Pygmalion fixation."

Approval is not, of course, universal. Hanoi says he has chosen the wrong capital. Nationalist leaders on Taiwan and their representatives here affect anger and a sense of betrayal. They have every right to. There is no way of denying that we are conspiring to deprive them of whatever prestige and power American support has given them. It may be impossible ever to mollify Chiang Kai-shek, but there are surely younger men on Taiwan who saw this coming and have made plans to adjust to it. In some countries, there is a feeling that the future of Taiwan, which has a native population larger than a great many members of the United Nations, should be determined by the Taiwanese, but any such feeling is accompanied by the realization that neither its present Nationalist masters nor its Communist claimants accept the idea. This may imply an acquiescence in historic injustice, but the fact of the matter is that no one regards Taiwanese independence as a cause worth supporting in the face of the inevitable circumstance that one group or another of Chinese will exercise suzerainty over the island. Like the Nationalists, the Japanese are also miffed, and they, too, are justified. Nixon went ahead without consulting them, which, from their point of view, is bad enough in itself but worse still when one takes into account the fact that in the past we have discouraged the initiatives toward China that many Japanese wished to take, and have involved them in our anti-Communist political and economic policies. In time, of course, they will make their own deals, probably advantageous ones, but some politicians who have been pro-American are bound to suffer. Moscow shows no signs of being overjoyed by the new developments, but neither does it seem unduly disturbed. Since it has always maintained that Communists should occupy the Chinese seats in the Security Council and the General Assembly, it is bound to approve our new position.

Internally, at any rate, few benefits seem likely to accrue to the Chinese leaders. They have no elections coming up and, as far as is known, no need to impress anyone in their own country. Up to this point, they seem to be making very little propaganda use of the forthcoming meetings; given the way they have conditioned their people to think about this country, doing so might be difficult. They may think the American visit will improve their standing in the "third world," but one wonders how this could be so when it seems more important in the third world to be militantly anti-American than to appear to be in any way conciliatory. Peking has received no congratulations from Havana. China probably wants increased trade with this country, and perhaps some technological assistance, but

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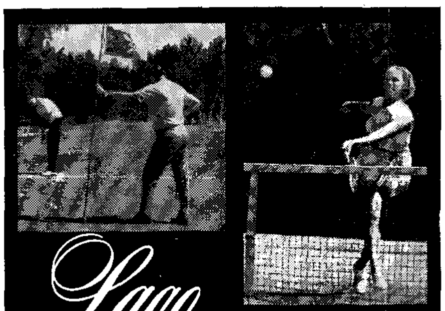

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it could have had these without receiving the President. Representation in the United Nations is evidently important to the Chinese, but this was coming in any event, and in a way, one imagines, representation would have been a more worthwhile prize if it had been won against the opposition of the world's most powerful capitalist nation. As far as anyone in this country can tell, there is very little that Richard Nixon can offer Peking except himself and his entourage and some rhetoric about the need for peace and understanding. He will not offer any apologies for his Administration's record in Asia, and he will not make any "concessions" beyond those he has already made or those implicit in the fact that he is going there at all. China wants American disengagement in Indo-China, but this is already taking place, and even before we began withdrawing, we did not offer any threat to China's integrity—not, at least, since the days when General MacArthur wanted to carry the Korean war into the provinces across the Yalu, which he was not allowed to do. Back in the fifties, when Nixon was a sometime spokesman for the so-called China Lobby—the American partisans of Chiang's Nationalists—the American government he served was determined not only to leave China alone but to insist that its Nationalist allies on Taiwan make no foolhardy efforts to retake the mainland by force. The mission of the Seventh Fleet was as much to curb Nationalist adventurism as to defend Taiwan. Perhaps Peking might like to see us withdraw our military presence everywhere in Asia. But this is by no means certain, since a likely consequence of such a move would be a militarily resurgent Japan, which might then speedily catch up with China as a nuclear power.

There are two theories about the visit—or about the prospect it holds for "normalized" Sino-American relations—that make sense to the China experts. They are not mutually exclusive. One is that the People's Republic feels that it has achieved a degree of national stability and international acceptability that makes it desirable for it now to consolidate its revolution and to exercise its influence in the world community. The other theory is that the People's Republic wants to compose at least some of its differences with the United States because it feels that by doing so it will lessen the risk of an attack by the Soviet Union. But here the reasoning of the China experts seems flawed. They cite the "Brezh-

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nev doctrine” (which holds that in the Communist world the Soviet Union has the right to stamp out heresy by force) and the application of the doctrine in the 1968 occupation of Czechoslovakia as grounds for the People’s Republic to fear that it may meet the same fate. Certainly the Russians have fortified their Chinese borders with formidable forces—to counter, according to them, threats of Chinese aggression—and for a time, a few years back, there was apparently a group in Moscow that advocated preemptive strikes at Chinese nuclear installations. (There was a similar school here, and occasionally one heard that the Russians were eager for us to undertake the onerous task.) But surely the most anti-Chinese members of the Politburo and of the military hierarchy cannot regard the armed subjugation of China as an enterprise similar in magnitude to the subjugation of Czechoslovakia. Unless leaders in Moscow have wholly taken leave of their senses, they should see the folly of war against China at least as clearly as our leaders do. The largest armies that the Soviet Union could raise could not hope to occupy a united China. And certainly it makes no sense to think that an amicable visit by an American President could lessen the danger of war with the Soviet Union, assuming any such danger exists. No matter how satisfactory our relations with China might become, we would not undertake to help her in any dispute with the Soviet Union. The only interest we or any other major power would have in such a conflict would be in getting it stopped at the earliest possible moment, and we would surely not attempt this by siding militarily with either power. The Russians must know this, and Henry Kissinger very likely gave the message to Chou En-lai.

The President has said that he will make the trip no later than May of next year. Because the Chinese question will be raised in the U.N. this fall, he may find it advisable to go this year. In American political terms, though, the closer to May the trip took place, the better off he would be. Nixon talking peace in Peking would be a hard man to campaign against in New Hampshire or Florida, and it may be that merely by announcing the proposed journey he has turned back whatever threat was offered by the candidacy of Representative Paul N. McCloskey, Jr., the anti-war Republican from California. But there remains the possibility that events here, there, or elsewhere could abort the mission entirely. It appears that we and the Chinese are doing everything to see that no unpleasantness occurs between now and the time of the visit. Beginning this week, American spy planes stopped overflying China. Chinese teachers are no doubt still teaching anti-American doctrine, but their pupils will hardly be encouraged to wave anti-American slogans at the American visitors. Yet it could be that, despite all understandings already reached, the Chinese will demand more of Nixon than he can possibly deliver. And not everything is within the control of Peking and Washington. A flareup in the Middle East, for example, could keep the President at his desk. So could a severe military setback in Indo-China, and it is felt by some that Hanoi may very well wish to demonstrate its independence of *all* the great powers by launching a huge military offensive sometime in the fall, when American strength will have been largely removed. Dr. Kissinger doubtless thought of this, and doubtless received assurances that the Chinese would like to see the war ended by the negotiation of an orderly and unembarrassing withdrawal. (According to Edgar Snow, who now seems to speak for Peking with considerable authority, the Chinese would even press for a settlement “which would preserve some shell of the American-made regime, at least for a decent interval.” For Nixon, a “decent interval” might be no more than a few months, which, he could claim, gave the South Vietnamese a “reasonable chance” to determine their future.) But even Chou En-lai may not have the authority to influence Hanoi in matters of this sort. The experts are in disagreement on Hanoi’s ability to carry on in the face of possible Chinese disapproval. Some think that the North Vietnamese could overrun most of Indo-China with no one’s help. And it is at least conceivable that the Soviet Union, hoping to discourage any sort of Chinese-American détente, would step in to support the kind of rout of our allies that would make the moment seem a most unpropitious one for a Presidential good-will mission to China.

The very conception of the China visit, even if it does not take place, seems the most large-minded act of the Nixon Administration. Summitry tends to be scorned by many professional diplomats and scholars, but it has not been entirely without its triumphs. The

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threat of nuclear war was greatly diminished when Nikita Khrushchev and the American, British, and French heads of government met in Geneva in 1955 and came to an agreement—never formally acknowledged but effective nevertheless—that no conflict of interest was worth attempting to settle by general war. Since then, there has been some slight movement toward controlling nuclear weapons, but the Chinese have not participated in it—and have not, for that matter, participated in anything else. Participation, if it comes, *may not prove very helpful* very soon. The Chinese will be difficult members of the U.N. and may be no less intransigent in than out. But it cannot be assumed that their leaders are less reasonable or prudent than others, or less interested in their own survival. The President is acknowledging this, and although his motivation is hardly selfless—no President's is or ever can be—it cannot be altogether selfish, for he must be aware that he can do no more than help set in motion a process that will develop slowly and with difficulty and will not be completed in his time, if it ever is. In the traditional sense, there are few genuine conflicts of interest between China and the United States, just as there are few between this country and the Soviet Union. The basic conflict has been ideological—almost as much so in this *theoretically non-ideological country* as in China or in the Soviet Union. Here the ideological element has for some time been on the wane; few of our leaders any longer see anti-Communism as a sound basis for foreign policy. There are signs that the Soviet leaders are also moving slightly away from their former rigidity, but it is still a potent factor, and in China, one gathers, ideology, with a virulent anti-Americanism as its cornerstone, is still almost everything. The President's aim cannot be to disabuse the Chinese of their Communist faith, or even to lessen their desire to compete with us for the favor of the underdeveloped and unaligned nations. But he can try to persuade them that we can coexist peacefully and go our separate ways without war or the threat of war. To be credible, he must, of course, liquidate the last of our own ideological wars. That seems to be in process, and so does the opening of at least limited communication with a quarter of the human race.

THERE is no doubt that the President's initiative will be helpful in next year's election, particularly if it is dramatic enough to be remembered by the voters in November. It has already put an end to the speculation that he would not seek another term if he seemed certain of defeat. He plainly thinks victory possible, if not assured. He has seen to it that the 1972 Republican Convention will be held in San Diego, and he cannot doubt that the nominee will be from nearby San Clemente. There may be some opposition from the far right, but it is expected to be rather feeble, and there is talk now of replacing Spiro Agnew with someone more congenial to the moderates *and the centrists.* (*The general view of* Agnew's recent visits to out-of-the-way countries is that they were arranged to keep him out of domestic controversy during this period.) Also, the news from the White House appears to have lessened interest in the comings and goings of the potential Democratic candidates, who nevertheless seem to grow in number, the most recent one being Senator Fred R. Harris, of Oklahoma, who is perhaps the furthest-left member of the Senate, and who is accorded little chance of first place but a good chance of second place. Hardly anyone, however, thinks that Presidential diplomacy alone can determine the outcome of the election. There are no signs here that Nixon's economic policy—or, as the Democrats say, his lack of one—can curb inflation or unemployment in time for him to claim the voters' gratitude. Among the economic indicators, there are almost no favorable ones. Nor can he count on receiving credit for effective dealing with "the social issues" or "law and order." Crime and drug abuse continue on the rise, and a new Attorney General and a more conservative Supreme Court have been powerless to check the trends that everyone deplores.

In theory, at least, everything still seems to favor the Democrats. It appears that the 1972 turnout will be the greatest ever—owing partly to the new voters under twenty-one and partly to the eased registration arrangements in many states—and even if the new young voters divide up pretty much as the others do, the larger registration will be of assistance to the Democrats. Yet, with the campaign less than a year away, the Democrats seem to be having a harder time taking their case to the public than anyone would have expected. Most of those in the running are able and reasonably eloquent, but not one of them seems capable of overcoming public apathy. In part, this could be because there are so many of them and all saying more or less the same sort of thing, which is the same sort of thing they have all been saying for years. Senator Kennedy, the only Democrat who at this stage seems capable of generating enthusiasm, appears to be a really determined non-candidate. The conversion of John Lindsay into a Democrat could stir interest, but it is doubtful if the rank-and-file Democrats who might respond to his appeal have, even under the liberalized Convention rules, enough power to put him across. Senator McGovern still seems to communicate little to the masses, and Senator Muskie does only slightly better. It is possible that in the usual two-way race Muskie or Senator Humphrey might win, but the danger of nominating either is that it would alienate both conservative and liberal elements—particularly the latter, who might feel that they had no choice but to form a fourth party and divide the Democratic voters behind someone like Eugene McCarthy, who would, apparently, take the official party nomination but seems unlikely to get it. If George Wallace once more wins electoral votes in the Deep South and if the Democrats split in the North, Nixon could once more come in as a minority President. The Democrats, who seemed likely to be unified by Richard Nixon, are not short of good candidates, but they do seem to lack even one who can stand as a symbol of unity. This weakness may turn out to be Nixon's hidden strength. He may head a minority party, but for the moment he appears to be in charge of it and may be capable of commanding another plurality.—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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Dr. Reuben said there is no question but that "The average person who wants sex information can't find a place to get it in a form useful to him."

While more medical schools are, in the opinion of Dr. Reuben, undertaking more sophisticated sex education programs, he contended, "The tragedy is that sex education in our medical schools is far from adequate and most of today's doctors can't provide satisfactory answers to the questions put to them by their parents."—*American Medical News*.

It's just too embarrassing, for one thing.

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THE ALPHA-NUMERIC FORMAT

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BOOKS

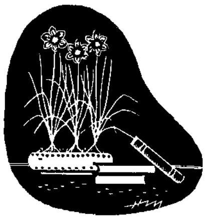
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Velvet Jungle, by Gene Horowitz (Paperback Library). In one of the less scintillating but more memorable of last year's novels (somehow overlooked here), Mr. Horowitz describes the effect of Manhattan's wholesale dress industry on the lives and behavior of the people who are tied to it—the designers, the salesmen, the dress buyers from all over America, the bosses, the errand boys, the cutters and stitchers, and all the thousands of other people who spend their lives on pins and needles because the success of their work depends not on quality or originality or any degree of talent but on the winds of luck that blow from nobody really knows where. Mr. Horowitz is master of any atmosphere he chooses to investigate, and his serious failing—a lack of charity—gives him an eerie power as he goes about making a portrait of an industry that is flamboyant, brutal, feverish, harshly loquacious, and so domineering that any human being involved in it is automatically transformed into a mere emanation of the Trade. This novel was first published by W. W. Norton under the title "Mr. Jack and the Greenstalks." Under either title, it should be recognized as belonging on any list of reference books on our life and times in New York City.

GENERAL

Journey to Heartbreak: The Crucible Years of Bernard Shaw, 1914-18, by Stanley Weintraub (Weybright & Talley). Mr. Weintraub, who assembled the first-rate two-volume "Shaw: An Autobiography," has focussed his attention here on what were perhaps the five most serious of the ninety-four years of Shaw's life—the years of the First World War. During those years, he was labelled, as he himself later said, "a pro-German, a Pacifist, a Defeatist, a Conscientious Objector, everything that an enemy of his country could be without being actually shot as a traitor." Indeed, Herbert Asquith, the Prime Minister, remarked that he *should* be shot. The respectable newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic reviled him, and Theodore Roosevelt called him "a blue-rumped ape." These immoderate feelings were voiced because Shaw was not caught up by the general hysterics of patriotism: he saw both sides of the argument—Germany's as well as England's—and he used his talent and his energy to try to persuade others to do likewise. His ideas poured out in pamphlets, playlets, lectures, and open letters, and he wrote "Heartbreak House" and "Back to Methuselah" to keep from falling into "the bottomless pit of an utterly discouraging pessimism." This is a levelheaded and moving book about an aspect of Shaw that is not always remembered. Its only fault is its lending-library title.

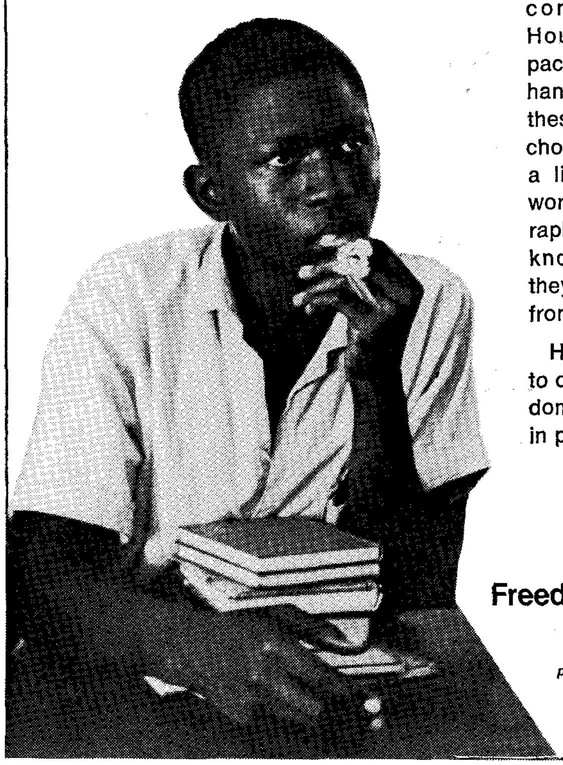


Changing Sources of Power: American Politics in the 1970s, by Frederick G. Dutton (McGraw-Hill). An exceptionally interesting exercise in analysis and prophecy. Mr. Dutton, a lawyer and government official, tries to discern what effect the changes of the nineteen-sixties are likely to have on the politics of the next decade. He discusses such matters as what power may be exerted by the young, the poor, the black, and those who have been engaged in the peace movement; what directions American conservatism may take; how blue-collar workers may resolve the conflict between their economic interests and their racial or social prejudices; and how things might go terribly wrong. (He refuses, for instance, to rule out the possibility of a military coup, though his suggestions on that matter are considerably less plausible than his other ideas.) Mr. Dutton uses election results and public-opinion studies, but more striking is his ability to describe public moods and social tendencies that appear disparate but really have coherence. He is both acute and funny; his account of a hypothetical Presidential race between Calvin and Socrates is a wonderful way to portray the contemporary struggle in the American mind.

The Gang and the Establishment, by Richard W. Poston (Harper & Row). Whether this book is comic or tragic or ironic, or, like the work of Dickens and Shakespeare, all three and more, it is certainly one of the most fascinating, truthtelling accounts of modern social service, American style. Mr. Poston's narrative begins with two young Puerto Rican delinquents on New York's lower East Side who, all by themselves, decided to reform and to help their friends find a way out of their dismal careers of violence, crime, poverty, jail, and drugs. They attracted some sympathetic Anglos, among them a press agent, who touted their tentative (and mainly unsuccessful) ventures as the national solution to poverty and delinquency. In came the foundations, in came the federal government, and they produced a variety of programs (some worked, some did not), an immense amount of conflict and disillusion, and a few gains that may last. Mr. Poston is not a partisan. In describing people (even those he thinks wrong or mistaken), he writes more like a novelist than like a social worker. And he is hopeful. Yet it is hard not to notice some unhelpful American traits that appear in his story: a passion for hoopla and for huge, rather than modest, solutions, along with a vulnerability to uncritical enthusiasms.

CLAUSEWITZ, by Roger Parkinson (Stein & Day). A solid and vivid biography of the German officer and military theorist (1780-1831) that perfectly places him in his troubled period and turns out to offer more ideas about the present than many works directly addressed to contemporary issues. Clausewitz joined the Prussian Army when he was twelve, because his family lacked the money to give him any elaborate schooling. He became one of a small band of Prussian reformers who perceived that the French Revolution, by changing French society, had changed the nature of war. "War was handed back to the people" is how he described it, and he concluded that any nation that wanted to stand up to France had to remodel not only its army but its society. Clausewitz and his fellow-reformers had only modest successes, for the Hohenzollerns of his era recognized the element of radicalism or revolution in their ideas; Clausewitz, for example, both taught and studied guerrilla war—the people in arms—and though his king, Frederick William III, was not especially bright, he was smart enough to notice that Clausewitz's theories emphasized attachment to the fatherland rather than to the dynasty. And, indeed, Clausewitz demonstrated just such an attachment

The future President of his country is open to suggestions.



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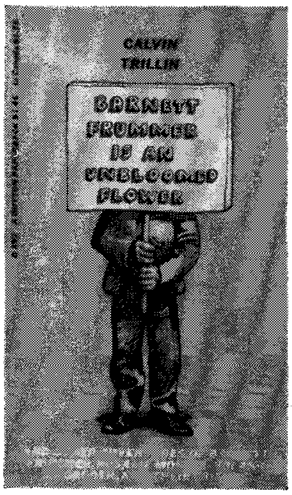

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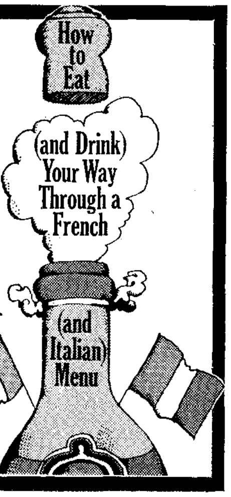
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when, convinced that his king's alliance with Napoleon would ultimately destroy Prussia, he resigned from the Prussian Army to serve with Russia during the invasion of 1812. He spent most of his life unhappily, either in the "fog of war" (his phrase) or in the obscurity of royal disfavor, and his fame derives from his posthumously published works, which, Mr. Parkinson points out, have usually been partly or wholly misunderstood. A later generation of Prussian soldiers, exaggerating one element of his thought, created Prussian militarism, and German officers—except, possibly, for the conspirators of July 20, 1944—seem never to have appreciated Clausewitz's example of independent judgment and action when the ruler's actions are thought to be wrong. Mr. Parkinson's work manages to cope with the ceaseless war that tore Europe up for a generation, recounting particular battles and elucidating tactics without boring or confusing a nonmilitary reader; more striking still is the book's picture of a revolutionary era whose consequences we still feel.

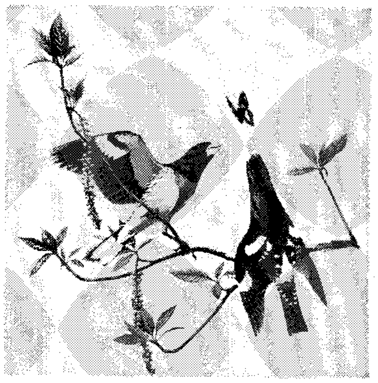
NOTE: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published John McPhee's "Encounters with the Archdruid," the archdruid being David Brower, leader of the conservation organization called Friends of the Earth. All the contents of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "At the Pines," a portrait of Algernon Charles Swinburne and his companion of later years, Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton, by Mollie Panter-Downes, has been published by Gambit. Again, most of the book appeared originally in this magazine.

•

A couple little old lady tourists wandered into the Hala Terrace of the Kahala Hilton for lunch last Sat. The "host" walked up, guided them to a table. Then proceeded to knock over glasses, dishes, yelling, "will somebody take care of these two stiffs!" Everyone enjoyed the "floor show"—including the lady tourists who accidentally were "straight men" for the hilarious antics of Jerry Lewis . . . And at a cocktail party at Aku's apt. over the weekend, Jerry was "on" again, dropping glasses over the lanai when he finished his drinks, doing dance exhibitions and in general having a clowning good time. However, he himself was reduced to laughter when he got into an ad-lib exchange with Don Ho. Don turned to a nearby waiter with a tray of drinks who was Viet Cong-sized—pointed to Jerry and shouted, "kill, kill."—*Eddie Sherman in the Honolulu Advertiser.*

Oh, that *is* a good one!

The Charm of Harm



Rose-Breasted Grosbeak
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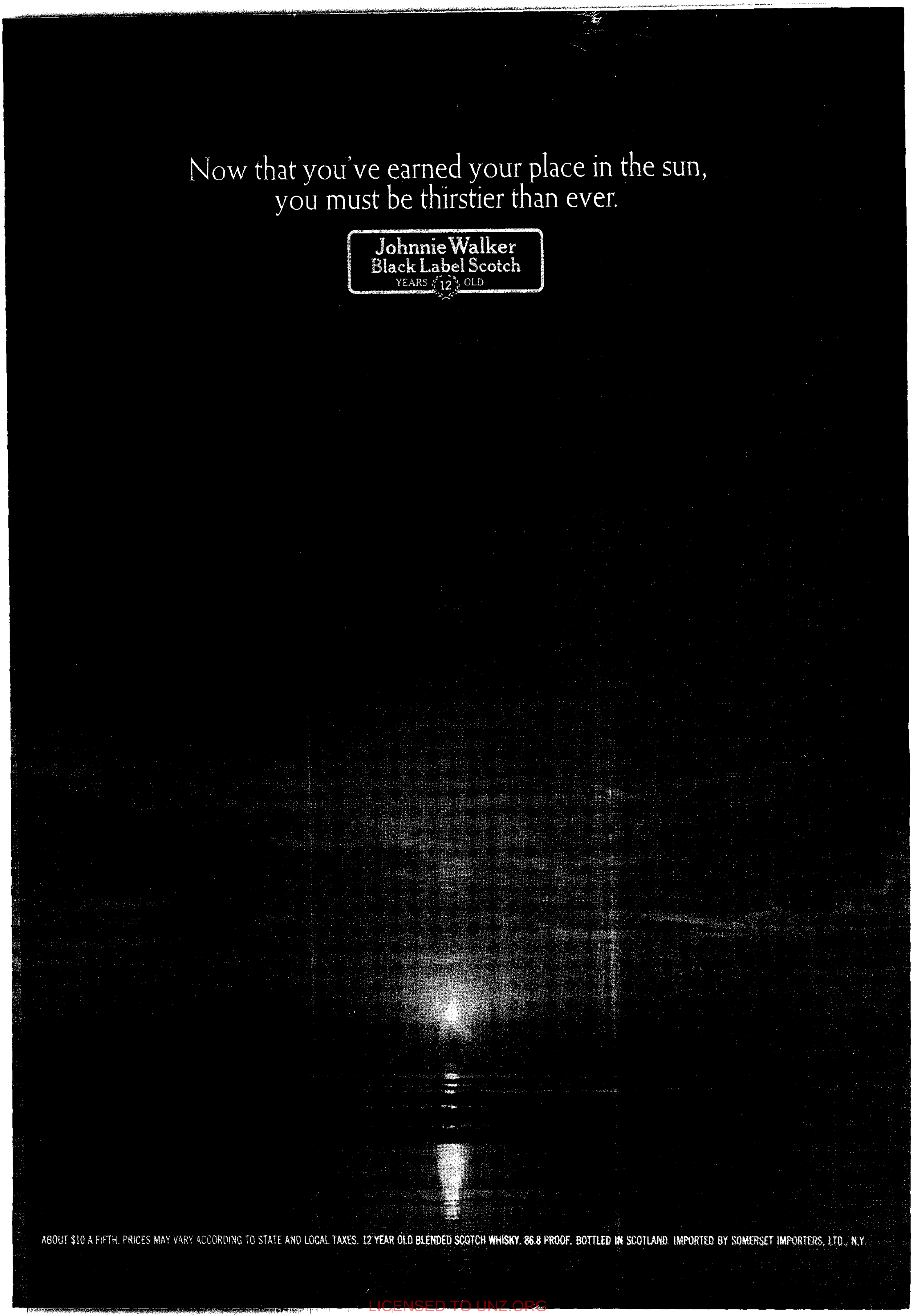

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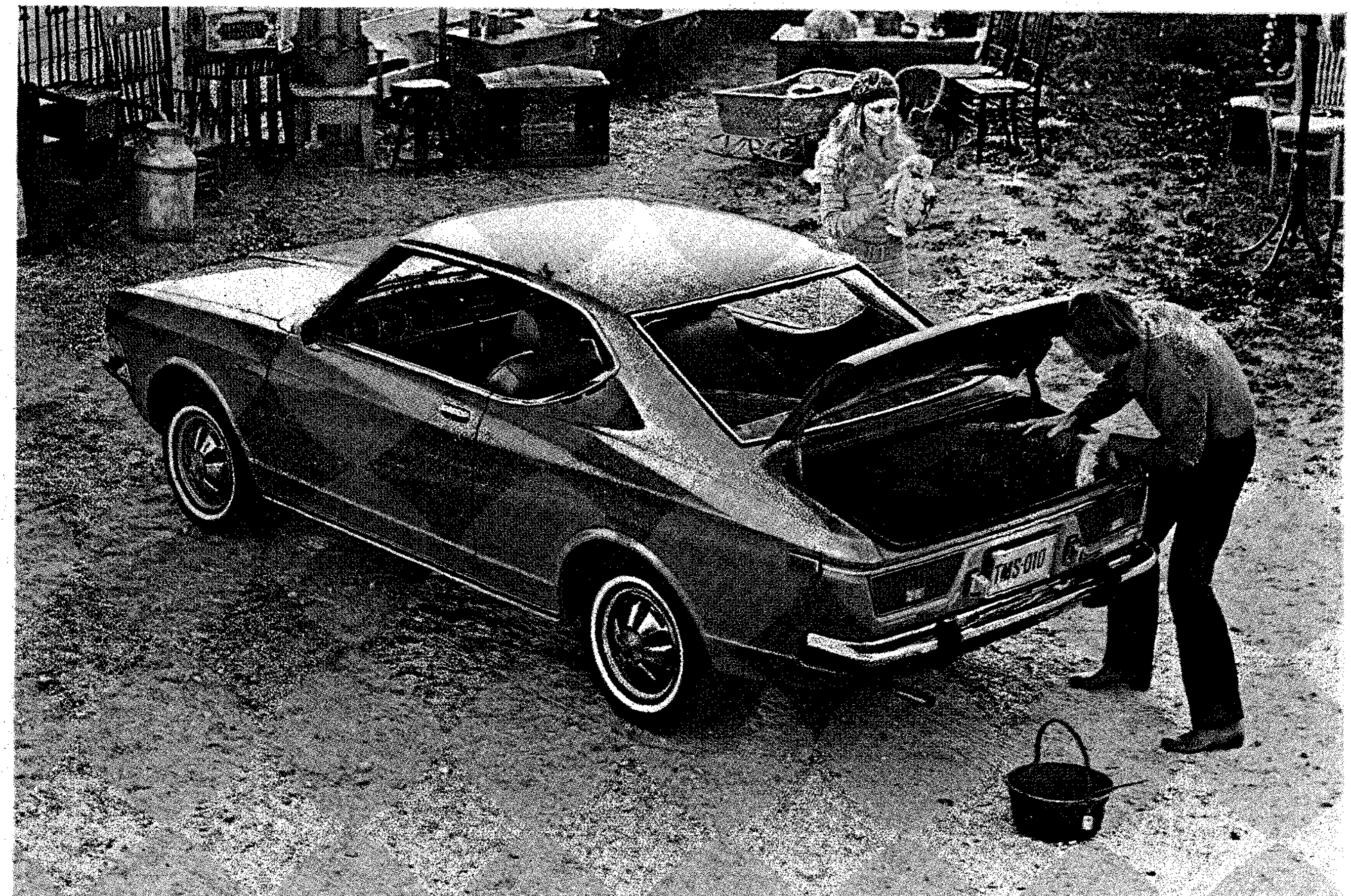

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